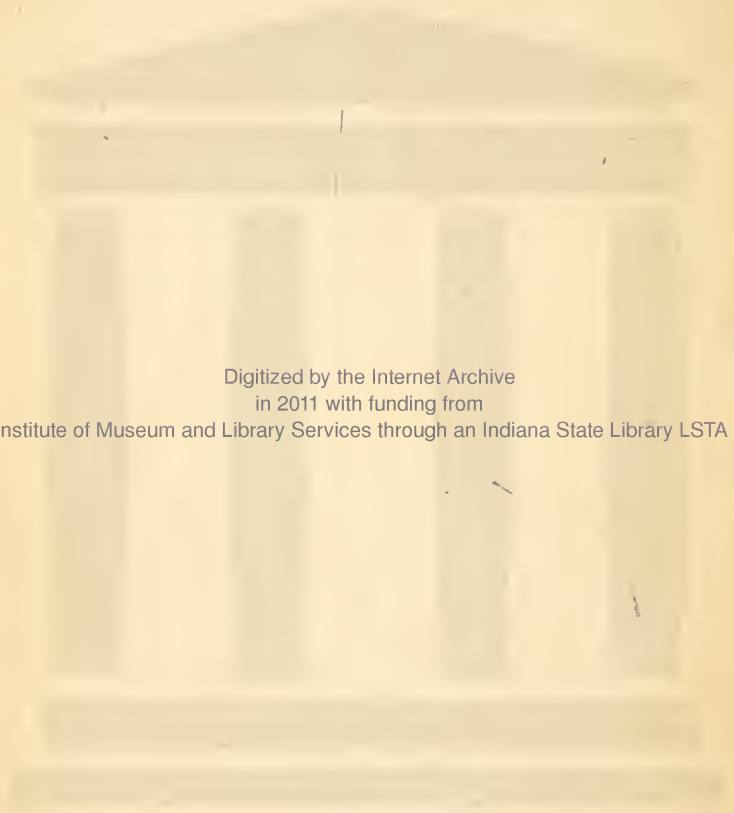

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BRL

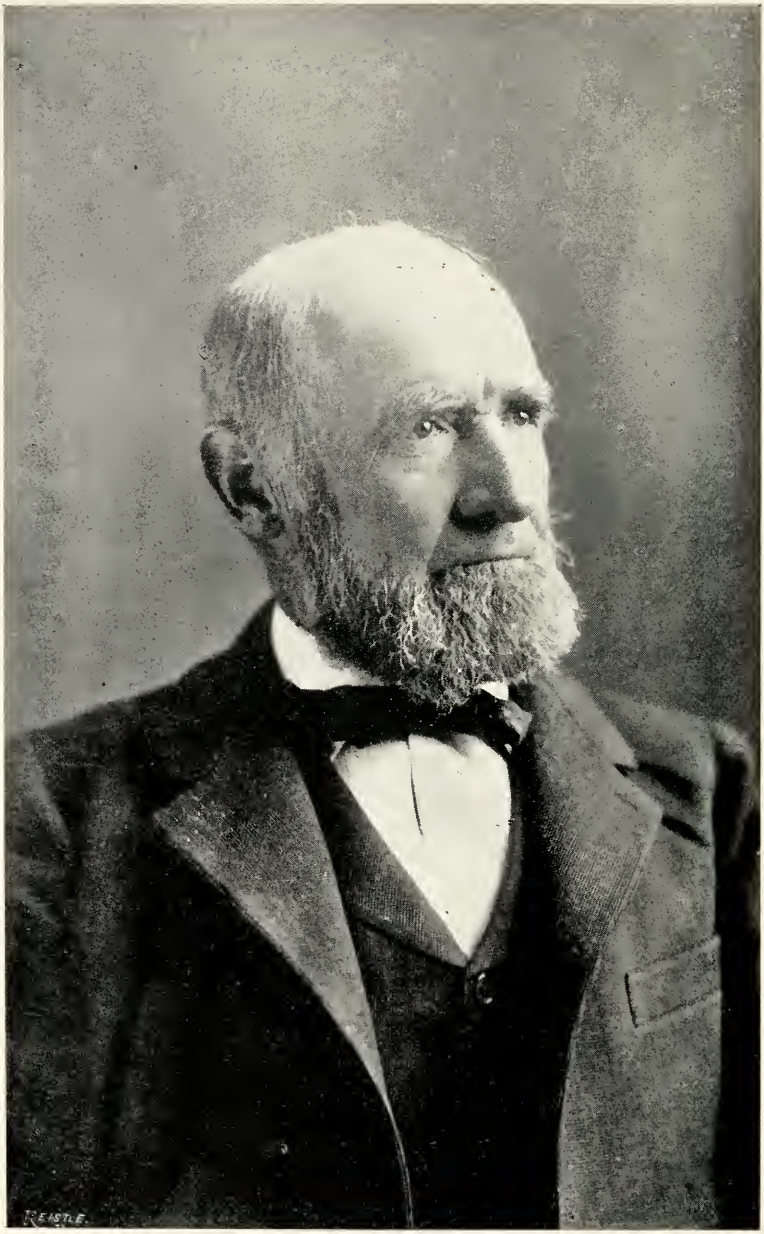
Wishing you

happy holidays.

Lina

Christmas

1900.


REISTLE

THE

WRITINGS AND SPEECHES

OF

HON. JAMES B. BELFORD

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

WILLIAM B. McCLELLAND

DENVER, COLO.
PRESS OF CHAS. F. HOECKEL
1897

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The long, eventful life of James B. Belford, his vast experience in public affairs, his active career at the bar and on the bench, his public services in congress during the stormy days of the "sixties," his scholarly and literary attainments; pioneer and forerunner in the great undeveloped West, "blazing the way," treading the "knife-blade trails" of the Rockies, a builder and maker of our glorious state, should justify this publication.

It is with pleasure and pride the compiler has prepared this volume for Judge Belford's admirers.

A man of many parts, the muses have attuned his heart for the sweetest songs; the classics have adorned and enriched his mind with a delicate splendor, pure and chaste. Exquisite fineness of nature, sensitive and proud, perfect sincerity and faithfulness in heart and mind, magnanimous; to be this is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly is indeed to advance in life. He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, blood warmer, brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true and the great—the lords and kings of the earth.

WILLIAM B. McCLELLAND.

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THE WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF

JAMES B. BELFORD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In December, 1860, I was going from Missouri to Indiana, and was detained a day at Springfield, Illinois. With many hours before and nothing to occupy them, with a dreary, grey sky overhead and interminable slush and mud underfoot, the day certainly presented a forlorn aspect. But with the thought that I was in the town containing a live president, who but a month before had been elected, I concluded to call upon the servant of the people, partly to gratify my curiosity and partly to relieve the tedium. The way to his residence was a tortuous one, but as every one I met knew where Abe Lincoln lived, I followed their directions, and knocked at the door of a plain two-story house standing on the corner of a block and neighbored by one-story cottages on every side of the square. A woman opened the door, and to my interrogatory, "Is Mr. Lincoln at home?" answered me in the negative, but said I could find him at his office in the state house, and kindly added, "you will be sure to see him there." Through the open doors of the president's house I saw into the rooms on either side of the hall, and remember just as distinctly to-day as if it were but yesterday the green and red ingrain carpet on the floor of the sitting room and the great scrolls of all colors which made the Brussels covering of the best room; the plated silver water pitcher and lamp upon the center table, and the smooth, hair-cloth furniture stiffly set against the walls. It was only a

glance, and it is only a memory. At the state house I was directed to his offices at the southeast corner of the second floor, and was admitted by Mr. Lincoln himself, who seemed to be having a pleasant interview with two guests, ordinary looking and shabbily dressed Illinois farmers. Upon apologizing for my interruption he cheerily said: "Don't mention it; I am happy to have you considerate enough to come and see me; besides, it is too dreary a day to work, and the kind of a day one wants to see his friends." The farmers withdrew and left me alone with Mr. Lincoln, and in a few moments we were on the most familiar footing; I giving him, at his request, my version of the political situation in Missouri and the South, and he imparting his opinions, his hopes and his fears. We were not strangers; we seemed to have known each other for years, and together we talked over the problems of that trying time which were pressing for solution and weaving for him, unknown to us both, a shroud as well as a name. Upon leaving, he placed his hands upon my shoulders in an affectionate and fatherly way, and said solemnly, while his eyes in their earnest depths seemed to mirror a soul full of dread and sorrow: "Young man, I thank you for coming. What the near future has in store for my country I cannot anticipate, but for myself there is trouble and perplexity ahead." We clasped hands and parted, but heavy shadows of the coming conflict seemed to fill the room, and the subdued voice, the pathetic face, the long, loosely built figure, framed by the window against which the dismal fog without was pressing, made a mental picture never to be forgotten—colorless, hopeless—and yet the strong, personal grace of that wonderful man in accepting the situation was like the grace of coming trial, with the strength and endurance which would even bear martyrdom for principle. As for myself, I realized then, and have never changed my mind since, having had personal knowledge of almost every public man who has been before the people from that time to this, that in the fog and gloom of that winter day, I stood in the presence of the greatest living American, the best representative of all that is shown in the accumulated heroism of the century, and of one who may not have his peer for centuries to come, unless we accept his coadjutor, the

silent, unselfish hero of the war of the rebellion. I never saw Mr. Lincoln again, but somehow I believed, nor was the nation or myself disappointed, that in the quiet reserve of the man, in the untried but abundant qualities of his singularly well equipped nature, there were just the forces necessary for the emergencies of the following years. "We mark with light in the memory," says Emerson, "the few interviews we have had, in the dreary years of routine and sin, with the souls that made our souls wiser, that spoke what we thought, that told us what we knew, that gave us leave to be what we inly were." We meet in life people who are neither actors nor speakers, but influences; influences that make an impression from which we never afterwards escape. We do not merely follow their greatness and power, but we endeavor to absorb it. It has been said that in order to form men to grand designs there is no other school than history. To know that which man can do it is only necessary to know what man has done. It is not wise at all times to confine ourselves to those who, by force of things or a particular destiny, have achieved a triumph, and who, carried forward as by the hand, have found the ways open before them and the gates broken down. Their conduct, their designs, their success do not belong to them. For a while the people are astonished at their fortune or ability, but the wise lift their eyes and recognize the superior hand which conducted them to unforeseen ends. Such miracles of prosperity are not destined to serve us as models. That which it is necessary to study is the man who struggles with difficulties and misfortunes, for the true genius and proper virtue of humanity is patience. The superior merit does not measure itself alone by the grandeur of success, but by the obstacles met and overcome, and if one seeks in history, where is the man in civil life who in positions the most difficult has found the most resources in himself and conceived the grandest of things? Are we presumptuous if we name Lincoln as such a man? For the most part those who have executed something considerable in their nation have found the design all formed which they followed, or the preparations all made which they have accepted. Alexander succeeded to the projects of Philip; Cæsar found the way cleared by Sylla; the aggrandize-

ment of France under Louis XIV. was prepared by Richelieu. Frederick the Great elevated Prussia with the army and the riches amassed by King William I. It was otherwise with Mr. Lincoln. He entered upon his great career with no resources save those furnished by early training and strengthened by exulting hope, unfaltering courage and inextinguishable patriotism. He had a country, it is true, of immense wealth, but still undeveloped; without an army or a navy; a treasury depleted; a mail service shattered; a congress demoralized. There was hardly a national institution around which a rally could be made save the nation itself, and its very existence was as much a matter of tradition and speculation as of actual fact. The mace of time struck on the dial plate a new era. The unknown were to march into the field of the known nascent; genius was to develope and mature into enduring figures men who were to become new examples, to be followed and emulated by unborn generations; an old civilization was to prepare itself to die, and a new one to be born; a draft was to be made, not only of men, but on men and women and children as well. Every affection was to be tried; every selfish interest to be measured, and as far as practicable marched in the right direction. The hearth and the grave were to receive a new meaning and baptism; the one was to give up and the other to swallow up very much that was precious, and each was to make the other sacred for what the one had given and the other received. Things and places theretofore insignificant and unheralded were to be touched with an alchemy that would make them shine like the soul of a star in the darkest of nights. Families were to be remodeled, society recast, states reconstructed, and the world taught that God reigned in unapproached preëminence of power among the children of men. As when the atmosphere, surcharged with vapor, still hangs heavy and inactive until some wanted chemical intervenes to precipitate the rain, so this nation for many years hung on the edge of great events, wrapped in sullenness, uncertainty and gloom, awaiting a new force, a new manhood to touch it with an inspiration unfelt before. No descendant of kings, no statesman trained in intrigue and will, no philosopher cultured in complicated theories of government, no diplomat equipped with a

quiver full of gilded lies, but a simple, robust, stalwart soul, instinct with a love of liberty and right and armed with gaunt and gnarled hands ever ready to find a task when a task was given to do, was wanted, and such an one did Heaven send in the person of Lincoln to tide the whirlwind and direct the storm. If it be true that our actions at every great crisis are written for us by our actions in the meaner and humbler moments of life, how clearly does the providential teaching of this chosen instrument assert itself in the hour when earth and hell seemed to be struggling together to quench the light, and a great hero was wanted. The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil, "the iron bark that turns the laborer's axe," the guileful Indian, the ferocious beast, the humility of poverty, the arrogant insults of wealth, the scorn of oppressors, the disappointment in love, had all been his teachers when young and wedded his soul to the goal of goodness, greatness and glory forever. He knew the measure of his own force because he willed what was just and willed it strongly. He knew how brief and evanescent is the reign of millions when unattended by deep pervasive moral convictions. He knew and knew it fully that however much the human tigers who fatten on human blood, however much the insolent oppressors might combine and confederate for the destruction of the weak and humble, there was no human power that could prevent that future from being born in which was placed the liberties of mankind. If history teaches one lesson more clearly than another, it is that in the divine government of this world the weak are chosen to confound the mighty and the humble to lead and abash the proud. If left to themselves at the beginning of the war to select a leader, a vast number of the people, animated by the usual reasons which direct the action and judgment of men, would have chosen Douglas for the place. He was familiar with all the great questions which led up to the conflict. For years he had been the leader of a great party and one of the foremost men in the senate. His words were then regarded almost as oracles, and millions had turned their ears to catch them; but the very equipment that men deemed indispensable for the performance of the great work was the very thing that would have disqualified him for its execution. The armor that is needful

for defense at one time becomes the burden that destroys its wearer at another. Politics, however they make the intellect active, sagacious and inventive within a certain sphere, generally extinguish its thirst for universal right, paralyze sentiment and imagination, corrupt the simplicity of the mind, destroy that confidence in human virtue which lies at the foundation of generous sacrifies and end in cold, prudent selfishness. Douglas had spent his riper years in juggling with slavery; he had drunk from its Circean bowl and more than once had been intoxicated by its exhilarating flattery. His specific for national ills had always been concession; the scope of his statesmanship, half measures instead of whole ones. He had been willing at certain times to see the ship of state scud along under bare poles, and at other times under half canvas. To the statesman who has no harbor in view all winds are alike unfavorable. Safe leaders are never those who trust to the philosophy of drifting. His patriotism was intense and full orbed, but other qualities than mere patriotism were in demand. When called hence the North gave forth a wail of agony; the very sky seemed draped in leaden hues. The sorrow was great, but it was the sorrow that prepared men for sterner trials and greater afflictions. The world will never know how differently affairs might have shaped themselves if the one looked to as a deliverer had lived and not died. The uncertainties and conjectures of the future and unknown not infrequently become the sustaining illusions of the present. God alone knows to what act and scene to confine the actor. He alone sees the end from the beginning and what means can be relied on to reach it. In 1860, Republicans generally regarded Seward as the only Palinurus who could be trusted with the helm. He was a political Erasmus, courageous enough to announce a principle, but hardly tough enough in fibre to voluntarily die for it. He could quicken the national conscience, resent an insult, measure an injury and lay bare an abuse, but in the presence of the surging conflict itself his influence was like the sunshine on an angry sea; it could brighten but could not calm or direct the waves. Useful just as Erasmus was useful to the reformation. His diplomacy and statesmanship would have shrunk in the presence of a Diet of

Worms. Doubtful pilots are unsafe guides either for the present or future. He who mistakes the course of one wave is likely to misjudge the current of all. The world owes much to Seward. None saw more clearly than he the ultimate result of contending moral forces, none voiced with more eloquent tongue the wrongs of the oppressed, but the world would have owed him more had he been little more statesman and little less politician.

The Almighty has different methods of training great men for great occasions. Anciently it was deemed necessary to drive them to the desert, where a silent work of preparation could go forward; where knowledge could be matured and moral forces gained. Retirement and study were thought to be the indispensable forges for the fashioning of weapons used in demolishing the powers and principalities of evil and needed for laying the foundations of new civilizations. It was in this way that Moses was trained for his great mission. In modern times no special deserts are available for such work. The school room of the soul is in the world with its cares and its anxieties; its depressions and exaltations; its advances and retreats. We can only account for Mr. Lincoln's qualities by studying the variety of formative influences that operated upon him during years when he was publicly unknown. Looking back to the man as the nation last saw him, he recalls one of those superb dramas of Shakespere in which you find some striking touch of human nature in every step of its development; something that everybody felt but none but the master could express. Now a flash of light; now a cloud of darkness; then a peal of laughter; then a shower of tears; a heroic utterance; a pean of patriotism; a stern command; then a whisper of mercy. Into his great soul, ocean wide as it was, seemed to have poured rivulets from all the great souls of all the ages; the inspiriting aspirations of an Isaiah; the tuneful sorrows of a Jeremiah; the subdued majesty of Him who spake as man never spake before; the pity of a Magdalen; the meekness of Moses; the courage of Joshua; in short, the joys and sorrows of all the great and all the humble, of the rich and of the poor, contributed their supreme excellences to make of him the rainbow figure of his time;

the one present sign of promise in these latter years that heaven's kingdom means righteousness and not wretchedness, freedom and not slavery. God wrote the name of this great soul on the Registry of Time, and the world will never forget where he stopped over night. I have sometimes thought how it is, that one individual character can sanctify the soul of an entire land; make every foot of it appear sacred whether he has trod upon it or not. The very horizon seems to reflect back the glory that his person has shed. We love Washington, but he had not the power in its fulness; we look with astonishment on the career of Cæsar, but when we journey through Italy we think of other things than Cæsar. We admire Cromwell, but we forget his glories on the swelling commercial grandeur of England. We touch at St. Helena and Napoleon is a vanished ghost, but let the edge of our shoe touch the land of Palestine, and a spiritual baptism floods our souls until we feel that the lips of a God had pressed every inch of the dust; nor have we to go far for the explanation; the world loves those who have loved it, and the great soul that has undergone martyrdom for truth and justice leaves behind it a radiance that covers the land itself with imperishable glory. Jesus for Palestine; Socrates for Greece; Savonarola for Italy, and Lincoln for America; four lights streaming from four different points and emblazoning the pathway of marching humanity on its road to deliverance.

Voltaire has somewhere said that there is a difference so immense between him who has his fortune all made and him who has his to make, that the two do not seem to be of the same species. This is not true of Mr. Lincoln, for from his earliest youth he realized that he was here for a purpose. That the object of his life was to add something of good to the general stock that had been accumulated by the toil and suffering and self-denial of those who had gone before. That the reformation of the world must start in the individual and go hence into the society, communities and states. On one occasion he said: "I am here to make myself the best intellectual, moral and physical being possible. To do it I am entitled to generous food, generous clothing and comfortable shelter; and if any person or set of persons lays

upon me a burden whereby I am required to use more than reasonable effort to feed, clothe and shelter myself, the person or set of persons so unreasonably burdening me is an enemy of God, and my murderer." He did not believe in any system where the labor and toil and sweat of a hundred thousand people were put under tribute to swell the gains of one man or one family. He felt that wealth and want in our civilization did not spring from a dual differing in the natural powers of man, but from privileges accorded by society to one man or set of men to levy a never ceasing tax upon others; that distinctions in matters of rights were man-made distinctions; that they did not possess the sanction of heaven and could be productive of nothing but misery and discord on earth. He believed that there could be no vested rights in established wrongs; that the way to advance society was by leveling it up, instead of pressing it down; that no government for any considerable time could endure, when the hut of squalor and want cast its shadows on the gilded walls of pleasure and plenty; and that that civilization was destined to speedy and overwhelming ruin when the few, by money or intrigue or fraud, multiplied the burdens and diminished the comforts of the many. It seems as though the light of this great soul grows brighter as we recede from the point of time when it seemed to go out. He was only a national figure from 1858 to 1865, but each one of those seven years seemed to place in front of us one of the seven golden candlesticks predestined of old to keep the light and the truth in the hearts of men. Wherever civilization throbs and pulsates, wherever virtue and sincerity are cherished and respected, wherever a struggling soul is fighting its way up through the darkness and on to the light, this one resplendent name is known and honored; cannon speak it; banners wave upon it; human hearts treasure it. O, for the coming of another great soul into this greedy and material age, who will lift us above ourselves and teach us that we are men. O, for the coming of a great man who will bring a revolution with him that will make us to see that the happiness of each can only be assured by the happiness of all; that lies can not live; that deceits can not permanently prosper; that might is not right, and that power improperly employed brings destruc-

tion on the head of him who wields it. A revolution that will diminish our discontents by gratifying our higher desires for good, and teach us that a robust sense of justice, generally diffused, is stronger than armed policemen, than grated cells, or embattled hosts. The past has furnished glimpses of the coming of such an one. The forerunners already tell us that the master is near. One transfiguration has already taken place. Unless all signs fail, this world will see another.

NAPOLEON.

In the congressional library, at Washington, there are more than a thousand volumes bearing on the life and doings of Napoleon Bonaparte. Within the past few years the French government has published thirty-two volumes of his correspondence. In the French archives there are eighty thousand letters which he wrote, one-third of which are on religious or ecclesiastical subjects.

This evening I will endeavor to present him to you, not as a warrior, a consul or an emperor, but as an individual. I will attempt to enable you to see him just as he appeared to those who came in contact with him from childhood onward. There will be nothing original in what I have to say, for I intend to use the pictures drawn by others, who had Napoleon before them when the canvas was fresh and the brush fully charged.

He was the descendant of a family who lived in Tuscany, from the twelfth to the middle of the sixteenth century, one of the most stirring periods in Italian history; a period when bands of lawless men were intriguing and fighting for power—when quarrels were numerous and violence abundant.

The year before the capture of Florence, to wit, 1529, a branch of the Bonaparte family leave Italy and take up their abode in Corsica, then a wild and almost barbarous island, where all the features, the institutions, passions and customs belonging to the primitive mediæval epoch were in full force. His ancestors on both sides were Italians.

Corsica is a rugged land, filled with peaks and precipices, valleys and defiles; a land where the permanent strife of inimical families was suspended only by truces; where, in many villages, nobody stirred out of doors except in armed bodies; where an escort had to accompany a mail carrier, and where the houses

were crenelated like fortresses. In this land, the turbulence of which is spoken of by the Roman historian, Livy, in this island that imperial Rome could not quiet, and in the midst of a people who rendered themselves insupportable to their masters, preferring death to slavery, Napoleon was conceived and born.

At the age of eighteen, Charles Bonaparte, tall, slender, with well-cut and beautiful features, witty and clever, accomplished and cultivated, led to the marriage altar Letitia Ramolino, aged fifteen, an age for love in a land scorched by the sun. She was quiet and reserved as Charles Bonaparte was not—as energetic as he was weak.

All Napoleon's ancestors, with a single exception, were short lived; they were worn out by devouring ambition and restless. The father of Charles died before he was forty; Charles at the age of thirty-eight years. Cancer of the stomach took off Napoleon, his father, grandfather, his sister, Caroline, and his uncle, Fesch. It was a nervous chill produced by this cancer of the stomach that led to the defeat of Napoleon at Dresden. He lost his head, made a retrograde movement, which allowed Gen. Vandamnie's division to be captured, and which widened up the pathway that led to his abdication in 1814.

His mother was a primitive soul, without education or culture, but with a strong physical and spiritual nature and with all the stern and rugged qualities of an Italian partisan leader of the fourteenth century. Napoleon, in speaking of her, says: "She had a man's head on a woman's shoulders; hard in her affections, she punished and rewarded without distinction, good or bad. She carried her parsimony to a ridiculous extent." He further says: "She had no knowledge whatever of the usages of society. Very ignorant, not alone of the French literature, but of her own." In a letter addressed to Gen. Paoli, then in London (June 22, 1789), Napoleon says: "I was born when our country perished. (France conquered Corsica between July 30, 1768, and May 22, 1769.) Thirty thousand Frenchmen vomited on our shores, drowning the throne of liberty in blood—such was the odious spectacle on which my eyes first opened; the groans of the

dying, the shrieks of the oppressed, tears of despair surrounded my cradle from my birth. I will blacken those who betrayed the common cause with the brush of infamy vile—sordid souls corrupted by gain." Throughout his youth he hated the French. To Bourrienne, his schoolmate, he says: "I will do you Frenchmen all the harm I can." At school he keeps aloof from his comrades, takes no part in their sports, shuts himself up in the library and broods over the unhappy condition of his native island. At the end of the first year at Brienne, chafing under the insults offered him by the sons of noblemen, who could afford rich ways, he writes his father an urgent letter, asking him to take him back to Corsica and make of him a mechanic. While he was thus fuming and chafing at Brienne, in another part of France a brilliant young military officer was leading to the marriage altar a beautiful Creole, who had drifted over from the Island of Martinique. The name of the young officer was Count Beauharnais; that of the lady, Rose Josephine de Tascher, aged fourteen. Napoleon was ten. Her father said of her: "Her skin is exquisite, her eyes very beautiful, and she has a wonderful talent for music. She has an excellent disposition and an agreeable face; but she is very far advanced and mature for her age." We will hear of her again.

On passing his examination at Brienne, M. de Keralio, subinspector of schools, makes this report: "Monsieur de Bonaparte; height, four feet ten inches and ten lines; has passed his fourth examination; good constitution, excellent health, submissive character, frank and grateful; regular in conduct; has distinguished himself by his application to mathematics; is passably well up in history and geography; is behindhand in Latin. Will make an excellent sailor; deserves to be sent to the school at Paris." To be a sailor, then, had been the first desire of Bonaparte; of this fact there can be no doubt. To Paris he was transferred, and on leaving that school his teacher made the following report: "Reserved and studious; he prefers study to any amusement, and enjoys reading the best authors; applies himself earnestly to the abstract sciences; cares little for anything else. He is silent and loves solitude. He is capricious, haughty and excessively egotis-

tical; talks little, but is quick and energetic in his replies, prompt and severe in his repartees; has great pride and ambition; aspires to anything. The young man is worthy of patronage."

Leaving school, he writes two dramas; one called "The Count of Essex," the other "The Masked Prophet." He writes a dialogue on love, an essay on nature, and a book on Corsica full of jerky and eruptive sentences; dedicates it to Paoli, afterward to Neckar, fails to secure a publisher, revises and abridges it, and then dedicates it to Abbe Reynal. Is in Paris during the revolution, penniless and oppressed with poverty; has no fixed principles of any kind, Jacobincal or Royalist. Sees the king appear on the balcony of the Tuilleries with the red cap on and mutters audibly, "Che Cogleone"—the coward. A few minutes later he says, "How could they let the rabble enter; mow down four or five hundred of them with cannon balls and the rest would run away." On the 10th of August, when the tocsin sounds, he looks on the king and people with equal contempt and indifference. When the chateau is fired he strolls through the Tuilleries, looks in at the neighboring cafés, and that is all. He looks on utterly unmoved, his features so calm as to provoke hostile remarks. On the 12th, Vendemiaire, on leaving the theater and noticing the sections, he said to Junot: "Ah, if the sections would only let me lead them; I would guarantee to place them in the Tuilleries in two hours and have all these convention rascals driven out." Five hours later, interviewed by Barras and the conventionalists, he takes "three minutes" to make up his mind and, instead of blowing up the "convention rascals," he shoots down the Parisians and saves the directory. Before this event occurred he was a soldier without employment. He attempted to run a book store and failed; he then concluded he would rent a block of houses and sublet them at a profit; this did not succeed. Then he walked the banks of the Seine, discussing with himself the old question, "To be or not to be," that staggered the melancholy Dane. He was a warm and confidential friend of the young Robespierre and an admirer of the elder, and quite intimate with their sister, Charlotte. From his first appearance at the school of Brienne there was something about him that attracted notice. "Corsican by nature

and character," wrote his professor of history in the military academy, "he will go far if circumstances favor him." The professor of belles-lettres, after reading one of his compositions, notes down that "in the strange and incorrect grandeur of his amplifications he seems to see granite fused in a volcano." When a boy, riding through the defiles and valleys of Corsica with Paoli, who was pointing out to Napoleon where liberty found resistance and triumphed, the old general, estimating his character by what he saw of it through personal observation, exclaimed: "Oh, Napoleon, there is nothing modern in you! You do not belong to the century. You talk like one of Plutarch's characters. Courage, you will take flight yet."

In 1795 Ponteculant, a member of the military committee, reports that Boissy d'Anglas told him that he had seen, the evening before, a little Italian, pale, slender and puny, but singularly audacious in his views and in the vigor of his expressions. The next day Bonaparte calls on Ponteculant and the latter describes him as follows: "Attitude rigid through a morbid pride; poor exterior; long visage, hollow and bronzed; he is just from the army and talks like one who knows what he is talking about."

In this same year Laura Permon, afterwards the wife of Marshal Junot and Duchesse d'Abraut, knew him well as a visitor at her home. He wanted to marry her mother, and she paints him thus: "His features were sharp and angular; his hands long, small and slender; his hair, unbrushed and uncombed, was uncut as well; he wore no gloves; his boots were badly made and guiltless of blacking; his aspect was unhealthy, owing to his thinness and the yellowish tone of his complexion, enlivened only by a pair of eyes sparkling with life and energy." Bourrienne, in his turn, described him thus: "He was badly and carelessly dressed; his nature was cold, often gloomy; his smile was forced and often entirely out of place; he had moments of fierce hilarity, which did not tend to make him beloved by those about him."

Bear in mind that at this time he was alone in Paris, without relatives or money; he was fighting as for life itself—the most terrible of combats when one has not the smallest support on which to rely. And his family—what was to become of them?

His mother and sisters were at Marseilles, without the smallest resources. Joseph had lost his position, Lucien was in concealment, Louis was without employment. In fact, there was nothing to bring out the pleasant side of his character. He adored his family in a somewhat despotic way, but it is unquestionably true that he associated them in his ardent imagination with all his dreams of fortune. But this was not his only cause for uneasiness. He knew that he was compromised in more than one way. His relations with the Robespierres were known to many of the committee of public safety and the convention. While thus situated, on the 11th Vendemiaire he received this note: "Citizen Bonaparte is invited to come to-morrow to the house of Citizen Barras, at Chaillot, on most urgent business. Salutation and Fraternity." The next day he went to receive instructions before taking in hand the affairs of the convention. That night, after a stormy debate in the convention, Barras was placed in command of the army of the interior. At 5 o'clock next morning Napoleon received his commission as defender of Paris. That day he mowed down the insurgent royalists, who were marching to overthrow the convention, and stepped into the lap of fame and fortune. Just at this time there was a handsome widow living out at Malmaison, which place had been assigned her by Barras. Napoleon had seen this widow and was enchanted by her. Barras had spoken to him on the subject of marriage, and asked Napoleon to permit him to carry on the negotiation. This he did. The widow was Josephine. She immediately wrote to a friend for advice. I quote portions of this letter, because in it she gives us a picture of Napoleon as he then appeared to her:

"They wish me to marry again, my dear friend. All my friends advise it. Why are you not here to give me your advice in this important circumstance? You have seen General Bonaparte. Well, it is he who wishes to become the father of the orphan children of Alexander de Beauharnais and the husband of his widow. 'Do you like him?' you ask. No, I do not. 'You dislike him, then?' you say. Not at all, but I am lukewarm. I admire the general, the extent of his information (for he speaks well on all subjects), the vivacity of his wit and the quick intelligence

which enables him to grasp the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed; but I am terrified, I admit, at the empire he seems to exercise over all about him. His keen gaze has an inexplicable something which even impresses our directors. Judge, then, if he is likely to intimidate a woman. Having passed my first youth, can I hope to preserve for any length of time this violent tenderness which he feels for me now and which in the general amounts almost to delirium? If, when we are married, he should cease to love me, would he not reproach me for what I have allowed him to do? Will he not regret a more brilliant marriage that he might have made? What then could I say? What could I do? Nothing but weep. Barras declares that if I will marry the general, he certainly will secure for him the command of the army of Italy. Yesterday Bonaparte, speaking of this favor, which has excited a murmur of discontent in his brother officers, even though not granted, said to me: 'Do they think that I need protection to rise? They will be glad some day if I grant them mine. My sword is at my side, and with it I can go far.' What do you say of this certainty of success? Is it not proof of self-confidence that is almost ridiculous? A general of brigade protecting the heads of government! I feel that it is; and yet this preposterous assurance affects me to such a degree that I believe everything may be possible to this man, and, with his imagination, who can tell what he may be tempted to undertake? But for this marriage, which worries me, I should be very gay in spite of many things, but until this is settled, one way or another, I shall torment myself."

Lucien Bonaparte, in his memoirs, apropos of what was taking place in Paris, November, 1795, writes: "Admitted to some of the dinners and suppers given by Director Barras, I made the acquaintance of Madame de Stael. I admired the beautiful Madame Tullien, the favorite sultanna of the voluptuous Barras. I hardly noticed in this numerous circle of pretty women the ex-Marquise de Beauharnais, the widow of the general of that name, who was guillotined. My brother, Napoleon, has noticed her more than I. This woman, who has never been beautiful and who is no longer young, has captivated him to that extent that he wishes to marry

her. It is true that Barras will give as her dowry the command of the army of Italy."

None of the Bonapartes, save Napoleon, could ever see any good in Josephine. They were incessantly scheming and intriguing against her. It was different with him; he loved her with a passionate love to the end of his days. The week before the marriage he wrote her this fervent letter:

"I awoke full of thee. Your portrait and the intoxicating evening of yesterday have put my senses in a turmoil. Sweet and incomparable Josephine, what an effect you have upon my heart. If I see you sad, if I see you anxious, my soul is filled with pain and there is no repose for your friend. Ah, your portrait is not you. You leave at noon and I will see you in three hours, and while waiting, mio dolce amor, a thousand kisses. But do not give them to me, for they burn my blood."

He has it bad. There was certainly fire, there was certainly love, and he was sincere in spite of whatever may be said. On the 9th of February, 1796, the bans were published. On the 2d of March, Napoleon was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. On the 27th of March he was at Nice. On the 28th he wrote the directory: "I have been here several days. Yesterday I assumed command." On that same day he ceased to be Napoleon, the Corsican. History stamped the hero of Arcola and Rivoli. On the 10th of April he began his operations; on the 12th he gained the battle of Mintenotte; the 13th, that of Millesimo; the 15th, that of Dego, and on the 28th he treated with Sardinia. In less than twenty days he had separated his adversaries and condemned one to utter inactivity. Fifteen days later he made his triumphal entry into Milan—the campaign was finished. His operations against the Sardinians and Austrians lasted eleven days. From the 1st to the 15th of May he had completed the conquest of Lombardy.

Thus started this wonderful man on an unexampled career. Madame de Stael, his life-long enemy, saw him frequently after his return from his first Italian campaign. Let me quote what she says of him: "I saw him for the first time," she says, "on his return to France after the treaty of Campo-Formio. After re-

covering from the first excitement of admiration, there succeeded to this a decided sentiment of fear. And yet at this time he had no power, for it was even then supposed that the directory looked upon him with a good deal of suspicion. Thus the fear he inspired was simply due to the singular effect of his person on almost all who approached. I had met men worthy of respect, and had likewise met men of ferocious character, but nothing in the impression which Bonaparte produced on me reminded me of either. I soon found, in the various opportunities I had of meeting him during his stay in Paris, that his character was not to be described in terms commonly employed; he was neither mild nor violent, nor gentle nor cruel, like certain personages one happens to know. A being like him, wholly unlike anybody else, could neither feel nor excite sympathy. He was both more and less than a man. His figure, his intellect and language bore the impress of a foreign nationality. Far from being reassured on seeing Bonaparte oftener, he intimidated me more and more every day. I had a confused impression that he was not to be influenced by any emotion of sympathy or affection. He regards a human being as a fact, an object, and not as a fellow creature. He neither hates nor loves, he exists for himself; the rest of humanity are so many ciphers. The force of his will consists in the imperturable calculation of his egotism; he is a skillful player, who has the human species for an antagonist, and whom he proposes to checkmate. Every time I heard him talk I was struck *with his superiority*. It bore no resemblance to that of men informed and cultivated through study and social intercourse, such as we find in England and France; his conversation indicated the tact of circumstances like that of the hunter in pursuit of his prey. His spirit seemed a cold sword-blade, which freezes while it wounds. I felt a profound irony in his mind, which nothing great or beautiful could escape, not even his own fame, for he despised the nation whose suffrages he sought. With him everything was means to ends: the involuntary 'whether for good or evil' was entirely absent. No law, no ideal and abstract rule, existed for him; he examined things only with reference to their immediate

usefulness; a general principle was repugnant to him, as so much nonsense or as an enemy."

Madame de Stael was right in stating that he had a foreign air about him. When Pius VII. was invited to France to crown him, Austria's representatives in the conclave opposed his going. The Italian party overcame this opposition by declaring: "After all, we are imposing an Italian family on the barbarians to govern them. We are revenging ourselves on the Gauls." Admiral Decrees became acquainted with him in Paris, and hearing that he would pass through Toulon informed his friends that he would introduce them to him on his arrival. This is what he says of that venture: "I proposed to introduce my comrades to him, venturing on my acquaintance with him in Paris. Full of eagerness and joy I started off. The door opens and I am about to press forwards, when the attitude, the look and the tone of voice suffice to arrest me. And yet there was nothing offensive about him; still this was enough. I never tried after that to overstep the line thus imposed upon me."

A few days later, at Alberga, certain generals of division, and among them Augerean, a vulgar and heroic old soldier, vain of his tall figure and courage, arrived at headquarters, not well disposed towards the little parvenu sent out to them from Paris. Recalling the description of him that had been given them, Augerean is abusive and insubordinate beforehand. "One of Barras' favorites. The Vendemiaire general; a street general; never in action; hasn't a friend. Looks like a beast because he is always thinking of himself; an insignificant figure; he is said to be a mathematician and a dreamer." They enter and Bonaparte keeps them waiting. At last he appears with his sword and belt on. Explains the disposition of forces, gives them his orders and dismisses them. Augerean is thunderstruck. Only when he gets out of doors does he recover himself and fall back on his accustomed oaths. He agrees with Massena "that the little devil of a general frightened him." He cannot comprehend the ascendency that overawes him at the first glance.

In 1815, General Vendamme, an old revolutionary hero, more brutal and energetic than Augerean, says to Marshal d'Orano, as they walked up the steps of the Tuilleries: "My dear fellow, that

devil of man (speaking of Napoleon) fascinates me in a way I cannot account for. I, who don't fear either God or the devil, when I approach him I tremble like a child. He would make me dash through the eye of a needle into the fire." Extraordinary and superior, made for command and conquest, singular and of unique species, is the feeling of all his contemporaries. Those who are most familiar with the histories of other nations go back to the right sources to comprehend him, to the petty Italian tyrants of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. He is the descendant of the great Italians, the men of action of the year 1400, the military adventurers, usurpers, and founders of life governments; he inherits, in direct affiliation, their blood and inward organization, mental and moral. A sprout has been transplanted from their forest before the age of refinement, impoverishment and decay, to a similar and remote nursery where the tragic and military regime is permanently established, and there from out the keeping of a woman, powerful, physically and spiritually, a woman hardened by dangers, accustomed to the risks of battles, losses, privations and fatigues, drops into history a re-incarnated Italian soldier, whom all that knew him declare was unlike everybody else—cast in a new mould and made of a new metal.

In 1809, Napoleon, speaking of himself, says: "I military! I am so because I was born so; it is my habit, my very existence. Wherever I have been I have always had command. I commanded at twenty-three at Toulon. I commanded at Paris in Vendemiaire. I won over the soldiers in Italy the moment I presented myself; I was born for that."

Napoleon says he first realized that he was a great genius at the battle of Lodi; then he felt that he was born to direct affairs. He never was very sociable with anybody. Josephine stood in dread of him all the time and especially when he returned victorious from a campaign. She caught him once in an act of gallantry; he drove her from the room, and when he came out he spent the afternoon in swearing and breaking the furniture. He answered all questions put to him by her with the word "Moi." He constantly chafed under the restrains of civilization. He said that laws were not made for him, but for other people. In this

he resembled Solomon and Lord Byron. They all found out their mistake later in life. Prince Metternich, who had exceptional opportunities to study his characteristics, says: "In my relations with Napoleon, relations which, from the beginning, I endeavored to make frequent and confidential, what at first struck me most was the remarkable perspicuity and grand simplicity of his mind and its processes. Conversation with him always had a charm for me, difficult to define. Seizing the essential point of subjects, stripping them of useless accessories, developing his thought and never ceasing to elaborate it till he had made it perfectly clear and conclusive; always finding the fitting word for the thing or inventing one where the usage of language had not created it. His conversation was full of interest. He did not converse; he talked. By the wealth of his ideas and the facility of his elocution, he was able to lead the conversation, and one of his habitual expressions was, 'I see what you want; you wish to come to such or such a point; well, let us go straight to it.' Yet he did not fail to listen to the remarks and objections which were addressed to him; he accepted them, questioned them or opposed them, without losing the tone or overstepping the bounds of a business discussion; and I have never felt the least difficulty in saying to him what I believed to be the truth, even when it was not likely to please him. He became a legislator and an administrator as he became a great soldier—by following his own instincts. The turn of his mind always led him towards the positive; he disliked vague ideas, and hated equally the dreams of visionaries and the abstraction of idealists, and treated as mere nonsense everything that was not clearly and practically presented to him. Napoleon was not irreligious. He would not admit that there had ever existed a genuine atheist; he condemned deism as the result of rash speculation. He looked on Christianity as the basis of all civilization. He would allow no one to ridicule religion, or those who followed it, in his presence. His opinions of men were concentrated in one idea. He believed that no man engaged in public life or only engaged in the active pursuits of life was guided or could be guided by any other motive than that of interest. He did not deny the existence of virtue and honor, but he maintained

that neither of these sentiments had ever been the chief guide of any but those whom he called dreamers and to whom, by this title, he, in his own mind, denied the existence of the requisite faculty for taking a successful part in the affairs of society. He tied men to him by making his interests their interests; if he fell, they fell; if he lost, they lost. It was the old philosophy of Henry VIII. in dividing the church lands among the English nobles; if he lost his crown, they would lose their estates. There was power and strength in mutual interests. His ability to work was absolutely prodigious. His clerks, from sheer exhaustion, would fall asleep under their task; they had to invent a system of short-hand of their own to keep pace with him. They could only keep up when he made a diversion and swore about something for half an hour. He worked the councilors of state from five in the evening until five in the morning, and before they reached home twenty letters would be after them awaiting immediate replies. He knew more about a government department than the minister; more about a bureau than the head of it. He knew where all his regiments were stationed, where all his vessels were floating. In police matters he was better posted than Fouche. He hated Talleyrand, and yet could not get along without him. He used to say that when he did not want anything done and yet wanted it to appear that he did want it done he turned it over to Talleyrand. He always considered a dozen of plans that presented themselves to his mind before he adopted the one he intended to follow. He used to say of himself that in planning a battle he was absolutely pusilanimous, and that while lookers-on thought he was perfectly calm and tranquil, his spirit within was like a storm-lashed ocean. He never took a step or performed an act that he had not maturely considered in all its relations. He embraced within himself all the elements of a comic and tragic actor. Talma used to teach him how to attitudinize; half the time his passion and fury were feigned. All the machinery available was used to reach the end he had in view. For medicine and physiology, for which subjects he had a natural predilection, he asserted that death is often only the effect of an absence of energetic will in the individual. One day at St. Cloud he had a dan-

gerous fall (he had been thrown out of a carriage on to a great block of stone, narrowly escaping severe injury to his stomach). The next day, when Metternich inquired how he was, he replied very gravely: "I yesterday completed my experience in the power of the will. When I was struck in the stomach I felt my life going; I had only just time to say to myself that I did not wish to die, and I live. Anyone else in my place would have died." To his sisters he was particularly kind; they got from him everything they wanted. Notwithstanding this, he was never heard to utter a compliment to a woman. He would talk to them about their dresses, of which he claimed to be a severe judge; ask them how many children they had, and whether they nursed their children themselves. Beyond this he felt no interest. One day Marie Louise said to a friend of her father's: "I am sure that they think a great deal about me in Vienna and that the general opinion is that I live a life of daily suffering. So true is it that truth is not often probable. I have no fear of Napoleon, but I begin to think that he is afraid of me." About two months after the marriage Napoleon invited Metternich to the Tuilleries, and requested him to have a private conversation with Marie Louise as to his treatment of her. When the ambassador arrived, he left the empress with him, locked the door and did not return for an hour. What the conversation was no one but the two parties knew. It is sufficient, however, to say that Metternich always affirmed that Napoleon treated her with the greatest amiability; that she never complained of lack of kindly attention. After he became emperor, and before the divorce, before starting on a campaign, he would rush out of the palace to take his carriage, then frantically rush back, take Josephine in his arms and cover her with kisses and tears. The night before the divorce he called Josephine into his room, compelled her to undress, lie on the bed with him, and spent the night crying. She says: "He literally soaked the bed with his tears and implored her not to leave him."

I have never been able to satisfy myself that the divorce was anything more than a ceremonial affair—simply a method for procuring a legitimate heir. He never omitted an opportunity to steal out of Paris and spend the night with Josephine. In Dres-

den, in 1813, pending negotiations for peace, Napoleon said to the Austrian minister: "I have perpetrated a very stupid piece of folly in marrying an archduchess of Austria. When I married an archduchess I tried to weld the new with the old; gothic prejudices with the institutions of my century. I deceived myself, and I this day feel the whole extent of my error. It may cost me my throne, but I will bury the world beneath its ruins."

Having, in a meager way, attempted to portray some of the features of this most extraordinary man, let us move to a little higher eminence and take a view of him as he works in his own mental laboratory on the problems that flit through that busy brain.

The reveries, reflections and souvenirs that filled Napoleon's mind while at school at Brienne and Paris were destined to materialize and embody themselves in gigantic projects, which he never abandoned until the scepter of power finally fell from his hand. Alexander was his type and model, and the remote East was the field whereunto this genius turned on many occasions. In Italy he said to Bourrienne: "Europe is a mole-hill; never have there been great empires and great revolutions except in the Orient, with its 600,000,000 of men." The following year, standing before St. Jean d'Acre, just before the last assault, he said: "If I succeed I shall find in the town the Pasha's treasure and arms for 300,000 men. I stir up and arm all Syria, I march on Damascus and Aleppo; as I advance in the country my army will increase with the discontented. I proclaim to the people the abolition of slavery and the tyrannical government of the Pashas. I reach Constantinople with armed masses, I overthrow the Turkish empire; I found in the East a new and grand empire, which fixes my place with posterity, and perhaps I return to Paris by way of Adreanople or Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria." Again, at Austerlitz, he says: "Yes, if I had taken Acre I would have assumed the turban, I would have put the army in loose breeches; I would no longer have exposed it except at the last extremity. I would have made it my sacred battalion, my immortals. It is with Arabs, Greeks and Armenians I would have ended the war against the Turks. Instead of one

battle in Moravia I would have gained a battle of Issus. I would have made myself Emperor of the East, and returned to Paris by way of Vienna." In 1804 he says: "Since two hundred years there is nothing more to do in Europe; it is only in the East that things can be carried out on a grand scale." He had not abandoned these dreams when he invaded Russia. A few months before he started on that fatal trip he said to Marboune, his aide-de-camp, his eyes flaming with excitement: "After all, my dear sir, this long road is the road to India. Alexander started as far off as Moscow to reach the Ganges; this has occurred to me since St. Jean d'Acre. To reach England to-day I need the extremity of Europe, from which to take Asia in the rear. Suppose Moscow taken, Russia subdued, the czar reconciled or dead, through court conspiracies, and tell me whether it is not possible for a French army, with its auxiliaries, setting out from Tiflis, to get as far as the Ganges, when it needs only a thrust of the French sword to bring down the whole of that grand commercial scaffolding throughout India. It would be the most gigantic expedition, I admit, but practicable in the nineteenth century. Through it France, at one stroke, would secure the independence of the West and the freedom of the seas."

Nothing but the complete mastery of the world semed to fill this enormous brain. Paris was to be made the capital. Reviving, if you please, the globe-like ideas of Constantine, Charlemagne, Justinian and Theodosius, he looks upon Europe and the East as one piece of the earth, to be moulded into a symmetrical whole, and to which is to be applied the French code, the French drama, and the French system of science and art, of education and philosophy, of politics and religion. Into the countries he had conquered he had carried these things already. At Rastadt, when the congress assembled in 1797 to fix the boundaries of France, he established the French opera and theater, and supplied them with singers and actors from Paris. The Sunday of France was the Sunday of the countries over which he then held sway. To Madame Remusat he says: "The French empire will become the mother country of other sovereignties. I mean that every king in Europe shall build a grand palace at Paris for his own use; on

the coronation of the emperor of the French these kings will come and occupy it; they will grace this imposing ceremony with their presence and honor it with their salutations. The pope will come; he came to the first one; he must necessarily return to Paris and fix himself there permanently. Where could the Holy See be better off than in the new capital of Christianity under me, heir to Charlemagne and temporal sovereign of the sovereign pontiff? Through the temporal the emperor will control the spiritual, and through the pope, consciences."

In 1810, in one of the many protracted conversations Metternich had with him, he unfolded a plan of collecting all the archives of Europe in Paris. There should be a grand edifice on the Place between the military school and the Invalides, constructed entirely of stone and iron, so as to be fireproof. This building should contain all the archives of the European states. When Metternich suggested the idea of catching the hare before cooking it, Napoleon answered, in the most frank manner: "Why should I not have them? Will not all the powers hasten to send their archives to a place so perfectly safe? Without any doubt they will be inclined to do so in the double interest of safety and science. Only think of the immense advantages which history would derive from this. Of course each state must have the right of placing its documents under the care of keepers of its archives, who would live close to their papers. It would be free to each one to keep legal copies of them. What an immense advantage it would be to avoid distances; one would only have to take two or three steps across a corridor to draw from the historical treasures of France, Austria, Rome, etc." Metternich smiled and Napoleon rejoined: "Well, see what narrow ideas the statesmen of Europe have and do not know how to get rid of. I shall carry out my project; the plans for the building are in preparation." With that he took Metternich into his study, where he showed him a plan of Paris, on which the edifice in question was drawn.

Well may we exclaim, "What manner of man was this?" Mr. Taine, in his latest work, "The Modern Regime," who, after studying him as an anatomist studies the human body, declares: "We take him for what he is—a posthumous brother of Dante

and Michael Angelo; in the clear outlines of his vision, in the intensity, coherency and inward logic of his reveries, in the profundity of his meditations, in the superhuman grandeur of his conceptions, he is indeed their fellow and equal. His genius is of the same stature and the same structure; he is one of the three sovereign minds of the Italian renaissance, only while the first two operated on paper and marble, the latter operates on the living being, on the sensitive and suffering flesh of humanity."

He studies men and things in the same cold way—always philosophizing. Man, he says, is governed by his imagination; without imagination he is a brute. If you want to electrify him, touch his heart. He has a different language for the different kinds of people he wishes to influence. He never permits one to enter the sanctuary of his secret thoughts, unless through the introduction he can gain some end not otherwise attainable. On one occasion Talleyrand is heard to say: "This devil of a man misleads you in all directions. Even his passions escape you, for he finds some way to counterfeit them." On one subject all the writers agree, namely, that he was a superb and magnificent liar. For politeness and good taste he had a standing hatred. Talleyrand told him on one occasion if bullets would shoot them away, they would long since have been destroyed. His presence at a party was the death of all gaiety; his voice was harsh and his movements awkward. He looked at a sentiment as an anatomist would look at a cadaver. "Should I ever get in love," he remarked one day, "before I would encourage it I would analyze it." Again: "What do I care for the cackle of the drawing room? I never heed it. I pay attention only to what rude peasants say."

After the year 1809 it became evident to observing men that this modern Titan and the world could not keep company together for any considerable time. There was an undertone of protest issuing out of the hearts of mothers throughout all Europe. Year after year they had been called upon to sacrifice their children to the Mollock of war, until they had but few, if any, heart treasures left. Each day it was becoming clearer and clearer that nothing but universal dominion would satisfy his burning hunger for

unbounded power. In his campaigns of 1803, 1805 and 1807, he had erased from the map the German empire that had stood for a thousand years. In 1810 it was an open secret that in 1812 he intended to marshal all his forces and, if possible, destroy the Russian empire. Europe he regarded as his property, and every one that lived in it as his tenant at will. He intended to have but one political system and one religious creed, and to be at the head of both. It would have been a grand edifice, but it would have been the mausoleum of liberty. Officers who had served him faithfully in all his campaigns were whispering among themselves, "He is going mad; he is living in the field of illusions, delusions and miscalculations; he is creating for himself an imaginary world; to his oriental dreams he has added the vast thrones of Mexico and Peru, and talks of the great sovereigns he will place on them and of the results these great foundations will have on the universe. If he goes on he will ruin us all. His edifice will be so large that it will topple over and bury us all."

This same year, 1809, he says to Roderer: "I love power, but I love it as an artist; I love it as a musician loves his violin—for the tones, chords and harmonies he can get out of it."

At this time France felt the need of repose. Decimated by annual levies—far from interesting itself in military operations, carried on so far from the frontiers of France that even the names of the places where new victories were gained were unknown—cursed the conquests whose political value they were not capable of understanding. Napoleon was in power, but between the system followed by him and the great body of the French people there was a steadily growing repugnance, which he seemed unable to realize. True, he enjoyed that popularity which will always be gained by a ruler who knows how to hold the reins of power with an equally firm and skilful hand. Abroad he was a soldier; at home he was a legislator and a most able administrator. Therefore, the country lamented to see him and his work exposed to the chances of war. There were reasons for the wars that had taken place since 1792, namely, the protection of her frontiers and the preservation of her autonomy, but these were assured. Had Napoleon confined himself to what the re-

public had conquered he would have been invincible, but this was wholly inconsistent with his warlike temperament and his love of dominion. He was born a conqueror, legislator and administrator, and he thought he could indulge all three inclinations at once. Talleyrand and Fouche protested against further wars, so did his marshals and generals. These individuals, for the most part, had been taken from the lower ranks of the army and raised to the height of military honor. They had become rich from foreign spoils and the generosity of the emperor, and wished to enjoy what they had gained. Berthier had a yearly income of 1,200,000 francs; Davoust had property that brought in an income of a million; Massena was worth 40,000,000, Talleyrand 60,000,000; Augerean and many others were equally wealthy. These men wished to enjoy their possessions and objected to stake them on the chances of war. The common soldiers, too, wanted to return to France. How did he answer these protests? To his grenadiers he says: "I hear that you want to return to Paris. Undeceive yourselves. I will keep you under arms until you are eighty. Soldiers, I need your lives, and you owe them to me." Is there any difficulty in foreseeing the end of such a man? Is he not absorbing everything, and regarding mankind as his oyster, to be used as he pleases? He had added Belgium and Piedmont to France. He has swallowed up Dalmatia and Istria; wiped Germany from the map; overrun Spain; erected the confederation of the Rhine; subdued Southern, Central and Northern Italy; twice conquered Austria; holds sway over sixty millions of people; is ready to immolate Russia, and continues as unsatiable as ever, and yet all this power rested on a treacherous foundation.

In 1813, after the fatal campaign in Russia, where, in one night, he had lost 30,000 horses by the cold, and during which 300,000 soldiers had perished, Europe clamored for peace. In this year he won the battles of Bautzen and Lutzen over the Russians, and felt that his old strength was returning. Still Austria, Prussia and Russia were allied against him, and the chances of war uncertain. Having his headquarters at Dresden, he sent for Metternich, the Austrian minister. As the latter entered the palace the French marshals and generals who were standing in

the ante-room said to him: "Do not forget that Europe requires peace, and especially France, which will have nothing but peace." The conversation between Napoleon and the minister lasted nine hours. Metternich informed him that his generals were tired of war; that he had anticipated a generation in his levies, and that his present army was composed of children. At this Bonaparte fired up, threw his hat on the floor and paced up and down the room like a madman, and broke out with the exclamation, "You are no soldier and you do not know what goes on in the mind of a soldier. I was brought up in the field, and a man such as I am does not concern himself much about the lives of a million of men." At the end of this conversation Metternich said to him: "You are lost, sire. I had the presentiment of it when I came; now in going I have the certainty." In passing out he found the same generals in the ante-room. They peered into his face to read the impression that the long conversation had made. Berthier accompanied him to his carriage, and seized a moment when no one was near to ask him whether he was satisfied with the emperor. "Yes," he answered, "he has explained everything to me; it is all over with the man." That same evening, at bedtime, Napoleon said: "I have had a long conversation with Metternich; he held out bravely; thirteen times did I throw him the gauntlet, and thirteen times did he pick it up. But the glove will remain in my hands at last."

And here we will leave him for this evening and turn our faces away from the gathering storm that is creeping over the horizon and which will demolish him and his empire. How true it is that "they whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." With all his faults he was sublimely great. It would require a series of lectures to acquaint you with the herculean labors of this wonderful man in the field of civil administration. He entered upon his career when France was in ruins. The revolution had abolished all the institutions that had previously existed. Religion had been overthrown, its ministers degraded and exiled; its establishments and property of every kind despoiled and confiscated; education overturned; schools abolished; charitable insti-

tutions suppressed, and the people, as well as the state itself, utterly bankrupt. A privileged class of Royalists had been supplanted by a privileged class of Jacobins and Terrorists. The system of government then prevailing was little other than an organized system of brigandage and plunder; the laws without force, and insecurity everywhere felt. The property of the church and the Emigres had been seized and sold, and titles everywhere of most doubtful validity. Every public service disorganized, destroyed or perverted; no justice, no police; authorities abstaining from prosecution; magistrates not daring to condemn; a gens d'armes which receives no orders or which stands still; rural marauding became a habit; roving bands of brigands in forty-five departments; mail wagons and coaches stopped and pillaged, even up to the environs of Paris; highways broken up and rendered impassable; open smuggling; customs yielding nothing; national forests devastated; the public treasury empty; (the public, in order to despatch a courier, had to seize the receipts of the opera, because they were in coin;) the revenues intercepted and expended before being deposited; taxes decreed and not collected; arbitrary assessments of real and personal estates, no less marked exemptions than overcharges; no tax lists made out in many places; communes, which, here and there, under pretext of defending the republic against neighboring consumers, exempt themselves from both tax and conscription; conscripts to whom the mayor gives false certificates of infirmity and marriage, who do not turn out when ordered out, who desert by hundreds on the way to headquarters, who form mobs and use guns in defending themselves against troops—such were the fruits of the system then in operation. Amid this ruin he took his own measure and that of the people, and out of it all he evolved a national edifice that commanded the respect and fear of the world. He established eternal peace, public tranquility, administrative regularity, impartial justice, a strict police, security of persons and property and consciences, liberty in private life, enjoyment of one's native land, and, on leaving it, the privilege of coming back to it; the satisfactory endowment, gratuitous celebration and full exercise of worship; schools and instruction for the young; hos-

pitals, nursing and assistance for the sick, the indigent and foundlings; the maintenance of roads and public buildings, and the enforcement of the most rigid economy in every branch and department of the public service.

In bringing about these changes, he felt it necessary for him to have uncontested possession of all executive and legislative powers, and not only perfect obedience from all legal authorities, but the entire submission of all moral authority but his own; that is to say: The silence of public opinion and the isolation of each individual, and therefore the abolition of any initiative movement on the part of any religion, ecclesiastical, charitable, literary, departmental or communal body that would interfere in any way with the complete exercise of his powers. He did not claim illimitable power, nor arbitrarily wipe away individual rights, but he held that all the power and all the rights, social, political or otherwise, must be subject to his judgment and approval. He knew that the safety of government can be best assured by the protection of property; that a man without a home or property was practically without a country. He took care to make individual ownership sacred. A person's enclosure, large or small, was to be respected as the throne itself should be respected. He sought to tie everybody to him by the cords of interest. Every avenue to wealth and fame and glory was thrown open to every one who had capacity to enter. All political antecedents were sponged out. Revolutionist, Jacobinite, Girondist, Aristocrat and Plebean had an equal opportunity to promote the public good and share in the public welfare. Spoliators and plunderers he punished with an iron hand. He declared to France that "the field was open to all talents."

His eye seemed to rest on every town in France. When he visits a town and confers with the authorities of the place on the interests of the commune or department, his interlocutors are bewildered; they find him as well informed as themselves and more clear sighted. It is he who explains their affairs to them. On arriving the evening before he calls for the summaries of facts and figures—every positive and technical detail of information, reduced and classified according to the method prescribed by his

administration. During the night he has read all this over and mastered it; in the morning, at dawn, he takes his ride on horseback; with extraordinary promptness and accuracy his topographical eye has discerned the best direction for the projected canal, the best site for the construction of a factory, a harbor or a dike. To the difficulties which confuse the best brains in the country, to the controverted questions which seem insolvable, he at once presents the sole practical solution. There it is ready at hand, and the members of the local council had not seen it. He makes them touch it with their fingers. They stand confounded before the universal competence of this wonderful genius. "He is more than a man," exclaimed the administrators of Dusseldorf to Beugnot. "Yes," replied Beugnot, "he is a devil."

He created modern Europe, swept away abuses that had existed for a thousand years, and gave with his sword a mortal wound to the divine right of kings. France is republican to-day, for his memory made it impossible for a Bourbon to reign. England would not tolerate a George III. or IV.; Germany is quivering with the pulsations of a coming revolution that will forever end the reign of the Cæsars; Russia will soon solve the problem of civilization on the plains of India; and all that is happening and shall happen in the next hundred years in Europe will be the fruit of what was sown in France from 1792 to 1815. Napoleon's fate was not more unhappy than that of Hannibal, who died in exile; Cæsar, who was assassinated; Cicero, who was murdered, or Alexander, who was carried away with his work half done.

On every human face is written an unfulfilled desire to teach us we are mortal.

GRANT.

Let us now turn from the vanquished at Waterloo to the conqueror at Appomatox. If you would derive any value from history, you must study the men who make it—their manners, costumes, thoughts and environments. Nothing exists, except through some individual man; it is the individual with whom we must become acquainted. If you were to study Coke's Institutes or Bacon's philosophical works, you would greatly promote your object by investigating their habits of thought, their daily intercourse with their fellow men, the environments with which they had to deal. Milton wrote an exhaustive treatise on the subject of Divorce and many controversial tracts on religious subjects, and we are enabled to measure their value better when we study Milton's domestic relations and his stern Puritan tastes. Of himself he says:

> "When I was yet a child, no childish play
> To me was pleasing. All my mind was set
> Serious to learn and know and thence to do
> What might be proven good."

He was born to strife, and hence could describe in a most masterly way the fights of the angels and the fall of man. Taine says that Milton's Adam entered Paradise via England; that he had been evidently educated at Oxford and served in a Puritan parliament.

"In this world of ours," says a great writer, "there is always an inner man concealed beneath the outer man; the second does but reveal the first. You look at his house, furniture, dress; and that in order to discover in them the marks of his habits and tastes, the degree of his refinement or rusticity, his extravagance or economy, his stupidity or acuteness; you listen to his

conversation, and you note the inflections of his voice, the changes in his attitude; you consider his writings, his deeds, his business transactions or political ventures; and that in order to measure the scope and limits of his intelligence, his inventiveness, his coolness to find out the order, the character, the general force of his ideas, the modes in which he thinks and resolves. All these externals are but avenues, converging toward a center; you enter them in order to reach that center, and that center is the genuine man. I mean that mass of faculties and feelings which are the inner man."

The way to see the events of other days, to acquaint ourselves with the men of other days; this is the first step in history.

If, as M. Taine says, Napoleon was the product of ancestors who had fretted with military turbulence a portion of Europe for four centuries, Grant was the consummate flower of eight generations which had been wholly and essentially American. His most remote ancestor of whom he knows anything was Mathew Grant, who emigrated to Massachusetts in 1630. The descendants of Mathew were plain, simple, industrious and courageous people. Some of them served honorably in civil offices, some served as soldiers in the French and Indian wars, and his grandfather was present at the battle of Bunker Hill and witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. How true it is that a trait of character, by some subtle influence and strange preservative force, creeps along through the years, and then reasserts itself in personal and pristine vigor when confronted by occasions which require its exercise. What is the present, after all, but the harvest ripened by the past. We see the flower, but the seed from which it springs lies back in the darkness.

Grant's father, although blessed with few educational facilities, was an eager and hungry student. In his youth he contributed to the papers, read every book that was obtainable, and feverishly panted for that broader knowledge which is both the glory and discomfort of this later day. He attended debating societies, mixed somewhat in politics, admired Henry Clay and voted for Jackson. The atmosphere of the parental home was peaceful and serene. The war of 1812 had been concluded eight

years when Ulysses S. Grant crept out of eternity and assumed the swaddling clothes of time. He was born in a small town named Point Pleasant, in Clermont county, Ohio, on the 27th of April, 1822. When the age for education was reached, there were no free schools and none in which scholars were classified. They were all supported by subscription, and a single teacher, who was often a man or woman incapable of teaching much, even if they imparted all they knew, would have thirty or forty scholars, male or female, and from the infant learning A, B, C, up to the young lady of eighteen and the boy of twenty, studying the highest branches taught—the three R's—reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic. He says he never saw an algebra or other mathematical work higher than the arithmetic until after he was appointed to West Point in 1839.

During his earlier years, his father sent him to a private school at Ripley, a small village, concerning which he says: "I was not studious in habit, and did not make progress enough to compensate for the outlay for board and tuition. At all events, both winters spent there were taken up with going over the same old arithmetic, which I knew every word of before, and repeating 'A noun is the name of a thing,' which I had heard my teachers repeat until I had come to believe it." This tiresome old arithmetic was of incalculable advantage to him in later years and in the heart of a great and world-renowned epoch. As he grew older his natural trend was toward mathematics, and when he graduated from West Point he sought to secure an appointment as professor of mathematics, but his efforts were not rewarded with success.

Grant never had any aptitude for trade or civil business. He knew nothing about driving sharp bargains, or if he did he never put it into practice. In his youth he was passionately fond of horses, and this affection never abated. With marvelous simplicity, he tells us this story about the purchase of his first horse:

"Near by our place lived a Mr. Ralston, who was the owner of a fine colt, which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but Ralston wanted twenty-five. I was so anxious to have the colt that after the owner left I begged to

be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price. If it was not accepted, to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him to give twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him: 'Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that I am to offer you twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that to offer you twenty-five.'" It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon. The story got out among the boys in the village and worried Grant for a long time. How widely different his language and deportment at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg, when nothing would answer but immediate and unconditional surrender.

At the beginning of the present century, traveling was somewhat monotonous and wearisome. Aaron Burr tells us in his diary that it took him nine weeks to get from Liverpool to Boston. In 1826 Josiah Quincy was dining with Charles Carroll, of Carrolton, and in his diary he makes a note of the fact that no mail had reached Baltimore from Europe during fifty-eight days. When I was a mere lad it took three weeks to travel from Philadelphia to St. Louis. This trip could be made within the time mentioned if the Ohio river was neither frozen over nor dried up.

Grant, in his youth, claimed to be a well-traveled lad. He says: "I had visited Cincinnati, forty-five miles away, several times alone; also, Maysville, Kentucky, often, and Louisville once." The journey to Louisville was a big one for a boy of that day. He adds that he was the best traveled boy of his town, except the sons of John Walker, who had emigrated to Texas with his family and then emigrated back as soon as he could secure the means to do so. His trip from his home to West Point, in 1839, he describes as follows: "I took passage on a steamer at Ripley, Ohio, for Pittsburg, about the middle of May, 1839. Western boats at that day did not make regular trips at stated times, but would stop anywhere and for any length of time for passengers or freight. From Pittsburg I chose passage by canal to Harrisburgh rather than by the more expeditious stage. From Harris-

burgh to Philadelphia there was a railroad, the first I had even seen, except the one on which I had just crossed the Alleghany mountains and over which canal boats were transported. In traveling by the road from Harrisburgh, I thought the perfection of rapid transit had been reached. We traveled at least eighteen miles an hour. This seemed like annihilating space. I stopped five days in Philadelphia, saw about every street in the city, visited Girard College, which was then in course of construction, and got reprimanded from home afterwards for dallying so long."

Fifty years ago time seemed to come as fast as it went. No hurry, no worry, no satiety with the joys of one day and eager panting for the joys of the next. From 1870 to 1880 over 41,000 miles of railway were built in the United States and 39,857 in Europe, and from 1880 to 1888 there were 26,478 miles built. To-day steamships, in a single year, make 741 trips from nine European ports to New York and 144 from other parts of Europe. Truly we are living in a grand and awful age. In less than a century we have reduced time from nine weeks to five days, and yet we constantly prate of the wisdom of our ancestors, which Dickens described as consisting in ignorance, superstition, the block, the rack, the stake, dirt and disease.

While at West Point it may be truly said that Grant had no liking for military studies. He gave his attention almost entirely to reading novels. He says: "I read all of Bulwer's then published, Cooper's, Marryat's, Scott's, Washington Irving's works, Lever's, and many others that I do not now remember. Mathematics were easy to me, so that when January came I passed the examination, taking good standing in that branch. In French I was very low. In fact, if the class had been turned the other end foremost I should have been near head. I never succeeded in getting squarely at either end of my class in any one study during the four years." During his first year's encampment at West Point, General Scott visited the institution, and of whom he speaks as follows: "With his commanding figure, his quite colossal size and showy uniform, I thought him the finest specimen of manhood my eyes had ever beheld, and the most to be envied. I could never resemble him in appearance,

but I believe I did have a presentiment for a moment that some day I should occupy his place in the army. My experience in a horse trade ten years before and the ridicule it caused me were too fresh in my mind for me to communicate this presentiment to even my most intimate chum." It was after he experienced this presentiment of his future greatness, and after he had failed to secure the appointment of assistant mathematical professor at West Point that he said: "Circumstances always did shape my course different from my plans."

Grant was not exceptional in this. How seldom one leads the life one plans for one's self? How many strange feet crowd into the pathway we are seeking to follow? How often we are jostled off the straight line we have marked out for our future pursuit? How many strange and unexpected people we meet, and on whom we act, and who react on us in this strange pilgrimage we call life? Cromwell and Hampden were ready to start for the Colonies and to make this their future home, but Charles I. forbade it, and was rewarded by having his head chopped off and his throne overturned. Washington's trunk was packed for a life at sea, when his progress was arrested by the tears of his mother. In this great God's Universe of ours, no one is independent of the general law that directs the whole. The end is designed, the means are supplied, and the column and each included in it take their places and obey the command, whether they wish or not. The only one free to choose his course in this life is the one who has no course to choose; the only free agent is the one who has nothing to do, a mere supernumerary. A million seeds are scattered, but few may grow. They are kept in hand for occasions, like a reserve corps in an army or a supernumerary in a theatre.

During the Mexican war, alluding to the inexorable influences that direct our destiny, he speaks of his old friend, Major Hamer, once a distinguished member of congress from Ohio, and one of the ablest men that state ever produced. He was taken sick before Monterey, and died within a few days. "I have always believed," says Grant, "that had his life been spared, he would have been president of the United States during the term filled

by President Pierce. Had Hamer filled that office his partiality for me was such that there is but little doubt I should have been appointed to one of his staff corps of the army—the pay department probably—and would now be preparing to retire. Neither of these speculations is unreasonable, and they are mentioned to show how little men control their own destiny."

Doubtless you have frequently heard it said that if Zack Chandler had lived he, too, would have been president; so, also, of Logan. Fate spun the threads in other directions. Past history is a matter of study, future history a matter of simple conjecture.

Grant had superstitions he reverently respected. He says: "One of my superstitions has always been when I started to go anywhere, or to do anything, not to turn back or stop until the thing was accomplished. I have frequently started to go places where I had never been and to which I did not know the way, depending upon making inquiries on the road, and if I got past the place without knowing it, instead of turning back, I used to go on until a road was found turning in the right direction, take that and come in by the other side." This superstition stood him well in hand during the late war. He was whipped the first day of the battle of the Wilderness, called a council of war, heard the advice of his generals, who advised a retreat, dismissed them to their tents, and at four o'clock in the morning they had their orders to advance, and for forty-five days thereafter they kept advancing.

He had another superstition, which he zealously followed, and one which might be profitably adopted by some politicians; that was, never to apply for a post, or to use personal or political influence for obtaining it. He believed that if he had got it in this way he would have feared to have undertaken any plan of his own conception, for fear of involving his patrons in responsibility for his possible failure. If he were selected for a post, his responsibility ended, he said, with his "doing the best he knew how." To quote his own language: "Every one has his superstitions. One of mine is that in positions of great responsibility every one should do his duty to the best of his ability, when

assigned by competent authority, without applications or the use of influence to change his position. While at Cairo I had watched with very great interest the operations of the army of the Potomac, looking upon that as the main field of the war. I had no idea myself of ever having any large command. Nor did I suppose that I was equal to one, but I had the vanity to think that, as a cavalry officer, I might succeed very well in the command of a brigade. On one occasion, in talking of this to my staff officers, I said I would give anything if I were commanding a brigade of cavalry in the army of the Potomac and I believed I could do some good. Captain Hellyer suggested that I should make application to be transferred then to command the cavalry. I then told him that I would cut my right arm off first, and mentioned this superstition."

He never met Mr. Lincoln nor saw the army of the Potomac until he was made lieutenant-general of all the armies of the United States in 1864. At the opening of the war he wrote the adjutant general of the army, saying that "having been fifteen years in the regular army, including four at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the government expense to offer their services for its support," he wished to tender his services until the close of the war "in such capacity as may be offered." He got no answer. He then thought of getting appointed on the staff of General McClellan, whom he had known at West Point, and went to seek him in Cincinnnati. He called twice, but failed to see him. Probably the eastern magnates thought that one western man in high position was quite enough. They never took kindly event to Lincoln until after he was dead. It is astonishing how the East has steadily underestimated the West. During the first session of the first congress convened under the constitution, a bill was introduced, looking to the creation of a land office west of the Alleghanies and providing for the settlement of our western territory. This measure encountered most strenuous and bitter opposition. It was positively asserted that if the western lands were settled, communities hostile to eastern interests would grow up; that an independent government would be formed that would be a con-

stant menace to eastern fortunes. How sadly our fathers misjudged the growth of the republic, how inadequate was their comprehension of its real destiny and power. The West, instead of declaring for independence, furnished the armies and the generals who saved the nation. Since the hour when the first land office was established western growth has been steadfast and imposing. To-day the wealth-producing land west of the Mississippi, not including Alaska or mineral lands, amounts to 1,800,000 square miles over and against 800,000 east of that great river.

If you desire to see the greatness of the nation you have but to recall the fact that within our geographical limits you can locate Great Britain and Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Austria, France, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Italy, Greece and European Turkey, together with Palestine, Japan and China proper. As remarked by an eloquent writer, even if a blade of grass could not grow in all the Rocky Mountain states, that region could sustain 100,000,000 souls, provided it has sufficient mineral wealth to exchange for the products of the Mississippi valley. The inner chamber of God's great granite safes, where the silver and gold have been stored for ages to enrich the generations, are fastened with time locks, set for the advent of the railroad. In a single year the Comstock lode produced more wealth than was derived in the same year from all the corn fields of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota collectively.

Grant was heartily opposed to the Mexican war. He regarded it as unjust and unholy, and spoke of it as a political move, designed entirely to enlarge the domain of slavery; and yet, entertaining these views, he realized that the man who obstructs a war in which his nation is engaged, no matter whether right or wrong, occupies no enviable place in life or history. Better, he declares, is it for him individually to advocate "war, pestilence and famine" than to act as an obstructionist to a war already begun. The history of the defeated rebel will be honorable hereafter compared with that of the northern man who aided him by conspiring against his government while protected by it. He adds

that the most favorable posthumous history the stay-at-home traitor can hope for is in oblivion.

Grant fought in every battle waged on Mexican soil, and acquitted himself with honor and distinction. In this war he formed the acquaintance of many young officers who afterwards became conspicuous in the war of the rebellion; learned their worth, measured their capacities, and knew just how to cope with them. That war, he says, taught him that Robert E. Lee was mortal, like other men, and could be conquered. Prior to his election to the presidency, he was never a candidate for a civil office, save one. He failed as a farmer, near St. Louis, and aspired to the office of city engineer. A gentleman born across the waters was his competitor. It is needless to say Grant lost the election. He was a Whig in his young days and a great admirer of Henry Clay, but when he reached his majority the Whig party was in a state of utter disintegration. He voted for Buchanan in the hope that if his election did not prevent civil war it would at least postpone it until the North would be fully prepared for the conflict. He joined the Know-Nothing party, but never attended but one meeting, and, speaking of that episode, says: "I have no apologies to make for having been, one week, a member of the American party, for I still think native born citizens of the United States should have as much protection, as many privileges in their native country as those who voluntarily select it for their homes. But all secret oath-bound political parties are dangerous to any nation, no matter how pure or how patriotic the motives and principles which first bring them together. No political party can or ought to exist when one of its corner stones is opposition to freedom of thought and to the right worship of God, according to the dictates of one's own conscience, or according to the creed of any religious denomination whatever. Nevertheless, if a sect sets up its laws as binding above the state laws, wherever the two come in conflict, this claim must be resisted and suppressed at whatever cost."

There are, or should be, but few patriotic and liberty-loving citizens who can not cheerfully adopt these views of our great soldier.

Ladies and gentlemen, it has not been my purpose in the preparation of this address to specially allude to any of the great battles conducted by General Grant. The war of the sections is happily over. God grant that it may not be followed by one of a more cruel and bloody character. Until after the battle of Shiloh, Grant entertained the views expressed by Secretary Seward, that the rebellion could be suppressed in ninety days. Probably it could have been done in a much shorter time than it was accomplished if Grant had been permitted to follow up his successes at Forts Henry and Donelson, but Halleck, then at the head of the armies, ordered otherwise. Three hundred years of oppression were not to be atoned for by ninety days of suffering. The white man was to pay a drop of blood and shed a tear for every drop of blood and every tear that had been shed by the black man. The prayers of the humble and the wronged may go unanswered for a long time; Heaven may turn to them a leaden and pitiless sky, but the hour of vengeance comes at last. Man was not made to judge mankind; that office belongs to Him whose judgments are just and altogether righteous.

It is startling to read that within thirty days after the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, correspondence was in progress between Halleck and McClellan looking to Grant's arrest and removal from position. It is clear that Halleck was little less than a military martinet, a man without energy, except for mischief, and a man who would have risked the fortunes of the republic in 1862 had not an over-ruling Providence interposed in our behalf. His shameless conduct toward Grant after the desperate battle at Shiloh has left a blot on his name from which it will never recover.

No careful student of the civil war can overlook the fact that events and disasters were the great school teachers of our generals and statesmen. It was the destruction of our military stores at Oxford, Mississippi, that taught Grant, and afterwards Sherman, that in a rich country an army can march and fight without a base of supplies. It was learned that the Northern army was much stronger when on the aggressive than when on the defensive; that Northern endurance was more than a match

for Southern dash and gallantry. During the last two years of the war no general was so soundly berated and belabored by a truculent and debased press as was Grant. His ability was ridiculed, his achievements constantly under-estimated, and yet it is a most noticeable fact that at every critical period of the national fortunes, when both the people and the administration had lost heart, Grant always turned up with a decisive victory that reanimated and cheered the Northern heart and gave unmistakable pledge of ultimate success. The cause of this abuse and criticism was easily to be found. Grant kept his own counsels, concealed his own plans, ignored the army correspondents, and devoted himself wholly to the discharge of his duty. Never for a moment did he doubt the subjugation of the rebellion; never for a moment did he hesitate to move forward when the opposing forces were any where near equal in number or advantages. During all the storm of calumny his mind was calm and serene. He never complained of injustice done him. His one ambition was to fight and conquer. He had a contempt for mere politicians, and believed the noise they made was just in an inverse ratio to their numbers. Traveling in Texas on one occasion, with a single companion, when on his way to the Mexican war and over a vast prairie, where the grass was tall and vision of things imperfect, they were assailed by the most unearthly howling of wolves directly in front. "To my ear," he says, "it appeared that there must have been enough of them to devour our party, horses and all, at a single meal. The part of Ohio I hailed from was not thickly settled, but wolves had been driven out long before I left. My companion, Benjamin, was from Indiana, still less populated, where the wolf yet roamed over the prairie. He understood the nature of the animal and the capacity of a few to make believe there was an unlimited number. 'Grant, how many wolves do you think there are in that pack?' asked Benjamin. Knowing where he was from and suspecting that he thought I would over-estimate the number, I determined to show my acquaintance with the animal by putting the estimate below what possibly could be correct, and answered: 'Oh, about twenty.' Benjamin smiled and rode on. In a minute we were

close upon them. There were just two of them. Seated upon their haunches, with their mouths close together, they had made all the noise we had been hearing. I have often thought of this incident since, when I have heard the noise of a few disappointed politicians. There are always more of them before they are counted." This was true of the wolves in the North during the war, but their real number could only be ascertained after an election.

And now what will history say of Grant. This we may gather in part from the verdict pronounced on him by his immediate associates and by the most impartial of his foreign critics. Mathew Arnold sums him up thus: "He was always the same strong man, showing the valuable qualities. He had not the pathos and dignity of Lee; his power of captivating the admiring interest, almost the admiring affection of his profession and of the world. He had not the fire, the celerity, the general cordiality of Sherman, whose person and manner emitted a ray.

> " 'a ray
> Which struck a cheer upon the day,
> A cheer that would not go away.' "

Grant had not these, but he certainly had a good deal of the character and qualities which we English people so greatly respect in the Duke of Wellington; wholly free from show, parade and pomposity; sensible and sagacious; scanning closely the situation, seeing things as they actually were, then making up his mind as to the right thing to be done under the circumstances, and doing it; never flurried, never vacillating, but also not stubborn; able to reconsider and change his plans; a man of resource. When, however, he had really fixed on the best course to take, the right nail to drive, resolutely and tenaciously persevering, driving the nail hard home.

General Sherman, whose relations with Grant were of the most cordial nature, in a letter marked "private and confidential" and addressed to Grant upon his becoming lieutenant general, condenses the thoughts that come to those who were near General Grant in army life. The letter says:

"I believe you are as brave, patriotic and just as the great prototype, Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted and honest as any man should be; but your chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in his Saviour. This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your best preparations you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga. No doubts, no reserves; and I tell you it was that made us act with confidence. I knew that wherever I was that you thought of me, and that if I got into a tight place you would come, if alive."

There is substance in this last sentence. Grant was the friend in need.

Theodore Davis, the great field artist of the war, who was present and under fire in more than a hundred land and naval battles, announces his estimate in the following language: "A prominent trait in General Grant's character, and one that is seldom mentioned, but for which there is abundant material to dwell upon at length, was his apparent ease in overlooking an injury of principal concern to himself. While he did not forget the wrong, thoughts of retroaction were not fostered. Even the injustice and indignity he more than once mentioned as being heaped upon him by General Halleck did not prevent concerted action with that general without friction on General Grant's part and retribution unthought of. Grant's stout maintenance of friendship was well shown in his visit to Sherman in Raleigh during the pendency of Johnston's surrender, when Grant sat for a long evening at Sherman's headquarters listening with good natured attention to Sherman's hot words; and later, Grant's soothing influence was the power that controlled the actions of his lieutenant, brother, soldier and friend, whose name history, in placing their mutual actions in events, will ever link with his own."

"Traveling with General Grant on one occasion, I asked him the question: "General, how was it possible for you, whom every one knows to be as tender in your feelings as a woman, to give an order that involved the slaughter of thousands of your fellow

beings?" In that soft voice so characteristic of him, he replied: "I saw nothing before me but duty, and the end to be reached." He, like Washington, realized that the path of duty was the way to glory."

Let me close this address in the language of General Sheridan: "The assignment of General Grant to the command of the Union armies, in the winter of 1863-4, gave prestige of success from the start, for his eminent abilities had already been proved, and beside he was a tower of strength to the government, because he had the confidence of the people. They knew that henceforth systematic direction would be given to our armies in every section of the vast territory over which active operations were being prosecuted; and further, that this coherence, this harmony of plan was the one thing needed to end the war, for in the three preceding years there had been illustrated most lamentable effects of want of system. From the moment he set our armies in motion simultaneously, in the spring of 1864, it could be seen that we should be victorious ultimately, for though on different lines we were checked now and then, yet we were harassing the confederacy at so many vital points, that plainly it must yield to our blows. Against Lee's army, the firm front of the confederacy, Grant pitted himself, and it may be said that the confederate commander was now, for the first time, over-matched, for against all his devices—the products of a mind fertile in defense—General Grant brought to bear, not only the wealth of expedient which had hitherto distinguished him, but also an imperturable tenacity, particularly in the Wilderness and on the march to the James, without which the almost insurmountable obstacles could not have been overcome. During it and the siege of Petersburg, he met with many disappointments; on several occasions the shortcomings of generals, when at the point of success, leading to wretched failures. But, so far as he was concerned, the only apparent effect of these discomfitures was to make him all the more determined to discharge successfully the stupendous trust committed to him and to bring into play the manifold resources of his well-ordered military mind. He guided every subordinate then and in the last days of the rebellion with

a fund of common sense and superiority of intellect which have left an impress so distinct as to exhibit his great personality. When his military history is analyzed, after the lapse of years, it will show even more clearly than now that during these, as well as on his previous campaigns, he was the steadfast center, about and on which everything else turned." From such examples as Grant's, we can derive hope for the future and comfort for the present.

Only those who passed through the great civil war can properly measure the tension of the public mind at that time. Had it not been for the deep and profound conviction that then obtained that Lincoln and Grant were God-selected men and adequate for the tasks assigned them, the vicissitudes and changes of fortune characterizing that epoch would have accommodated the Northern mind to the acceptance of the dissolution of the Union as a blessing in disguise. But God's ways are higher than our ways. Man's justice is always blind; God's justice always sees. To Him the end is as clear as the beginning. Those who trust in His wisdom sing with the lark in the sky rather than croak with the frog in the swamp. Never in recorded history was the world more corrupt, debased, brutalized and apparently helpless than when in a province of the Roman empire and under the reign of the wicked Tiberius, Jesus of Nazareth awaited baptism on the banks of the Jordan, a baptism that was to give to this sin-cursed earth a new hope and a mellowing civilization.

Never was the church so irreverent, so materialized, so defiantly Godless as when Martin Luther crawled up the stairs of the Vatican and heard in the chambers of his soul an anthem there, long since unsung. "By faith shall ye be justified." Never was England more rank with infidelity and social corruption than when God sent the Wesleys to sound the alarm and inaugurate a wide-spreading reformation. Never was slavery more insolent and arrogant than when the people of the North decreed its extermination. True, symptoms of disease exist everywhere in our social and political condition, but the disease is functional, and not constitutional or organic. We are simply in the throes of an evolutionary period, gliding out of a narrow and worn-out

past into a beaming and fruitful future. The omens are all cheerful; the people are aroused; errors once venerated are being mercilessly dispatched; nothing is any more taken for granted. Prescriptive rights must produce a title founded on eternal justice, or be swept, like ancient idols, into the gruesome pile of sepulchered ruins. Public opinion is becoming stronger than armies and navies. The dull sneers of self-loved ignorance, the foul masks behind which pretentious conventionalisms have entrenched themselves are fading into the winds that scatter them. Humanity, which, for years and years, has waded through blood and tears and a thick hell of hatreds, hopes and fears, is taking position on the high lands of thought and action. The seeds sown by the great of all the ages are hastening to the harvest.

"As the waves of a thousand streams rush by
To an ocean of splendour and harmony."

That God has given us great men is the highest proof that we all have in us the elements of greatness; that we are equipped and qualified for the right solution of any problem which the future may evolve. Then let us not despair, but taking courage from the heroes of thought and action, whose lives weave history, let us press on until the heights of the immediate future are lost from sight in the greater heights of the assured Millennium.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

The morning press recently furnished the public with a series of sermons, delivered by learned theologians, who struggled to inform it why they belonged to one religious sect, rather than another. Each one of these pulpit orators is a sincere and honest man. We heard the explanation of the Baptist, the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist, and a number of others, who appeared to be satisfied that their especial route to what they call heaven has peculiar advantages over all others. Each one of our pious friends seems to have a topographical map of this new country, which, by the way, he has never seen, and they are pleased and ready to point out to the simple just where the eligible lots are located, and which sections of this new land are occupied by the eminently respectable, and how an interest in the unoccupied portions can be had. They have in their study rooms a complete abstract of title, and doubtless stand ready to deliver a perfect certificate when you are ready to submit to their terms.

I have heard something about Luther, something about Wesley, something about that sympathetic soul known in the flesh as John Calvin, something about that exemplar of piety and godliness, Henry VIII., of fragrant memory, but I have heard but little in these latter days about Jesus of Nazareth. I have sometimes wondered whether He has gone out of fashion, or whether or not His humble origin and His undisguised contempt for long-faced and pious frauds have not affected His standing among the spiritual Four Hundred, who are seeking to govern mankind and who seem to possess every religious grace except the heart.

In the multitude of loving sects and in a religious forest, surcharged with a superabundance of songs sung by theological nightingales, each song differing from the other, I apprehend that we poor mortals are likely to lose our way. We have wandered

so far from Jesus that it will require a heroic effort to get back to Him. On this occasion, I propose to speak of Him. His life presents the one flower in history that never loses its fragrance; whose petals are full of light and love, and whose leaves are forever kept green by the affectionate tears of maidens and mothers and stalwart men, who weep because they can not be exactly like Him. His introduction into the realm of history is the most stupendous event in the annals of time; without Him our civilization would be incomprehensible. He was the only personage in history who took a strictly perpendicular view of things; that is to say, the only one who looked above His head and below His feet to discover the absolute, imperative and categorical truth that God, His Father and our Father, represents. All other religious teachers operated on a horizontal plane; they fired their thoughts on a dead level, just as you would fire a rifle at a target. The target being only as high as the shoulder, these religious marksmen, like others, have shut one eye and fired at general results. General results in this world have not been uniformly happy results. A general idea is a particular idea universalized. Its maturity and fulness require ages of warm incubation, and the limitations attending human operations impose on any idea the burdens of qualifications and modifications.

The world has been compelled, within our day, to revise the Bible, and there are certain signs on the margin of each page of the New Testament, admonishing us that the printed words are of doubtful authenticity. In communicating a given truth to mankind our Father in the heavens is required to make use of human agents. These agents are not always scholarly and refined; they represent truth just so far as they are able to measure it, and do not always express themselves fully. In sacred history there is only one Isaiah and one David, and charity compels us to say that they became rattled on more than one occasion and failed to grasp the fulness of God's communications to them. Happily for humanity, there is one figure in history so clearly defined that no one can mistake Him. His communications with God were wholly mental and not otherwise. There is an unrivalled conspicuity and singularity about Him that challenges admiration and adoration.

If you take from your book shelves a volume of Plato, or the "Memorabilia" of Socrates, or a history of Zoroaster, or an account of Buddha, you can divert yourself for an hour, but neither of them, nor all of them combined, leave a fragrance in your mind that you can smell for a week. Get a glimpse at Jesus as He appeared in the beautiful and fruitful valley of Galilee, and you can not forget Him—you can not shake Him off. Is He not the only personage in history that, in spite of yourself, incorporates Himself with your life and being? Where do you meet in the annals of time a character that makes you and everybody else a part of itself, as does the character of Jesus? In despite of yourself, you can not help but love Him. He was just the opposite of everything that is wrong—in the world—and what amazes me more than anything else is that those who profess to know all about Him misapprehend many of His teachings. Of course He said that His kingdom was not of this world; but He also said that He was coming back to this world to establish in it a kingdom of righteousness and justice.

He knew that we had to live on this planet. He knew the pleasures of a sweet home, because He stole off and spent many a night at the home of Martha and Mary. If they had made notes of what He said in those hours of soft and sweet abandon, and sent them down to us, what a gift they would have been!

It will hardly be contended that the synoptic gospels contain all that Jesus said or did, nor are these gospels lacking in evidence of the fact that on more than one occasion, His immediate disciples failed to comprehend the spirit and meaning of His discourses and works. It appears that these very disciples had frequent private discussions as to some of the strange sayings and doings of their Master. His mother thought He was beside Himself. He never alludes to her but twice, and then not in a very affectionate way. The trouble evidently sprang from the fact that she believed in the prevailing creed, while He intended to destroy it. He preached a great deal, but only once or twice in the synagogue, and then the gentlemen having that institution in charge were anxious and ready to denounce and, if you please, to kill Him. Mark tells us that when He was engaged in effecting great

cures, and the common people were attending Him on His journeys, the Pharisees and orthodox of that day declared that He was casting out devils by the aid of Satan. It was on that occasion that He declared that that charge was the unpardonable sin, that all else would be forgiven, but that lie could never be atoned.

Jesus knew that the Father He worshipped could not commit a wrong, nor give birth to a sin, nor inspire a sorrow. He knew that the clouds that darkened the heavens came from the earth, and that they were temporary and fugitive. There are no shadows in the upper spheres. The universe is a divine harmony and symphony. Nature is not sick; it is ourselves who are out of joint with it. Do you think that a power that could produce a Mozart, Handel or Mendelssohn does not love harmony? Those who have carefully and wisely studied this planet tell us that it is as round and as smooth as a ball; that the peaks and depressions we witness are simple averages that nature uses to make up the general average that is as smooth as the face of a placid lake or the serenity of a summer twilight.

The loves we have here are not transient. Nothing that is good ever perishes. Nothing divinely beautiful ever fades. From every grave there is a rainbow ladder brighter than that of Jacob, that leads to fields of unending delight. The same Father that inspires these loves intends to preserve and perpetuate them. The tender herbs and flowery tribes that are nipped by winter's unrelenting frosts revive with the vernal zephyrs of spring. You wrap your rose plants each fall to protect them against the chill of what you think may be an ungenial winter. May not our Father do the same? Do you know more about the art of preservation than He knows? Who is more interested in preserving the good and beautiful than He who creates them? Does the painter labor to destroy his own picture, the poet to destroy his own song, the sculptor to demolish his own statuary? No; each seeks to placate the voracious appetite of oblivion that struggles to devour everything. God is the master of oblivion, and Jesus is the perpetual life in which all that is good will forever continue.

If an angel should, in the presence of all mankind, drop into midocean a pebble from the skies, the event would be a matter

of historic wonderment. It would be canvassed in all the clubs and social circles; it would be talked of around every hearthstone and at every table. Jesus dropped a pebble into the ocean of human experience, and the world has been thinking of it ever since. The pebble so dropped had an inscription on it: "God is a Spirit."

To His eye, God was not imprisoned in any temple, not married to any altar; His worship could be carried on anywhere, in field or forest, in parlor or closet. He never troubled himself about how this world was created, or when. He drew no pictures of a golden age located in an indefinite past. He was concerned about the then present and future, the condition of the people, their spiritual wants and needs, and how to supply them. He offered no price to induce people to abandon their selfishness and cruelty and come over to God's side; His invocation was to the heart to reform itself; the good He wanted the people to accept was for their own sake and for itself and because it was good; not that it would make them rich and strong and powerful with their neighbors, but because it would make them rich and strong and powerful with themselves.

He said to the people: "You want to know God; then be pure in heart and you will see Him. You desire to be dealt with fairly; then deal fairly with your neighbor. You ask for mercy; then be merciful. If you do not want to be judged harshly, then do not judge others harshly. Before you convict another of a sin, be sure that you have not committed it yourself. See that your souls are clean and your hands will take care of themselves. If you give a shekel to help the poor, don't have the priest announce it to the congregation. Don't fret yourself to death about the petty duties of every-day life; don't allow the courteous deceits of social life to beguile you away from those things that administer to the development of your souls."

These were new and strange doctrines in that heartless and godless age, and were not regarded by those in high social and political places as consistent with the prevailing fashions.

To appreciate Jesus, we must look at the race from which He sprang. The Jew never had a secondary cause for anything. If

he made money by selling oxen or lambs or pigeons for temple worship, he believed that Jehovah quietly engineered the bargain. If prosperous, Javeh or Jehovah helped him to be so; if unfortunate, he felt that it was a divine punishment. If he had a desire about anything, he concluded that that desire was inspired by the Almighty. This ancient Jew did not lack in the element of selfishness; he boldly announced that there was but one God, and that He had entered into partnership covenants with him, and the world was to be run for their common benefit.

In addition to this, being engaged largely in pastoral pursuits, he announced that his God was fond of beef, and lambs and pigeons, and demanded a daily sacrifice of these poor brutes. The Jew has had imitators in this spiritual commercial line since Queen Elizabeth forced parliament to pass an act that the people of England should eat fish at certain times, and that the dead should be buried in woolen shrouds. The idea that piety could be promoted by eating fish is worthy of a modern New England statesman, who has a corner on halibut and codfish; and that the dead should be enshrouded in woolen garments is worthy of another kind of statesman, who thinks sheep need legislative protection, not against those who eat mutton, but for those who sell wool. Being material ourselves, it is hard to shut out of our religion the creeping feet of commerce. Marriage, we are told, is a divine ordination, yet it looks better to a priest if the consummation is attended with a fee.

From the moment that Jesus gazed on the temple and discovered that religion had degenerated into mere merchandise, the reign of the priest over the conscience of mankind touched the beginning of its end. Of course the Almighty had informed the cattle brokers of the temple long years before that He abominated their burnt offerings, was sick of their oblations, and generally disgusted with their performances, but they neutralized this intelligence by killing the prophets. As in politics, so in religion, revolutions take place, and things fail to move in the ancient ways. If you will carefully note the history of the Jews during their wandering in the wilderness, you will find that there are only three notable things in a religious point of view about it: First,

they murdered a man for gathering up kindling wood on the Sabbath. That poor wretch evidently believed in having a warm meal on that day. The second noticeable event was the rebellion of Korah, Dathan and Abiram against the exclusive claims of the priesthood—a special earthquake was gotten up for their benefit. Moses and Aaron tried to make the Almighty act as a special grave-digger on this occasion. The earthquake part of the religious machinery don't always operate in the same way. On the 1st of November, 1755, thousands of pious souls were in the churches of Lisbon. It was All Saints day; all the worthies on that day are supposed to have an inning, but, unfortunately, the churches and congregations were swallowed by an earthquake just like Korah and his associates are alleged to have been.

After Korah, Dathan and Abiram dropped out of sight, we are told that a new sign of special celestial favor was given to the house of Aaron. Twelve rods or scepters were chosen to represent the twelve tribes of Israel and laid up in the tabernacle in front of the ark, the name of Aaron being inscribed on the rod of Levi. In the morning Moses, who had spent years with the Egyptian priests and borrowed from them pretty much all the valuable ideas he ever had, went into the tabernacle and brought forth the rods and returned them to the princes of the tribe, when it was seen that Aaron's rod was covered with buds and blossoms and full-grown almonds. The other rods were all dry, of course; they generally are. Moses was a statesman and politician and Aaron was the high priest, and the two thoroughly understood each other. Col. Ingersoll has misjudged matters when he tells us that Moses made mistakes—that was just the one thing he did not do. He always managed to have his bread buttered on both sides, and had it not been for his intense hatred for pork, he doubtless would have furnished the world with a sandwich that would command a premium in every lunch counter in Christendom.

Never was a system so skilfully devised as that put in operation by Moses, the statesman, and Aaron, the priest. If a tabernacle was to be built, Moses received a communication from the

Lord, requesting him to inform the children of Israel that certain offerings would be agreeable. The articles required were usually enumerated. The following is the list: Gold and silver and brass, and blue and purple and scarlet and fine linen, and goats' hair and rams' skins dyed red, and badger skins, and shittim wood, oil for the light, spices for anointing oil and for sweet incense, onyx stones, and stones to be set in the ephod and in the breastplate. After these articles were furnished, another communication was received, informing the laborers that the Lord expected them to put up the tabernacle at their own expense.

It was furthermore wisely provided that the Lord should have the firstling of everything, animal or vegetable. All offerings were brought to Aaron and his sons; and when a sacrifice was offered up, the Lord generally got the head and the legs, the kidneys and the tallow, a division of the spoils in entire harmony with the character of the firm of Moses and Aaron. It was provided further as follows: "And the priest that offereth any man's burnt offering, even the priest shall have to himself the skin of the burnt offering which he hath offered. And all the meat offering that is baked in the oven, and all that is dressed in the frying-pan and on the pan shall be the priest's that offereth it. And every meat offering mingled with oil and dry shall all the sons of Aaron have, one as much as another." In view of these ordinances, I am unable to perceive that either Moses or Aaron made any mistakes in the business they were carrying on.

Now, it was against the successors of these political and spiritual leaders that Jesus rebelled. Religion, in His day, had become simply a slaughter-house business, with a bank attachment, that is, selling cattle for sacrificial purposes and shaving notes on the side. Not only among the Jews, but as well among other nations, the Greeks especially, religious temples were used as banks of deposit. They were utilized as a kind of tithing house, where the 10 per cent. due heaven was looked upon as the treasury stock of the corporation, and the other fellows could put in their money, and, under the sanctity of religion, protect it against such marauders as King Philip, Alexander, and knight-errants of like kind. It is due to the memory of Alexander to say that he never dis-

played any fervency on the subject of religion, except when he felt that he was likely to be defeated in a forthcoming battle, and then, with the instinct of a modern politician, he wanted to make himself solid with the priesthood by having himself declared the son of Jupiter. If my memory does not fail me, Cæsar was also elected a priest and made a god. Humanity is famous for gentlemen who have profitably worked both sides of the street.

If you will just keep this banking feature of the ancient religious temples in view, you will be able to understand what Jesus was engaged in when He drove the money-changers out of the temple. He did not believe that salvation rested on the laws of coinage, or that the priests should collect any seignorage on that basis. His idea was that salvation was both free and unlimited. The kingdom He had in view did not contemplate a secretary of the treasury, who could regulate the custom duties between this world and the next.

In His day, as in ours, they were loaning money at 10 per cent. a month. They did not take a chattel mortgage on the cradle, the pillow, the bookcase and the bed, but they took the debtor himself in pawn and placed a mortgage on the heart-strings, anxieties and despairs of his wife and children. Into that system of civilization Jesus was born. Do you wonder that they killed Him? They would kill or starve Him now.

Let us pause for a moment and inquire what He left behind Him. I answer, the memory of a purely spiritual life; a lesson, if you please, to be learned by all, that great souls, devoted to good things, transcend local limits, mock at time and create for themselves shrines at which the worthy everywhere will bow and worship. In nature, there is an alchemy that preserves the memory and virtue of the great. Some one has said, more elegantly than I can say it, that you might as well attempt to take the blue from the violet, the crimson from the rainbow, the crystal from the diamond, as to take from Jesus His supernatural element. And yet, to the unclouded mind, He was not above nature; He was in nature, a part of it, and thoroughly understood it. He was so thoroughly in rapport with His Father, that what the Father could do, He could do.

There is nothing supernatural in this universe. Nature is God, and God is nature, and in it and everywhere in all the spheres is divine harmony, if we would only make an effort to hear it. God has no laws outside of the universe, any more than He Himself is outside of the universe, and in His laws exists a force and power that have produced in a natural way everything that has ever occurred, or which will ever occur. There is no blind, brute force that produces the beautiful things that we see on every hand. No human mind could, in the first instance, produce such a gem of variegated beauty as a pansy, or flash into the light the subdued glory of a violet. In the book of Genesis we are told that God made all plants and herbs before He planted them in the earth and before they grew. He who makes the beautiful, must love the beautiful. Every illustration that Jesus used, He borrowed from nature. Think of the little sparrow perched on His mind and used as an agent to express the sleepless and unwearied care of our Father over us. Think of the lily of the field, the vine of the husbandman, and the seed shooting out of the earth, the tender blade, the stock, the tassel, the grain of corn hanging to the cob like an infant clinging to its mother's breast, and all used by Jesus to convince us that God was sweet and loving. Nature is an open book; its language is universal, and the children of men are beginning to study the book for themselves.

To the priesthood the death of Jesus was a national necessity. If His teachings were true; theirs were false. With them the temple and its service constituted a bond of national union and a pledge of national life. Jesus looked upon the temple as not being worth the sacrifice of an animal within it. They believed in outward cleanliness; He in inward purity. With them circumcision was the seal of the covenant; with Him it was repentance. They believed in ritualism; He abhorred it. They hated the Romans; He believed in subduing them with love and thereby overcoming their oppression. They taught that the Holy Spirit had ever been present with the world from the time it brooded over the waters. He taught that it could only come after His departure. They believed in unfermented wine and unleavened bread; He believed in common bread and exhilarating wine. They

insisted that each year each Jew should pay to the Lord a half shekel of silver to compensate Him for services rendered during the seasons; while Jesus scoffed the idea that God could be bought at all. They charged Him with seducing the people because He taught them that they need not go to the temple to worship God; that they need not fast; that they could pray when and where they pleased; that they need not pay tithes to keep up the temple or the priesthood, but every man could be his own priest and worship God as he pleased. He taught that the repentance of sin, the practice of benevolence and charity, the education of the young and good will towards mankind was worth more than all that was to be found in the Levitical law.

He taught that the test of a man's greatness was to be found in the extent of the service he rendered to all. These doctrines were dividing the whole Jewish kingdom. The heresy was spreading throughout all classes. The temple was forsaken, the sacraments were neglected and the people were forming themselves into sects and the whole Jewish theocracy was about to be blown away, as a bubble on a beaker.

Owing to the uneasiness prevailing, the tyranny of the Romans was increasing; revolution was imminent and the question presented to the Jewish mind was simply this: "Is it better that one man should die, rather than the whole nation perish?"

In crucifying Jesus, the Jews acted from purely patriotic motives. They could not have done otherwise without giving up their whole system of government. Had the Jews accepted Jesus, the civilization of the world would have been vastly different and vastly inferior to what it is to-day. Jerusalem would have been the Christian capital, and the doctrines of James and Peter and the "Pillar Apostles," with their narrow notions of circumcision and ritualism and exclusiveness would have formed the foundation of the church; which church, in my judgment, would never have been able to subdue and direct the invading hordes that overran Rome in the fourth and fifth centuries.

Christianity owes more to Paul than all its other advocates; without him it would never have gotten into Europe at all; never become wedded to the Greek literature, which carrying in its

bosom all the glory of the past made the civilization of the future a matter of certainty.

Heaven has been run for a long time on the principle of an agricultural fair, with certain parties at the gate to collect toll, and allow no one to enter except by their consent. We propose to see the gardens of God and all their resplendent beauties without paying tribute to anybody, and it was for the enjoyment of this sight and this right that Jesus offered up His life.

Scholars admit that Mark is the oldest of the canonical gospels; that he wrote this book at the request of friends in Rome, and under the dictation of Peter. Peter certainly knew something of Jesus. He was His main reliance. Reading this book written by Mark and dictated by Peter, what impression does it make on your mind? According to Mark, Jesus first appeared on the banks of the Jordan, led hither by the excitement attendant on John's campaign in favor of righteousness. Like others, He submitted Himself to baptism, and then we are informed that for forty days he retired into the desert. Whom did he meet in the desert? Evidently God's elect, the men who study and comprehend nature and all its laws. The word "miracle" is a misnomer; it assumes something existing outside of the laws of nature, which laws are simply the decrees of God. It assumes something beyond this, namely, that the Almighty, when He established His laws, left in abeyance a space where an emergency clause could come in, and some performance take place that was not on the original programme.

Did you ever for a moment stop to think how important a part the desert has played in all religions? According to Luke, John the Baptist was in the desert until the day he commenced his public ministry in the face of Israel. Jesus frequently went to the mountains, or, as the apostle puts it, into solitary places, where He could pray. Buddha abandoned his palace of delight and spent weeks in a desert. Mohammed and Zoroaster displayed a like weakness. What does this all mean? Simply that God has little chance in a crowded city. Everything there is commercial and for sale. Truth has got to force itself into this vortex of materialism, and it requires a country robustness about it to command respect.

Think of the city, with its noisome vapors, its squalor and misery, and its countless polluting influences; think of the endless strife of avarice and sin with gentleness and virtue, and compare it with the rounded horizon of the silent and illimitable desert, the umbrageous woods, the green fields, the song of birds, the violets with upturned lips to catch heaven's dews, and you will not marvel that it was the country that attracted this peerless Nazarene.

The religion of Jesus comprehends a spiritual sun as a great animating force, just as the world in which we live has a material one. On the material sun we depend for our physical comforts. It holds in its embrace every dew drop that revives into life the grass that makes the earth beautiful with its verdure; every flower opens its petals to receive its benediction, and the ponderous gravity of the earth gives way and opens its gate to the tenderest herb and flower that the sun invites to its feast. The material sun kisses the cheeks of nature and makes them glow with colors that outrival the conceits of the most refined artists. It touches the bosom of nature and rivers of plenty gush forth for the sustenance of all people. Vastly more fruitful, generous and prodigal is this spiritual sun. It knows but one season and that an eternal spring. Its foliage is always green, its flowers forever bright, its waters forever sparkling; it knows no autumn, no frost, no winter.

"Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest," "I am the resurrection and the life," are the imperishable sentences ambered in its library and forever open to the eyes of all mortals. The atmosphere of this sun is everywhere about us, and we do not enjoy it because we are constantly bolting our spiritual doors and shutting down our spiritual windows and heroically laboring to keep it out. That atmosphere bears on its wings many a tress of hair that we touched with the fingers of our affection; it holds the imprint of many a vanished hand, the loving note of many a sweet voice that would be vocal, if we would allow it to be vocal. The infinite azure above us is filled with a million endearments.

"Oh, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee to my arms, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye

would not," were words not addressed to one generation, but to all. The Mount of Olives stands to-day over against the public conscience as it stood over against Jerusalem, 2,000 years ago, and the same Jesus is on it, asking the world to come unto Him and be healed, to enjoy the visions He saw, to participate in the glories He felt. There is something of tenderness in the word "physician;" it indicates an outlying field where help and sympathy are required. The gospel of Mark emphasizes the fact that Jesus was a physician, and that the cures He wrought were astounding.

In fact, Jesus regarded the whole world as being sick. I don't think that He was mistaken in this view; it is far from being well now. The corroding diseases of the world are not all noted in the catalogue of the pharmacist; there are some that are perplexing statesmen as well as doctors to-day. These diseases will yield to one medicine only, namely, love, for it is the greatest of all virtues.

When Jesus declared: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life," He formulated a statement the like of which had never been voiced before or since. Its boldness staggers people even now; it staggered His immediate disciples even then; and yet it is the very cordage and anchor of Christianity. Eliminate it from the gospels and there would be precious little left that would lift Him above the rank of a simple moralist. Think of a sweet soul like His that could have a harlot for a friend and companion. She was the witness who told the cowards that ran away that Jesus had arisen. Oh, she reformed—why don't you help others to reform? There is one thing to be said in favor of her class; it never had to pay Him for recognition. He knew that they needed help and He helped them. According to the prudery of His day, He forgot Himself once and took dinner at a restaurant with some friends—the pious hypocrites and sanctimonious frauds who had been selling six pounds of beef to God for temple service and charging for twelve, were peering through the windows and saw Him with His friends; they immediately lifted up their hands and voices and shouted: "Wherefore doth your Master eat with publicans and sinners?" His

replies were always apt and pertinent: "I did not come here to save such a crowd as you; you have nothing in you that could be grafted onto any tree in paradise; you can graft a rose vine onto a peach tree and it will bloom, but you hypocrites and scandal mongers are born for but one season, and when that is over you are over, never to be revived; there is nothing in you to be revived. Conditions change, and there will no longer be use for your services." Nature abhors two things, a fraud and a vacuum, and in the orderly process of time it gets rid of both. Zaccheus had to climb a tree before he could see or be seen; there will be no trees for some other people to climb, and in the general round-up they will not be seen. Think of a man being honored in God's memory, who uses the church to sell corner lots and rob widows.

Jesus loved joyful people and despised those who had a countenance like the month of March, with but little clear weather in it. He was touched with the unseen world, and believed that the material was but a shadow of the spiritual. He knew more than He could safely entrust at that time to the ordinary populace. When you read the gospels, please take a note of the number of times that He called His special friends apart and explained to them what He meant by His parables. One of His peculiarities was to envelop a truth in a shadow. Mothers keep babies under the blanket for a little while, until their eyes get strong. The modern fashion is to have a canopied carriage when the little loves of our nature are taken out of the nursery. What is true of the material is as true of the spiritual. Jesus knew this and accommodated the strength of His revelations to the capacities of His hearers, whom He was drawing into a light that neither their fathers nor mothers had ever seen. To His especial friends He told all that He knew, and these esoteric ideas were generally transmitted to other sweet souls, and we would have them now had not the original church, run by politicians, who regarded religion as simply an element of usefulness in the field of statecraft, concluded that the less light that fell from heaven, the more slavery there could be on earth. No article in any tariff system has ever been subjected to such duties as the article known as the

human conscience. The world has paid more for spiritual guides to mislead it than it has for armies to defend it.

One thing is clear, that Jesus' view of the Messianic character was entirely different from that entertained by the more ancient prophets, or by the generation with whom he was laboring. Their notion of a Messiah was a conquering hero, with swarming legions of armed warriors, who were to subdue all the nations of the earth and compel them to do reverence and pay tribute to the rehabitated kingdom of Israel. There was to be a general muster in the valley of Jehosophat for the judgment of Javeh on account of His people, whose scattered captives were to be brought back, while they who took them away were to be sold into slavery. The prophets exhaust the resources of imagination in painting the splendors of the age to come, the blessed Messianic time. There shall be no old man who does not fill out his days, and no child shall die before it achieves the age of a hundred years. Nature was to be renewed and rejoice in a new heaven and a new earth. The house of Jacob was to be restored, the captives brought home, the ten tribes reconciled to Jerusalem to form one people and one realm, in which "the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none." The foreign people who had oppressed the holy nation should be terribly chastised, while the Jews should have a vast empire and the vanquished should pay them tribute. David was to be the Charlemagne of this new Israel, and the golden age was to sweep over the people like the glow of the morning.

Now this was not the idea of Jesus. To His mind there was to be a restitution of all things in a moral and spiritual sense, a veritable kingdom of God, whose subjects should love one another as He loved men, and practice His gentleness, humility, patience and obedience to the Father, but to Jesus this "future age was not a far-off epoch." Its hour had already struck. No need of apocalypses and visions to herald it. The kingdom of God was already in the midst of a people slow of heart to apprehend it. The stone which the builders rejected was already laid at the corner of the world's Messianic temple. In declaring Himself to be the Messiah, Jesus, with a consciousness of His moral and

spiritual superiority, with a sublime confidence in Himself as a King of men, places Himself at the head of this new kingdom of God and stakes His entire fortune upon the enthusiasm and love which His personality may inspire.

He flouted the idea of the Messiah coming as an armed conqueror to restore ancient Israel. He looked upon Himself as a predestined victim, who would be seized by the elders and priests and by them put to death. All the Messianic prophesies of Joel and Micah, and others of the royalist's prophets, he regarded as being tinged with utter hopelessness and folly. He realized that the only Messiah that could help them, the only Messiah that God would ever send them, must be such a one as Himself; the moral reformer, the religious teacher, the Anointed of the Divine Spirit, the man who could sacrifice Himself for them. He recognized that the kingdom to be established was to be on this earth and nowhere else.

We have now reached a point where further progress requires a reference to the methods by which the teachings of Jesus were spread abroad and preserved. The gospels, according to the best evidence obtainable, originated in the following way: The apostles, convinced of the extraordinary character of their Master, made the people acquainted with Him by advocating His cause. They told what He had done, taught and suffered, and explained how His life and death had a direct connection with a new kingdom which was to be established on the earth. They traveled pretty much everywhere, and found many willing and some unwilling hearers.

In that day, and especially in Palestine, books were rare and sold at an exorbitant price. Many who heard the preachers took notes of the discourses and sent them to their friends. There were a great many gospels written. Origen says: "Many undertook to write gospels, but all were not received, so that you may know that not four gospels, but many, were written." There was a manuscript prepared by Matthew, known as the Logia, containing simply the discourses of Jesus; there was also a manuscript by Mark. By the middle of the second century all the autograph manuscripts had disappeared, having been destroyed either by

use or neglect, no especial pains having been taken, either by Providence or man, to preserve them. They were regarded in no higher estimation than any mere human writings of that time.

Papias, who lived in the first century and who was a companion of Polycarp, who was a student of John's, states that these autograph manuscripts were not highly esteemed. The people in those days adhered to the traditions, and regarded them as of higher authority and greater weight than the written record. Clement, bishop of Alexandria, quotes sayings of Jesus not found in our present gospels. One thing is clear: no trace of these early autograph gospels is found in the oldest Christian literature. Had they existed towards the end of the second century, when controversies were being carried on, which turned upon the readings of certain texts, their authority would certainly have been invoked. But not only the original manuscripts had disappeared, but also the copies that had been made of them. During more than two centuries, the fate of these writings and of their earliest transcriptions are unknown. Although many copies of the gospels were doubtless made during the second and third centuries, yet, owing to their destruction in the times of the persecutions of the Christians, to neglect, and to the natural dissolution of the material on which they were written, no manuscripts remain which are supposed to antedate the time of Constantine, or the first quarter of the fourth century.

Such being the case, we are justified in inquiring as to the powers ascribed by tradition, during the first and second centuries, to Jesus of Nazareth. By some He was regarded as a thaumaturgist or miracle worker; by others, who were engaged in furnishing wares for the pagan temples and interested in perpetuating pagan ceremonies, He was spoken of as an impostor. It is clear, however, that those near His time knew something of Him that we do not know. The gnostics constantly appealed to a secret doctrine handed down to them by the apostles, and held that it should only be communicated to the initiated. And Origen writes about those doctrines with visible hesitation, and warns in particular against bringing them before the people.

So far as I have been able to extract from the writings of those having this secret in charge, the doctrine included the power of the soul encased in the flesh to communicate with the powers existing in the unseen world, and that, above the God of the Jews, there was a higher God, wholly and absolutely spiritual, and that from this God Jesus was an emanation, as the ray of light is an emanation from the sun; that this higher God was the universal Father, whose love and guardianship over the nations of the earth were as unceasing as they were universal; that matter was a mere shadow that must ultimately give way to the overpowering predominance of spirit; that in the original documents of the Old Testament, not in the priestly forms that prevailed, there existed a prophetic spirit, which, when properly revealed and thoroughly understood, would bring to every breast a flood of happiness and peace that would pass all understanding; and that it was the mission of Jesus to awaken by His life and doctrine this element in the Mosaic religion, but in a purer form and greater development, and to bring it into the hearts of men as a spontaneous principle of action; that by this spiritual regeneration alone could the people be delivered even from external corruption.

The Old Testament conception of a theocracy was transformed in Jesus into the high idea of the kingdom of God, in which men, animated by the spirit of God, should be united with Deity and one another in moral unity. This kingdom of God He wished, as the Messiah, to establish on earth; on which account He required of His contemporaries, sunk as they were in the external and literal, first of all *a change of heart*, that they might be susceptible of the spirit of God; next, faith in Himself as the Christ, that, by yielding itself up to the higher spirit, even the weaker mind might be elevated to free communion with God.

It follows, of course, that nothing stood more in the way than that Pharisaic righteousness which rested on works. He did not abolish the ceremonial law of Moses, but He made its continuance impossible. He confined His labors to the Jews, but He fashioned His doctrine to embrace all mankind. The kingdom of God with Him was an inward thing in continual conflict with the world and evil. His aim was to place piety and happiness in their nat-

ural relation in this kingdom of God. His philosophy was to seize the individual, lift him into a higher atmosphere, and through the individual reach society, and through society the state and the nation.

To break the path from below upward, He never advocated the change of any law or system by force, or the overthrow of any ruler or government. All these things were to be done through the silent yet resistless forces imparted to the individual unit from which everything was to take its start, and through which it would grow and develop. And, as the Master Himself had open communication with the unseen world, so, also, should those have it who allowed Him to dwell in their bosoms, as He asked them to take up their abode in His.

Never before, in all the Christian centuries, has there been so ardent a yearning for an open communication between this and the unseen world as exists to-day. Step by step for countless ages has the Father been leading His children onward and upward to the light. Every prayer uttered for a higher good has been somehow and somewhere answered. The very quiver and nervousness of humanity, the visible thrill of expectancy that marks the actions of the world to-day, give an assurance that we are at the doorway, behind which stands wondrous things that will help us onward to a higher manhood and womanhood, and to a fuller and clearer conception of that infinite love and wisdom which ceaselessly works for the highest good of all.

It was a custom among the ancients, when erecting a new structure on the site of an old one, to include in the new some of the material of the old, so that all of good that remained of the past might be perpetuated. Jesus preserved all of the good that the past had evolved, and brightened and broadened it. In the old law it was written: "Thou shalt not put a stumbling block before the blind; thou shalt do no unrighteousness in judgment; thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty, but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor; thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people; thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart; thou shalt not

avenge, nor bear grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Jesus declared, "If thy brother offend against thee, forgive not seven but seventy times; if thy neighbor smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other; if he takes thy vest, give him thy cloak also; if he forces thee to walk with him a mile, go ten." He believed that injustice would both punish and cure itself. He believed that love would conquer the world as sunlight conquers the darkness. Let the clouds be ever so dark and heavy, they can not permanently withstand the sun. The man who wins by fraud, deceit and wrong only fills his soul with a harvest of smutted sheaves that are not marketable; the wrong constitutes a household skeleton, ever to be kept and ever to be shunned. There are some memories that become part of the mind, like a picture becomes a part of the canvas. We don't like to fondle them, and we are unable to ignore them. A retail stock of unfashionable goods in a man's conscience is worse than withered plants in a greenery; there is a noisome aroma about it that neither furnace nor sun can remove.

No man who wrongs his fellow can be happy; there are invisible punishments more terrible than those prescribed by human law; there is an ever-abiding and fearful looking forward for judgment. The walls crack and the plaster falls in that man's conscience when to others the world seems fair and bright. Men, like buildings, sink when the foundation is not solid and honestly laid; and the wrinkles in the face of the one, and the seams in the sides of the other, tell that something is wrong. Some buildings are condemned without the intervention of an inspector. Dishonesty paints its work on face and soul like leprosy painted its streaks on the stones of the Jewish dwellings in ancient times.

Jesus realized these things, and labored to make men realize them; they will some time. "Every man's true happiness and blessedness," says Spinosa, "consists solely in the enjoyment of what is good, not in the pride that he alone is enjoying it to the exclusion of others. He who thinks himself the more blessed because he is enjoying benefits which others are not, or because he is more blessed or more fortunate than his fellows, is ignorant of

true happiness and blessedness, and the joy he feels is either childish or envious and malicious. For instance, a man's true happiness consists only in wisdom and the knowledge of the truth, not at all in the fact that he is wiser than others, or that others lack such knowledge; such considerations do not increase his wisdom or true happiness."

The Jew believed that there was but one God, and that He was specially and wholly devoted to Jewish interests; that those outside of the boundaries of Palestine were without spiritual care, guidance and protection. An idea so narrow as this was destructive of all progress and all fraternity, a generator of pride and insolence, and a sure harbinger of ruin. Had the Jews accepted Jesus, He would have been preserved as a local deity and circumscribed by Jewish restriction, and Apollo would still hold sway over the Gentile mind.

I have sometimes wondered whether, after all, it would have been a good thing for an artist to have preserved His features by working them into an enduring canvas. Such a painter as Hawthorne describes, one that paints the mind as well as the form, had such an one existed, might have attempted the work, but even he would have failed. A mother would have painted Him in the act of kissing her child; a husband, as restoring a sick wife; another, in the attitude of accepting the sentence of Pilate; another, as having His feet bathed in the home of Martha and Mary; and still another would give a view of Him as He asked God to forgive His enemies. Each picture would have in it a measure of truth, but they would fail to give a complete view of Jesus. The significant fact, however, would remain, that Jesus appears in each picture.

But it is said by some that we can not trust the synoptic gospels, because they disagree in respect to the manner of the doing of certain acts. According to Luke, Jesus appeared to His disciples after His resurrection only in Judea; according to Matthew, only in Galilee. A like difficulty appears in comparing the three accounts of a healing of blindness at Jericho. Matthew relates that, as Jesus was *going out* of the city, two blind men cried out to Him to have pity on them, and He healed them. Mark records

the incident as if there was but one blind man, and gives his name with special detail as Timaeus Bartimaeus, entering into particulars in his usual way as to throwing off his garment, leaping up and coming to Jesus. On the other hand, Luke says the incident occurred as Jesus was approaching the city. He differs from Matthew and agrees with Mark in reporting but one blind man, but contradicts the latter in saying that Jesus ordered the man *to be brought to Him*. According to Matthew, the blindness was healed by a touch, but according to Mark and Luke, by a word only. Again, Matthew relates that two demoniacs were restored by Jesus among the Gadarenes, while Mark and Luke mention but one, and enter into many details not given by Matthew.

In the account of the cursing of the barren fig tree, Matthew represents its withering as the immediate consequence of the curse: "And the disciples, seeing it, were struck with awe, and said how suddenly has this fig tree withered." But Mark's account runs to the effect that the curse was pronounced on one morning, and the withering of the tree was first observed on the following morning. Luke omits the story.

Those who frequent courts of justice are aware how utterly vain it is to expect entire consistency in the testimony of a number of witnesses, let them be never so honest and never so competent. Agreement in the main facts is all that is expected and nothing would sooner produce suspicion or collusion than for two witnesses to make word for word the same statement. No human being ever told the same story twice in the same words and in the same way. Nothing can be more evident than that the historians of the gospel were subjected to the same common laws which govern the operations of the mind.

We have three different relations of the vision and conversion of St. Paul, two by himself in public speeches and one by Luke. In the three relations all vary from each other in words and circumstances.

The four evangelists all give us the inscriptions upon the cross of Jesus, yet no two agree in the precise form of words that were used. Matthew says that the accusation was: "This

is Jesus, the king of the Jews." Mark says that the superscription was: "The king of the Jews." Luke says: "This is the king of the Jews." John says that the title on his cross was: "Jesus of Nazareth, the king of the Jews." Here, then, is a variation in testimony. It is impossible that more than one of these inscriptions can be verbally accurate. But it creates no distrust and not one in a hundred is aware of its existence. It is an immaterial discrepancy which must always be allowed in human testimony, and nothing could be more unreasonable or absurd than to allow the least shade of doubt to pass over the mind as to the reality of the inscription, because of this verbal discrepancy.

The first three evangelists have given us Christ's prayer in his agony, at the Garden of Gethsemane, but each of them in different words. Yet no man (in his sober senses) would think of doubting the actual occurrence of the tremendous scene on that account; if anything in all the history of the past can be said to bear the native impress of truth it is this whole transaction.

Plutarch gives you a description of the death of Cæsar, so do Suetonius and Appian. They all differ in their accounts; I may say, differ radically, yet in all their accounts there is one cold statement that all men accept, namely, that Cæsar lived and was murdered. Lord Clarendon and Bishop Burnet each wrote an account of the death of the Earl of Montrose; one says he was hanged, the other that he was beheaded; the certain fact is that he vanished from this world. Take, if you please, the authors who have written the life of Milton. No two of them agree as to the day he was born, and yet, the fact remains that he was born, and had a heap of trouble with his wives and children.

For myself, I believe that Jesus was born and lived, and that His life is the sublimest fact in history. I furthermore believe that He was born as other children were born. I know of no spiritual enchantment, as an agent of procreation, but I do know that some souls appear whiter and purer than others. I know that there is a glow of sanctity on some human faces that a

superhuman power must have placed there. I know that Jesus was immensely greater than all other men, for from Him have issued rays of light, that He could only have received from the eternal lamp of God that lightens the universe. I know that He brought immortality to light; that He broke down the partition wall the ignorance and selfishness had erected between this and the other world, and that that immortality means something more than a mere continuous life; it means that the loves we have had do not perish; that the children who have nestled in our bosoms and floated away have not been annihilated, and that when His kingdom does come in fullness, it will be as absolutely impossible to do wrong as it is difficult now to do right. He knew just what He said when He declared: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Truly can it be said of Him that He was the author of the new dispensation.

Bulls and rams and pigeons, commerce and merchandise have played their part in the world's religion, and the sign that Jesus is here will be seen in the reverence that will shortly be accorded to the humble in heart and contrite in spirit. An army, greater than that seen by Elijah, is being encamped around the fortunes and destinies of mankind, and the day foreseen by Isaiah, when all tears shall be dried, all sorrows assuaged and all hearts lifted up, is warming and melting the snows on the distant mountains, and fitting the earth to be a garden, where nature, trembling with a new exaltation, will sing that promised song whose words are only known to the Almighty now, but shall be harped through all the generations to come. This Jesus has promised, and this He will bring to pass.

His kindom will never perish; His doctrines, which have moulded the institutions of the civilized world for eighteen centuries; that have fashioned its laws, curbed its passions, quickened its morality, penetrated its philosophy, injected a divine soul into its poetry and prayers, will not lose their force because there is a slight disturbance here and there about a historical detail.

Suppose there is more in the Scriptures than there ought to be, still there is something in them to be found nowhere else,

namely, the spirit that lifts up and teaches the unity and fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. We can spare all their histories, all their legends, and then have left a heritage such as the intellect of all other nations of the earth has never been able to confer on the children of men.

Christianity is not true because men teach it; it is taught because it is true. The apostles did not make it; it made them, and it can never be destroyed until there is a complete overthrow of all the literature, laws and institutions which have had their birth in and their strength through it.

There is one thing that can never be eradicated from the soul—its hunger for religion. It survives all changes and revolutions; it is an abiding, ever-present sensation, for which no substitute can be found. Its modes of expression may be variant, as the expression of a picture varies with the increasing or decreasing rays of the light or shadow, which from time to time encompasses it, but the ground work, the foundation, is ever there. Because men no longer perceive vengeance in the sunshine that mellows the fruit and paints the grass; because they no longer read threatenings in the starlight that fills the night with glory; because they treat with piteous contempt creeds fashioned by semi-barbarous people in brutal ages, is no proof that they are not interpreting the Christian religion in its highest and noblest sense.

To the storm-tossed soul the shadow of the tree is as fruitful a place wherein to kneel and seek light as is the shadow of the "Holy of Holies." The effort of the soul to make this earth, which is the home of its personal affections, and its native country, beautiful as the ravishing dream of a far-off heaven, is not an attempt to make this life a refuge and a harbor, but to make it a complement to the life to come.

This earth on which we move is the sphere in which Jesus of Nazareth expressed his purpose to establish the kingdom of God. He knew it was the abode of every ennobling relation, the scene of every soothing toil, the altar of every vow, the observatory of all human knowledge, the temple of all human worship and that whatever succeeds this earth life will be its sequel and not its opposite; will resume the tale wherever silence overtakes it and be blended into one life by sameness of persons and continuity of place.

TRUTH.

What is truth? To most people it is a painful puzzle.

Judging by human experience and from the unutterably sad journey made by the human race from the period when man first emerged from pre-historic darkness, as a brute, only a little more intelligent than other brutes, we are justified in saying that He alone can define truth who created it. It seems ever and at all times to have affected a mask or veil; never at any time to have completely unfolded its perfect lineaments.

Even Jesus spoke in parables; Æsop presented it in the form of fables. Neither its representatives nor its champions have ever had the courage to exhibit it in undisguised shape.

Descartes, the acknowledged founder of modern philosophy, wrote in his private notebook, at the age of twenty-three, these words: "Larvatus Prudeo. As actors put on a mask lest they be shamefaced, so I, on entering the stage of the world in which hitherto I have been a spectator, come before the audience masked."

Cicero repeatedly affirms that Epicurus wrote some ambiguous sentences in his books, intending to convey to his readers the idea that he approved a prevailing doctrine, with respect to the gods, which all the body of the volume was intended to show was utterly false.

Socrates was fond of asserting his ignorance on subjects of which he was a thorough master, and even at this day, in despotic governments, poets and dramatists are compelled to put into the mouths of heroes sentences of which the fatal effect is known to the audience, but unknown to the speaker of them, and indeed, it has been frequently asserted that through all the plays of Shakespeare there is a masked man, who exists and yet can not be found and who forever baffles all attempts to measure him. The fact is that truth, if ascertainable at all, is

a sly personage and does not always "face the world and shame the devil." He who has accustomed himself to yield to authority scarcely ever lends his ear to the voice of truth or reason. He is content to learn what others have said rather than make researches for himself.

When Descartes learned that Gallileo had been imprisoned for publishing his discoveries relative to the movement of the earth around the sun, he withdrew from the printer his famous book entitled "The World," which confirmed all that Gallileo had asserted. In that case fear was stronger than even a love for the truth.

The writer of the gospel of St. John informs us that when Pilate asked Jesus "What is the truth?" he gave Him no opportunity to reply. I doubt very much, if an opportunity had been furnished, whether Jesus could have satisfactorily answered the question. He frequently acknowledged His own limitations, and when asked pointed questions, replied: "None but the Father knows these things."

There is a marked distinction between what we believe to be true and what is truth, as there is an ocean-wide difference between reason and reasoning. Reason is a self-illuminating force. Reasoning starts with a bone to gnaw and expects, by hard chewing, to get something out of it.

Molierie says: "By reasoning we exile reason."

Jesus says that "I am the way, the life and the truth," and yet the first four centuries of the Christian era were taken up with the most intolerant and merciless fights with respect to the true character of Jesus, and that controversy is not yet settled.

The Roman people had many gods and erected many statues in honor of them, but their gods, in large measure, were but deified virtues. The peculiarity of their religion consisted in the fact that they did not, like the Greeks, embody elemental forces of nature in personal forms; they did not fashion their theology out of movements of the sun and stars. They built temples and offered sacrifices to the highest human excellencies, to "Valor," to "Truth," to "Good Faith," to "Modesty," o "Charity," to "Concord." In these qualities lay all that raised man above animals,

with which he had so much in common. These were the stepping-stones in the staircase that led up to the supreme temple where divine influence resided and presided.

They could readily define what valor and good faith and modesty and virtue meant, but when they reached *truth* they sorrowfully, through the lips of Cicero and the academics, declared that there was no known criterion by which it could be determined. Truth is not custom, nor habit, nor conventionalism. It may be in all these, but neither the one nor all together define it.

To the millions of slaves who existed in this country in 1862, truth meant "Massa Linkum" and a Northern army. To their masters they represented the reverse.

Pascal in his thoughts has a remarkable passage, which I will quote: "We see scarcely anything, just or unjust, that does not change its nature in changing its climate. Three degrees higher reverses all jurisprudence. A meridian determines a truth. Fundamental laws are changed by a few years' possession. Right has its eras. The entrance of Saturn into Leo marks the origin of such a crime. What ridiculous justice, that is bounded by a river. Truth on this side the Pyrenees, and error on that. Nothing is so falsely administered as the laws for the redress of faults. He who obeys them because they are just, obeys the justice that he imagines in them, but not the essence of the law; it is wholly absorbed in itself—it is the law and nothing more. Justice is subject to dispute—might is easily recognizable without dispute. Being unable to make justice might, we have made might justice. We call that justice which we are forced to observe. This is properly the definition of justice."

Does not this definition of justice approach pretty nearly a definition of our conception of truth?

The Greeks were a marvelously intelligent people. They had a religion which they believed to be true; they persecuted men who doubted it. They put to death a philosopher who sought to innovate upon it, and where is it now? We simply smile on their credulity. Tom Hood threw a searchlight on our uncertainties when he wrote the following stanza:

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender
Tops were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But 'tis little joy to know
That I am farther off from
Heaven than when I was a boy."

Mr. Banke, in his "Essay on the Beautiful," says: "In the morning of our days, when the senses are unworn and tender, when the whole man is awake in every part and the gloss of novelty fresh upon all objects that surround us, how lively at that time are our sensations, but how false and inaccurate the judgments we form of things." The astronomers tell us that the true course of the sun is just the opposite of its apparent course; that if we could command a view of the whole earth, we would find it as round as an orange. How can the part comprehend the whole? A private soldier in the ranks can not see the whole line of battle or comprehend the different movements. His duty is to obey. One of the most profound as well as devout thinkers has said: "It is incomprehensible that God is, and incomprehensible that He is not. We can only recognize God in recognizing Him to be inconceivable. Pascal says: The principal arguments of the unbelievers are that we have no certainty of the truth of principles beyond faith and revelation, except the natural conviction of them which we feel within us. Now this natural feeling is not a convincing proof of their truth, since having no certainty, except through faith, whether man was created by a good God or by an evil demon, or by chance, it is doubtful whether the principles are true, false or uncertain (according to their origin); furthermore, as no one has the assurance, except through faith, whether he is sleeping or waking—seeing that during sleep he believes himself awake as firmly as ourselves; thinks that he sees spaces, figures and motions; realizes the lapse of time, measures it, and acts, in short, in the same manner as when awake, so that half our life being passed in sleep by our own confession, or that which appears to us, we have not the least idea of truth."

Wendell Holmes makes the old actor say: "There is nothing but illusion true." Which is the real and true life? That which we spend dreaming, or that which we spend in thinking we are awake? When are we awake?

It will not do to belittle our remote ancestors on account of the creeds, religious or political, which they embraced and manfully defended with blood and life. These creeds expressed their conception of truth. They were the measure of their light. If they saw through a glass darkly, it was the only way they were permitted to see. If man is an imperfect being, it is because it was designed that he should be so. If any one is to be judged, it is the Creator of this machine, who imposed limitations on its powers and capacities. Why one individual was born in one place instead of another, why he or she was born yesterday instead of a thousand years ago, is a matter with which he or she has nothing to do. To find fault with man's imperfections is to criticise God. All students in this world do not start in the graduating class. They first learn their letters, then the composition of words, then the formation of sentences, and then the powers of the language. So with truth. We have so much of it as our time requires we should have. God's fruits are always seasonable fruits. They ripen at the exact moment when ripening is due. God's trains run on schedule time and are always on the main track. There are no switches on His roads. It may require a million years to reach the final station, but the Great Conductor owns the road, runs the train and is Master of all the years and all the times.

If truth is to be a standard of responsibility and judgment, then it should be as broad and clearly perceptible as a highway—but such is not the fact. A rational infallibility has no existence, and can have none. Examine, if you please, all the agencies of knowledge: they furnish you no criterion of truth, and never have. All the sciences start out with an assumption. The philosopher who intends to create a world, or explain it, starts out with the assumption that there was an atom to begin with, and then certain atomic forces were put in motion. One philosopher believed and taught that fire was the generative force; another

water, and another air. Each had his school, and the pupils in each felt that the master was correct. Lucretius undertook to account for the universe on a purely materialistic plan. He recognizes no God and has room in his system for none; and after we have read all the jargon of these philosophers, filling volumes, we conclude that their various theories are about as valuable as those put forth by the opposing experts in a contested mining suit. The new academecians, after debating and discussing for years, at last announced that there was no criterion by which truth could be judged or known. The road of the materialist carries you through a dense forest and stops at the land's end and on the edge of an unfathomable precipice. What, then, are we to do? Surrender ourselves to the theologian? Not at all. He knows little more, if as much, as the scientist. His nature is so contracted and hardened by an inflexible creed that he could not perceive Truth if she unmasked herself before him. He would regard her as an outlaw and a street-walker and consign her to the prison, the fagot or the stake. Is there, then, no hope? Yes, abundant, and we will realize it when we are willing to acknowledge that the material and the spiritual are the two sides of the same fact. The path of the materialistic philosopher ends at the foot of the spiritual ladder, and he must ascend it or his labors will all end, like himself, in dust and ashes.

There is a spiritual world as well as a material one. There is a soul as well as a body. There are animal appetites as well as spiritual, and both, rightly understood, are legitimate and holy. Modern philosophy will never stand on solid ground or afford mankind any satisfaction until it recognizes the fact that *Spirit* is the mother and governor of *Matter*. It is the spirit that is in man that moves and moulds and fashions and creates everything. You may, if you please, call it energy, intellect or will—it will still be the spirit, and govern matter. As the spirit of man developed, the projecting jaw of the primitives receded, the forehead grew in height, and thought proceeded to assert its sovereignty over brute power. The sluggish fortunes of mankind never would have been advanced without the aid of spiritual incarnations. Buddha, Jesus and others furnished examples of what the spirit meant. They

moved vast masses of men, and their teachings will move millions more. Over against what men call the "real" they placed the ideal. "A new commandment," says Jesus, "give I unto you; love one another."

This old world has been rolling on for thousands of years, with its standards of truth and virtue and righteousness, and yet the simple duty that we should love one another was never regarded as a part of a truthful life.

Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter on the altar to induce Jove to fill his sails and enable his ship to move onward. Abraham was quite willing to sacrifice his son to his God. Rome indulged in human sacrifices in the time of the Cæsars. Assassination, indeed, until recently, was a religious rite, slavery was always tolerated and polygamy encouraged, and yet all recognized as a part of a system of what people called truth. It required centuries to teach man that his own interests demanded a measure of regard for the interests of his fellows, and the thought of putting the good of another before his own, even at this late day, is not palatable. There are thousands of souls who shudder at the thought that, in obedience to truth, they must give up that venerable institution called hell. It has been such a convenient place in which to locate your neighbor. Buddha places his paradise at the end of a long and laborious journey. Mock repentance, scaffold tears, nervous shudderings in the presence of the priest and death don't go. If you have sinned; if you have plundered and injured your neighbor and, through selfishness, forgotten God and outraged His children, you will have ample time to revolve on that awful wheel until your soul has been rinsed, laundried and purified. And such a paradise—a reunion with God—coincident with the perfection of the human spirit by its ultimate disembarrassment of matter; free from earth's cheats; released from all the temptations of the flesh, aroused and sane; as is a man wakened from hateful dreams, drifting to nameless quiet, nameless joy—sinless, stirless rest; that change which never changes; this is the glory that Paul saw, and which he declared passeth all understanding.

Swedenborg says that Faith is Truth. One, as great as Swedenborg, says Faith is a gift and not a faculty. Pythagoras taught that truth was located in numbers; that within them was to be found the profound mystery and its solution. With him the *UNIT* is the principle and end of all things. That it is the sublime knot which binds together the chain of causes; that it is the symbol of equality, of existence, of conservation and of general harmony. Having no parts, it represents the Divinity. It represents order, peace, tranquillity, all of which spring from a unity of sentiments, and that, necessarily, it is a good principle. But after all, is not the odd number quite as effective for ultimate good as the even one? Unity of sentiment is no proof of truth. Unity may mean stagnation or a comatose condition. Collective sympathy is not always to be trusted. The sentiment of a passionate and feverish crowd is more liable to be wrong than right; more liable to be false than true. He who created the even numbers created also the odd ones; if one is good and the other bad, the author is responsible for both. Believing as I do in an omniscient and omnipotent Creator, I have reached the conclusion, after years of thought, that there is no positive evil in this universe. What we call evil is simply reaction. It is the obstacle or stone in the stream that creates the eddy. Without the eddy the stream would have no meaning any more than universal space has, when no part of it is limited and bounded.

To fully comprehend God we must recognize evil as an agent of His divine government. Pope had a glimmer of this truth when he wrote: "All partial evil is but universal good." Oh, says one, do you apologize for murder? Oh, no, but war has always been a popular and laudable enterprise. We honor its heroes, and yet their glory consists in the multitudes they have murdered. Cain was born just beyond the garden gate of paradise. The first son of the first family, and yet he murdered his younger brother, who was second in birth and heir presumptive. David, the famous saint, deliberately murdered a man to the end that he might possess his wife. If worship of a saint here below constitutes a recommendation to divine favor, I presume David is provided for. Solomon projected his sins into the unseen world. Are you apolo-

gizing for these things? Not at all. I am only asking you to explain them on the theory that God is all-wise and that evil constitutes no part of His method of government. The fact is that we do not know exactly where we are at. Possessed at best of a short division of time, which we are pleased to call years, we are vainly struggling to solve a problem that began with the origin of life and will only end when an infinitely wise God has completed His, not our plan. How can we judge of the wisdom of the means employed by the Almighty to accomplish an end until we know what that end is to be?

Cicero was born in a century preceding the Christian era. It was his custom to spend some portion of his vacation at his villa, called Tusculan. Hither he invited the great thinkers and statesmen of Rome, and there, in the quiet of the country, they discussed all the problems which perplex the human intellect. In one of these discussions the following question was propounded: "Why should not good men be happy, and why are not bad men miserable?" "But," said one of the disputants, "it is not so. If the gods had regarded mankind, they should have made them all virtuous. Why, therefore, were the Carthaginians in Spain suffered to destroy those best and bravest men, the two Scipios? Why did Maximus lose his son, the Consul? Why did Hannibal kill Marcellus? Why was the body of Regulus delivered up to the Carthaginians to be tortured by them? Why was Sciaviola, the high priest, that pattern of moderation and prudence, massacred before the statue of Vesta? Why was Dyonysius permitted, without interference, to pillage the temple of Proserpine? Why was he permitted, at Peloponeus, to disrobe the statue of Jupiter of his golden mantle? Why was he permitted, without any rebuke from gods or men, to do a thousand sacrilegious acts and escape all punishment?" You will perceive that the conundrums that confound us have all an ancient origin, and that the greatest and best men have argued and discussed them to no purpose. God is His own interpreter, and no doubt in the end He will make all clear.

Sir Isaac Newton, in his famous letter to his friend, Bentley, ridiculed the idea that brute matter could act on brute matter

without the intervention of some other agent, material or immaterial. He spurned the idea that gravity was innate, inherent or essential to matter, so that one body may act upon another at a distance through a vacuum without the mediation of anything else by and through which their action may be conveyed from one to another, and stated that such a proposition was grossly absurd; that no philosopher would give it a moment's serious attention. He affirmed that gravity must be caused by an agent acting constantly according to custom; but whether the agent was material or immaterial he left others to judge and determine. The same Sir Isaac had a most unhappy time in his effort to account for the action of the planets on a basis of physical laws alone. Let us see what he tried to do and what became of it.

Newton in his old age discovered that in this universe all was reciprocally cause and effect, and that the visible worlds were coordinated among themselves and subject to worlds invisible. Counting up his worlds, scattered through space, he first attempted to explain their coherence by the laws of planetary and molecular attraction. By supposing that the centripetal and centrifugal forces were equal, he stopped the universe. But, supposing the forces unequal, then utter confusion followed. His laws, therefore, were not absolute. Some higher problem existed than the principle upon which he had been proceeding. The more he examined space, the greater his difficulties grew. In the infinite azure, through the telescope, he could perceive innumerable worlds and see how they were born and grew and got old and died, and how they were fed by the atmosphere which surrounded them. He saw how they were related and dependent on each other, and how each aided in fixing the current of the other. He began to realize that there was some power above and beyond his physical laws, and that if this invisible and immaterial power was withdrawn for an instant, his universe would rush to ruin. He searched the apocalypse for traces of this power, and his friends thought he had gone mad. That power which Newton sought for is the spiritual power, without which science is and ever will remain but a half truth.

In the material field science is the only sure guide. Whenever it ignores in its calculations the spiritual forces which rule the invisible world, and through it the visible, it simply marks out for itself its own limitations and proclaims itself both inefficient and incomplete.

Between true religion and true science there can be no conflict. They are but the two sides of a whole truth. There are no miracles in God's universe, and never have been any. All is the product of law, and he who knows the law and uses it will work the so-called miracle. Law is God, and God is law, and neither are suspended or set aside anywhere or at any time. Everything that happens in this universe happens as the product of law, and could not happen otherwise. In the dark ages men believed in magic or the black art. If vessels tightly closed and filled with water were tormented with fire and burst open, it was the work of some invisible and supernatural agency. If vapors were reduced to solids, if from colorless liquids gaudy precipitates were suddenly called into existence, if explosions took place spontaneously, the ignorant and the faithful attributed them to a supernatural power and uniformly to the devil. Chemistry and science have destroyed magic and necromancy. Supernaturalism is the product of childish ignorance. It sustains the same relation to Spiritualism that superstition does to true religion, or that infancy does to manhood, or sickness to health.

Man is the point of juncture between two worlds, the finite and the infinite, the visible and the invisible. How can he comprehend all his relations without taking account of those which connect him to the infinite world—to the spiritual world. We can not explain matter in the language of the spirit, nor spirit in the language of matter; each has its own terminology. To comprehend the one we must understand the other. There is one way by which the infinite can be apprehended—that way is Faith, and St. Paul uttered a truth not yet fully comprehended or fathomed when he described faith as the evidence of things not seen. We can not know God unless we feel God. We know there is a spiritual world, because we feel it and we can not feel that which does not exist. We know there is a spiritual world because

we feel the tide from that world constantly pouring in upon our life. We have reached a point where we must choose between modern science, with its purely materialistic teaching, and spiritualism, with its higher inspirations. Cicero says: "There never was a great man without divine inspiration." Inspired by whom? Inspired from whence? An ancient philosopher, answering a pertinent question, from either a seeker after truth or a scoffer, is reported to have said: "You ask me what God is and what His character and nature are; I must follow the example of Simonides, who, when Hiero proposed the same question to him, desired a day to consider of it. When he required his answer the next day, Simonides begged two days more; and as he kept constantly desiring double the number of days which he required before, instead of requiring his answer, Hiero, with surprise, asked him his meaning in doing so. "Because," said he, "the longer I meditate on it, the more obscure it appears to be." Simonides, a poet and a sage, had so many acute and refined arguments presented to his mind that he was doubtful which was the truest, and therefore despaired of discovering any truth.

To the unaided human mind God is incomprehensible, and nature alone, instead of enlightening him, simply confuses his faculties. We can not meet the materialist on his own ground; we must look beyond this field or fail. And now, what does the materialistic science, which is modern science, assert?

First, it claims that it is an established fact that the physical universe, whether it ever had a beginning or not, is, at all events, of an antiquity beyond what the imagination can realize, and also, whether or not it is limited, its extent is so vast as to be equally unimaginable.

It further asserts that there is at the bottom but one element of matter; that nature is a unity; that however diverse and various things may appear, the tender and withering flower, the stalwart oak, the volatile gas, the color on a woman's lip, the hard, resisting granite, the yielding carpet material on which we walk and the armor plate of the most formidable iron-clad, are all resolvable into the same ethereal substance whence, in the beginning, the germs of everything proceeded.

Again, it asserts that every operation of thought, every fact of consciousness, is associated in a constant and definite way with the presence and with certain conditions of certain pertinence of matter, which are shown, in their turn, to be in their last analysis absolutely similar to the matter, plants and minerals. The interval between mud and mind is covered by as clearly defined steps as the stones that mark a street crossing.

Mind, which was once thought to have descended into matter, is shown forming itself, and always emerging out of it. For forms of life so low that naturalists can hardly trace them or decide whether it is right to class them as plants or animals, up to the life that is manifested in souls of heroes or philosophers, there is no break to be detected in the long process of development. It asserts that there is no step in the process where it can find any excuse for affirming or even supporting the presence of a God.

Assailing Christianity on the side of its alleged history, it declares that it contains a number of statements which are demonstrably at variance with facts; that it contains others which, though probably true, are entirely misinterpreted through the ignorance of the writers who recorded them; and again, that though the rest may not be demonstrably false, yet these amongst them most essential to the Christian doctrine are so monstrously improbable and so utterly unsupported by evidence, that no moral ground exists for believing in them.

It further affirms that there can be nothing answerable to the general conception of the supernatural. Whatever is, is natural; and that supernaturalism, with all it implies and involves, is a delusion which has been handed down from the dark ages. On that plank of its platform I stand—there is nothing above nature; there can be nothing above God. Whatever exists in this universe springs from God, is a part of Him, and can not be independent of or above Him. There is another thing that science has demonstrated, which I think the demonstrators fail to appreciate in its full significance. In the endless wonders of the universe it has found room for life under far more forms and conditions than the human mind is capable of conceiving. It has demonstrated that

the air and water are filled by swarming myriads of creatures, every one of which is invisible to the naked eye and impalpable to the touch. It has shown that only parts of even the commonest manifestations of energy, such as light, heat or electricity, can be perceived by human vision or registered by human inventions. That of the material world, of which we are a part, we are only able to recognize but a small part of existing phenomena; that our senses will not permit us to see or hear or feel or taste the finer things that exist.

More than a century ago Kant, the great German philosopher, declared that he knew the atmosphere which surrounds us was inhabited by spirits, and that he could demonstrate it. Of the same opinion was the poet Schiller, and numerous others whom it is not necessary to mention.

There are two weapons with which pure materialism may be confronted: First, intuition; second, inspiration. The first is born within us, and is above intellect, the second furnished from without.

The poet Browning says:

"Truth is within ourselves: Makes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost center in us all
Where truth abides in fulness; and around
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth."

Let this be accepted, but who is to set this prisoner free? Who is to break down this "wall upon wall?" I answer, the guardian spirits of Inspiration and Visitation.

There was substance in that philosophy of the ancient Romans that all angels had once been humans, and having been so, they naturally took an interest in human affairs. But, says one, I don't believe in spirits, because I have never seen them. The earth, the air and the sea are filled with beings of one sort or another that you have never seen, and for that reason is their existence to be denied?

Cicero, in his treatise on the gods, says: "In the war with the Latins, when Posthumius attacked Mamallius at Regillus, Caster

and Pollux were seen fighting in our army on horseback, and that since that time spiritual agents give notice of the defeat of Perses, king of Macedon, for as P. Vatienus was coming in the night to Rome, from his government at Reate, two young men on white horses appeared to him and told him that Perses was that day taken prisoner. This news he carried to the senate, who immediately threw him into prison for speaking inconsiderately on a state affair. But," adds Cicero, "when it was confirmed by letters from Paulus, commander, he was recompensed by the senate with lands and immunities." "Nor do we forget," he adds, "that when the Locrians defeated the people of Crotone in a great battle on the banks of the River Sagra, it was known the same day at the olympic games." (Nature of the Gods, book II., section 2.) "True as the news from Sagra" became a Grecian proverb.

When Elijah saw an entire army of angels encompassed about him and asserted such to be the fact, everybody was expected to believe it, because it is mentioned in the Bible. So, too, when Jesus said he could summon an army of angels, the pious were expected to and did believe it, because such statements were supported by their religious education or prejudices; but when you read such statements of the Greek and Roman historians, you are expected to regard them as nursery tales. I can duplicate in ancient history every reputed miracle contained in the Old or New Testament, and furnish in their support just as creditable witnesses.

Of course, we are expected to believe that at the bidding of Moses the waters of the Red sea divided themselves, and that the Israelitish army moved over dry shod, and yet Josephus, at the conclusion of the second book of his Antiquities, writes: "Let no man think this story incredible of the sea's dividing to save these people, for we find it in ancient records that this hath been seen before, whether by God's extraordinary will or by course of nature is indifferent. The same thing happened one time to the Macedonians under the command of Alexander, when, for want of another passage, the Pamphylean sea divided to make them way. This is attested by all the historians who have pretended to write the life of Alexander." The story of Alexander is just as

good as the story of Moses. The miracles recited by Tacitus as having been performed by Vesposian are as well authenticated as those in the gospels. As I take no stock in miracles, I do not attach any importance to any of these stories, except so far as they throw light on the subject of existing agencies above us, and on the existence of laws which we imperfectly comprehend.

What do predictions and foreknowledge of future events indicate but that such future events are shown, pointed out, portended and foretold to men; from whence they are called omens, signs, portents and prodigies.

Two thousand years ago a ripened and scholarly member of the College of Augurs wrote these words: "Our ancestors, as well as the philosophers, have separated superstition from religion. They who prayed whole days and sacrificed, that their children might survive them, were called superstitious; but they who diligently perused and read and preached over again all the duties relating to the worship of the gods were called religiosi—religious from relegendo, reading over again or preaching, as elegant is taken from elegantes and diligent from diligendo, for the signification is derived in the same manner. Thus are the words 'superstition' and 'religion' understood—the one being a term of reproach, the other of commendation."

Thus it was anciently, thus it is to-day. Those who are struggling and toiling, not to the end that their children may survive them, but that their children may be lifted above and beyond the malarious mists of men-made creeds and taught to see that from every heart to the throne of the Almighty a Jacob's ladder reaches upon which angels ascend and descend, are called superstitious and cranks. That ladder is the connecting link between two worlds, the one seen, the other unseen. Dim as the ladder may seem, the angels are growing brighter; their breath is felt on the souls of men and women; their hands are opening the gateways that lead to the fields wherein God's glory and man's happiness will celebrate their eternal marriage. Did I believe less than this I would be an atheist. To the scientist and philosopher we look in vain for any light that illumines the fields on the heavenward side of the river of Death. From the spiritualist we learn that

death is an indispensable bridge over a chasm, which, in crossing, we part with a past full of sorrow and enter a future full of hope. All hail to Jacob with his ladder, to Jesus with His angels, to Buddha with his purifications, to Mohammed with his gardens of paradise, for each, in his way, felt what material science can not see—that truth is attainable. That God is the truth, and that none but spiritual eyes can discern a spiritual being. The pure in heart shall see God. It must be admitted that since the advent of Jesus into human affairs great changes have taken place in the morals of the world, but these changes consist in development only. These changes imply additions to the recorded teachings of the great Master. Some on questions which in His time did not exist, others on questions which He did not touch upon, and also in the adaptations of many of His teachings to changed social conditions.

Conceding that there is a God, and that He created this world, then if He created it for a purpose, that purpose must necessarily embrace all means necessary to its accomplishment, just as the bud holds the flower, the seed the oak, the dawn the full-orbed day.

Whatever has occurred since the creation has occurred in aid of the original purpose, and whether it be good or whether it be evil in our sight, God alone is the judge of what is good and what is bad. God's laws and man's conventionalisms rest on entirely different bases. The one is partial and limited, the other boundless and eternal. We have one measure for judgment in New England, another in New York, a third in Pennsylvania, and a fourth in Louisiana and Texas, and in each locality it is fearlessly asserted that the measure prevailing is the only right measure. God has a measure of judgment for the whole of humanity, without regard to locality or sections. Different churches, different classes, different races or countries exhibit moralities of different and inharmonious types. Compare the Scotchman, who solemnizes Sunday by not whistling, as he gets drunk, with the Frenchman who observes Sunday by attending an election in the day and going to the opera at night. It used to be proper to regard pleasure as a sin. Now it is enjoined as a duty. At one

time men devoted their attention to the purification of the human mind; now they devote their attention to its cultivation. Once they believed that the beauty of the human form, the glories of art, the gaiety and laughter of life, were so many temptations of the devil. All this is changed. Once men worshipped the beauty of holiness; now they worship the holiness of beauty. Once they regarded God as a lawless despot, who created one-half His children for hell and the other half slaves; now they regard Him as the ancient Romans regarded Jupiter, as a "helpful Friend" and loving Father. And now what means all these changes? I answer, first, that the spiritual world is gradually securing control of the material. Jesus so constructed His teachings that in them slept and was contained all the truths needed for the ultimate perfection of humanity, and as each succeeding age required increased light and new adaptation on the line of progress, the light and heat and unifying power were imparted to those truths by the ministering spiritual forces entrusted with this labor.

I am fully convinced that until modern science recognizes and accepts the existence of spiritual forces in the affairs of man and nations, and in the direction of the operations of this universe, it will play the part of Sisyphus—roll its burden to the top of the hill, only to have it roll back again. The top of its hill is only the beginning of the path of God's ways. And what is this spiritual force? Evidently that power which changes matter, fashions it, organizes it, builds it into myriad forms and sustains in all organic nature the condition we call life.

Life here, life everywhere, broad as the universe and ever growing clearer and stronger with the roll and swell of the ages. That life which Tennyson declared made death a laughing impossibility.

Will it be said that the books of poetry and song, the histories, the masterpieces of sculpture and painting evolved in the past will survive the great minds that called them into existence, while these minds perish with the decay of an earthly garment? If this be so, then this life is a merciless and pitiless fraud, which no

one is justified in extending beyond the measure of an hour. Such is not, such can not be the case. Faith is the evidence of things not seen. That which does not exist is not thinkable.

Science, ignoring God, stops at the land's end. Spiritualism at the land's end opens its gardens, from which each soul will pluck its flower.

ROBERT BURNS.

Some one has suggested, possibly irreverently, that the justice of the Almighty can only be vindicated by the ultimate equalization of the fortunes and conditions of all his children. One, who disbelieves in the existence of positive evil, would be inclined to accord some consideration to this statement. There are inequalities in the world; always have been and ever will be.

We are told that in our Father's house there are many mansions. We have no data from which we can determine the size of the rooms or the character of the furnishings, or the dimensions of the windows and transoms, or the number of floors, if any there be.

Some wicked cynic once suggested that, after the rich and powerful had appropriated pretty much all that was worth appropriating in this world, they invented the kingdom of heaven for the benefit of the poor. It has occurred to me that it is safe to trust the vindication of God's justice and fair dealing to Himself, for He who creates and comprehends the whole; who sees the end from the beginning, can never be indifferent to the welfare of all its parts. Whether our conduct or our career is our work or the result of circumstances and external events is a problem largely for the metaphysicians, but we may have something to say about it in speaking of that strange prodigy, whose meteoric soul became entangled in our common clay and illuminated while it helped to consume the stupidity and cant of Scotland something over a century ago. To see a great soul day after day wearing itself out beating the bars that encage and restrain it, is pitiful indeed, and especially so when those bars are fashioned in the foundries of ignorance and bigotry. Genius and suffering have an affinity for each other just as steel or firearms have an affinity for murder. The misfortunes of a great man or a little child are always pathetic. It is sad to think that

Jesus was crucified; that Socrates was poisoned. It is sad to think of the fate of the little Dauphin of France, but after all it is just such things that mellow our natures and teach us lessons of fellowship and brotherhood. Without suffering there could be no charity in thought or deed. Some winds thaw the snow, others force out its crystals. Locke wrote his work on the Human Understanding when in exile; Bunyan and Cervantes matured their genius in prison; Dante wrote his poem on hell when he was enjoying it under an Italian climate, and carrying it with him from city to city; Milton saw more clearly when blind than he was able to see with full-orbed eyes, when the shadows of his termagant wife and waspy daughters darkened his study. These things are all sad, but who can tell whether we would have heard of any of these characters I have mentioned if their lives had been other or different.

Robert Burns was sublimely gifted like Byron, and like him also, at times he was exquisitely wretched. Burns was not a saint. His songs that have thrilled the world have nothing in common with Watt's hymns or Hervey's meditations among the tombs. His teacher affirmed that he was distinctly stupid on psalmody. The higher order of genius and saintship generally don't work smoothly together. The experience of David throws some light on this subject, as does that of Solomon and the great apostle to the gentiles, who seemed to have had a thorn in his flesh and kept his saintship on sentinel duty, to prevent it from toppling over. Falerian wine that had moistened the lips of Virgil and Horace in days done by was not a distillation of Scotland. Whisky seemed good enough for that generation, and Burns, swallowing its strength and exhilaration, sung its praises while he railed at the cant and hypocrisy of the text pounder, of whom he thus speaks:

"Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin an' he's jumpin!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeal an' gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like catharidian plasters,
On sic a day."

Burns' mind had evidently been volatilized when, in the Holy Fair, he wrote this stanza:

"Leeze me on drink! it gie's us mair
Than either School of College:
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day."

This was written in his youth. In later years on bended knee, with uplifted hands, and eyes streaming with the hot tears of helpless remorse, he pronounced a widely different opinion on drink. It ruined him as it has ruined a countless multitude before and since. Oh, that some key would be found that would unlock this appalling mystery, in which the souls of good men are seen hurrying along a path that they themselves abhor. What a mockery it is to see the rich and aristocratic weeping over their wine while deploring the exhilaration of the poor over their whisky.

Those who censure Burns most for his drinking songs generally sleep with the key of the wine cellar under their pillows. While belaboring the solacements of the weary and oppressed they take ample care to conceal the ravages of the oppressors. The class of "More in sorrow than in anger" moralists are generally hypocrites and frauds. They are composed largely of those who would tap the till of a Sunday school treasury, or use God as a silent partner in a real estate dicker. Those who preside over the courts of conscience have rules of their own which they do not apply to their neighbors. He who would remove an evil must have a good on hand to take its place. The mass of mankind have been generous to Burns, because he wrote in the spirit of truth and sincerity, ever and always recognizing the softer vices, which are natural to cities and inevitable in villages.

Ouida says well and truly, that "Others do not know, we do not know ourselves all that lies latent in us, until the seeds

of good or evil that are hidden and unknown germinate to deed, and blossom and make us reap for weal or woe, the harvest we have sown. Opportunity is the forcing house that gives birth to all things. Man works half his own doom and circumstances work the other half."

And yet, in passing judgment on him in this respect we must bear in mind that something over a century ago all grades of Scottish society loved the goblet and enjoyed the fantasies it inspired. "If he sinned in this respect," remarked one of his biographers, "he sinned in company with English prime ministers, Scotch lords of session, grave dignitaries of the church in both countries, and thousands of ordinary blockheads who went to their graves in the odor of sanctity, and their epitaphs are a catalogue of all the virtues." In this world the extent of censure is determined largely by the position and stature of the party who drinks.

Burns was preëminently the child of nature. His genius touched the waters of her choicest streams and fountains. What of beauty he perceived without him, he had first felt within him. The outward objects of his love were but the shadows of his internal affections. He always saw that which he brought with him; he felt that he was not only the brother of nature but a precious part of her. The music was within him; he tells us how he learned to use it.

Listen!

"The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush;
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill."

The waving of the trees, the swaying of the grass, the murmur of the rill, the thunderous roar of the ocean, the lightning in the sky, the gleaming of the stars, everything found a responsive and expressive tone in his own soul. Every sound in nature's harp seemed to be transferred to the chords in his own

life-like music, which is sympathetically carried from an instrument played in one part of a room to an unplayed instrument in another.

He hated cruelty of every kind whether inflicted by man or the elements. A wounded hare limping by him invoked his bitter curse on the head of the ruthless hunter. Still more fierce was his denunciation of the sportsman who fired into a covey of birds:

> "The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
> The feathered field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
> Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
> (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
> And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)"

This denunciation calls to mind the sad plaint of another poetic soul, who but recently passed over to the land of the leal, and who sung:

> "The robin wounded on the wing
> Doth make a cherub cease to sing."

In his youth Burns spent his evenings in sweet-hearting. His brother tells us he was constantly in love. His inamoratas were the freckled beauties who milked the cows and hoed potatoes, but his passionate imagination attired them with the most wonderful graces. He was Antony and found a Cleopatra in every harvest field. While taking the altitude of the sun one day, a brown-eyed lassie walked across an adjoining garden and upset his trigonometry. What glories the heavens displayed were of little account in comparison with the beauties that illumined the earth. Like other mortals he experienced the discomfort of being jilted by a sweetheart, "who had pledged her soul to meet him in the field of matrimony," but still he went on loving.

Burns' love inspired his poetry and his poetry inspired his love. To a friend he wrote: "Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song; to be in some degree equal to your diviner airs, do you imagine I fast and pray for celestial emanation? I have a glorious recipe; the very one that for his own use was invented by the divinity of healing and poetry, where erst he

piped to the flocks of Admetus. I put myself on a regimen of admiring a fine woman, and in proportion to the admirability of her charms you are delighted with my verses. The lightning of her eye is the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon."

Of an aristocratic young lassie, he writes as follows:

"O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass of Ballyochmyle."

Of another he sings:

"To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither."

The passing of a young woman from the country on the High street of Dumfries, with her shoes and stockings in her hands, evoked the following stanza:

"Her yellor hair beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-like neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae reck."

At Tarbolton he attended a debating club, where the question for discussion was: "Suppose a young man, bred a farmer, but without any fortune, has it in his power to marry either of two women: the one a girl of large fortune but neither handsome in person nor agreeable in conversation, but who can manage the household affairs of a farm well enough; the other of them a girl every way agreeable in person, conversation and behavior, but without any fortune, which of them shall he choose?" History is silent as to how this momentous question was decided by the young country rustics of that day.

The loves of the poets are strange things at best; take Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura, Burns and Mary. These are cases of love idealized—fit for another world—too delicate and golden for this.

Burns was the poet of the poor. He sought them out because he loved them as they loved him. His entrance into higher social life only served to strengthen the attachments of his youth. Notwithstanding the fact that he was patronized by the Duchess of Gordon; befriended for a time by the Earl of Glencairn and Henry Erskine; dined at Lord Monboddos; talked philosophy with Dr. Blair, and took morning walks with the good and benevolent Prof. Dugald Stewart, he vastly preferred to steal away from the dry and dull light of these aristocratic luminaries and college professors and drop into a Masonic lodge or sit at the convivial tables with the lawyers, where unrestrained by mouldy conventionalisms he could open the window of his soul and the treasure house of his mind and flash and coruscate and revel at his own sweet will. He preferred the tavern to the ducal palace. If he spent the day with the rich and great in Edinburgh he generally wound up at night in the garret of his friend Richmond.

Occasionally it would flash upon him that he would some day become as eminent as Thomas a' Kempis or John Bunyan, and see his birthday inserted among the wonderful events in the Poor Robin and Aberdeen almanacs, along with Black Monday and the battle of Bothwell Bridge. When in company with the learned and titled he never lost his head; never underestimated his own ability; never forced to the front in an offensive way his own ideas, although he was abundantly blessed with them. He talked well and fluently, and unlike Macauley, allowed other people to talk; was deferential to women, for he loved them all. His commonplace book shows how he secretly chafed and fretted over the fact that a fellow whose ability would scarcely have made an eight-penny tailor, and whose heart was not worth three farthings, would meet with the attentions and notice that were withheld from a son of genius and poverty. Above all else he utterly despised the insolence of condescension and the air

of patronage not unfrequently displayed by boobies whose only grace was their title. Although he loved Scotland with a single heart and an utter devotion, he mercilessly ridiculed the architecture of Edinburgh, which he described as:

"Gaunt, ghastly, ghost-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threatening, jut-like precipices;
Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry and taste unblest;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids foresworn the dear embrace,
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste,
Of any mason reptile, bird or beast."

Probably Burns viewed what he saw with jaundiced eye. He had a poor opinion of the literary men of Edinburgh. He believed that their equals could be found in the rough diamonds whom he had met at the debating society at Tarbolton, or the Masonic meetings at Mauchline. It is hard for a miserable man to see things always in their true light. After spending years wrestling with himself and the world and becoming sated with all things he found in the cities of Scotland, he writes to a friend: "I never thought mankind very capable of anything generous, but the stateliness of the patricians in Edinburgh, and the civility of my brethren since returning home have nearly put me out of conceit with my species. I have bought a pocket Milton which I carry perpetually about me, in order to study the sentiments, the dauntless magnanimity, the intrepidity, the desperate daring and noble defiance of hardship in that great personage, the devil."

This is equal to the declaration of the Arkansas statesman, who in returning home from the legislature stated that: "The more he associated with men, the better he liked dogs."

Enough has been hinted as to the infirmities of Burns, yet not too much, for it takes the blending of all the colors of the rainbow to produce the clear white light. Scientists tell us if we could see the whole world at one glance we would find it round and smooth, no elevations, no depressions. But Burns was

what he was and could not have been otherwise. The law of his being, as that of all others, was fashioned before the individual drama began its unfolding. Can it be said that there is no spiritual and mental law directing and governing man when all else is thus governed. There is no space, place nor condition where there is exemption from law's imperial domain. "The crystal dew drop, the gentle zephyr, the shimmering wavelet, the fleecy cloud and the resplendent sunset all are just as they are by mandate of law. The graceful proportions and peculiar state of every leaf, flower, plant and tree are specified by law. The rain, the cyclone, the earthquake, heat and cold, all scrupulously observe the law. The fashion of the bird's wing and the insect's foot is regulated by law. Orders of animals, birds, fishes and reptiles appear upon the face of the earth, run their course and disappear in accordance with the behests of law. But higher than these man thinks, wills, imagines and develops mentally and spiritually by law." How, then, can man be an alien to and independent of that power which applies to all else? Burns was willing to be judged by that law, for he sings:

"Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each string its various bias;
When at the balance let's be mute
We ne'er can adjust it,
What's done we partly may compute
But know not what's resisted."

Whatever pain or anguish he suffered he never imported it into his verse, and if so, only to show its fleeting character:

"Alas! what bitter toil and straining,
But truce wi' peevish, poor complaining
Is fortune's fickle Luna waning?
E'en let her gang;
Beneath what light she has remaining
Let's sing our sang."

Immortal poems are rarely, if ever, conceived in the fevered atmosphere of select society. It requires the sharp ploughshare and the moorland to furnish the lament for the overturned daisy. "The Cotter's Saturday Night," that perfect poem that unites the human soul to heaven could not have been conceived or written in a parlor. It was on a pile of straw, near his barn, that Burns composed that imperishable poem, "To Mary in Heaven."

Fashionable people rarely trouble themselves about the "ourie cattle or the silly sheep," that unprotected brave the winter's storm. We have the "Jolly Beggars" because Burns spent a night with the roisterers at the tavern before he photographed it on fame's immortal page.

When his wife, with her weans, saw him striding up and down the brow of the Scaur and reciting to himself like one demented, he was simply evolving from his inmost soul "Tam O'Shanter," which he completed between the sunrise and the sunset of one day. Robust and stalwart genius does not thrive on jams and jellies. Burns says he never felt at ease at a rich man's feast. The victuals were generally as cold as the conventionalisms that surrounded them. Many a time he feasted his soul on meal and water, or a little milk, because no better fare could be afforded.

The line, "A virtuous family but exceeding poor," describes his father's household. Think of one writing imperishable songs with Burns' surroundings. "I am busy with my harvest," he writes a friend, and a few days later he writes: "This house that I shelter in is pervious to every blast that blows and every shower that falls, and I am only preserved from being chilled to death by being suffocated with the smoke." Such experience as this was needed, probably, to produce the poem, "Man Was Made to Mourn." While we are thinking of these things we are reminded that there is no grade of life, soever humble, to which God's inspiration does not descend. The only adorable thing in this world is the human. Man is the true Shekinah, place him where you will, through which shines the transcendent glory of his Maker. The true heaven is in the fields and flowers and trees, in the running brooks and the waving grass, with the human creature communing with them.

It was among the lilies, or among the solitudes of the mountains, or on the shores of the shimmering sea, or on the brow of the sun-kissed hill, that the Incomparable Soul of Nazareth saw and felt God and revealed Him to the thronging multitudes and to all after-coming ages. All of His illustrations of man's relations to his Maker were derived from nature. The tears of the dawn, the roseate sunsets, the seed of the mustard and the whiteness of the lily, the lost and shepherdless sheep and the falling sparrow were sacred in His sight, because they each and all gave occasion for the display of the Providence that provides, and that universal plan that includes all things.

The highest genius is that which sees into nature the farthest. We can not reach the unattainable, nor scale the highest peaks, yet the nearer we reach the heights the broader the view becomes. Paths that exist on the higher mountains are not visible to the traveler below, and their existence he will never discover until he explores the whole field that is open to his efforts. When he attains to the region where the clouds have their home, he can dream as to what is above and beyond him, and observe what is below. The silver rills, the sweeping rivers, the expansive and summer-kissed lakes, the blooming gardens, the swaying foliage and the fertile fields. He can hear the clangor of the noisy hammers of unremitting industry; he can gaze upon the fiery-throated furnaces, and philosophize on the scheming and plotting of the cruel and get a waft of the sweet fragrance emitted from the charitable hearts, ceaselessly throbbing, throbbing, throbbing for the coming of the Christ that is to be.

The poet is the prophet of humanity. Like the waters whose trembling tell in advance the coming atmospheric changes, the soul of the poet first feels the dew that falls from the wet wings of the dove that brings tidings of the land that towers above the flood and gives promise of a new home and a new world. To the poor of this earth Robert Burns stands forth as the inspired bard. A century has placed its approving seal upon his merits; the alloy that has been used to temper the gold has been eliminated by time, and his fame, an honest one, is the just heritage of all the civilized nations.

In every cottage of his native land is found a volume of his songs, and to pronounce his name in the hearing of a Scot is to evoke an expression of pride, that he is fellow to the immortal bard, who "walked in glory and in joy, following his plow upon the mountain side."

The great of the earth have deemed it an honor to write a biography of this peasant poet, and the eloquent of all tongues have pronounced him a fitting theme for their highest praise.

But recently another singer of far different mould and plumage preened his wings for an endless flight. Tennyson never knew poverty, save as he saw it in others. The blood of a dozen kings coursed in his veins. His tastes were altogether exclusive and aristocratic. He was the poet of the closet and the study. He hated the common people and regretted that they did not reciprocate the feeling. He was the laureate of the upper class of England, but never was nor will be the laureate of the common herd who pronounce the ultimate and lasting judgment on all things. Search England through and you can scarcely find a copy of his works in the household of the poor. True, he enriched the world with verses that will never die, but alas! how few of them can be set to music and sung. His American readers far outstrip the number of them that read him in his native isle. One of his greatest admirers is forced to say that Tennyson is not a popular poet in Great Britain—popular in the sense of being read and loved by the common people, and the reason assigned is that the English nation lives in the cottage, and Tennyson is too dear for the cottagers. In this respect Burns has the advantage. He knew the cottage and the cottage knew him. And yet, let us not underestimate Tennyson. If his heart was far from the cottage, his soul was near to the celestial heights, and he tells us that the angels unseen by others but heard by him dropped music into his ears that his tongue uttered in verse that thrills the souls of thousands to-day. Peer and aristocrat that he was, he gave to the world a larger hope when he wrote:

"That good should fall
At last, far off, at last to all
And every winter change to spring.
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life could be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish in the void
When God has made the pile complete."

Ignoring the petty passions of religious sects, he ends his greatest poem with these words:

"That God, who ever lives and moves,
One God, one law, one element
And one far off, divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

The heritage of hopefulness bequeathed by him will keep green his memory for all time to come. His life was as peaceful as a summer's day when peace is in the air.

Burns received twenty pounds for the first edition of his poems, and was required to advance to the printer the money for the second edition. Tennyson received $25,000 a year from one firm for the exclusive right to print his verses, and $30,000 for writing "Maud." His dying hours were watched by courtly witnesses, while from Burns' deathbed was penned this letter:

"My Dear Cousin—A haberdasher to whom I owe considerable of a bill, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a suit against me, and will infallibly put my emaciated body in jail. Will you be so kind as to accommodate me and that by return post with ten pounds?"

What a mighty contrast does the death chambers of these two great poets afford. Just before Tennyson expired he called for his Shakespeare and, opening it up at "Cymbeline," placed his dying finger on a favorite passage and then fell asleep, and while the pale light of the moon crept through the window an angel from the unseen world kissed his forehead with the lips of celestial benediction.

Tennyson died pointing to one tragedy; Burns died enacting another. On the 21st of July, 1796, Robert Burns gave back to the Great Giver all that he had received. As he lay stretched in death, with those once lustrous, lamping eyes closed, there was nothing in his life to be seen except its nobleness. No longer farmer; no longer victim of misrepresentations and abuse, he lay there, the great poet of his country; he passed from the judgment of his fellow citizens and made his appeal to Time.

IRELAND.

When a nation is composed of different states, ruled by a central government, each state should enjoy the greatest benefit from the wisest legislation.

England and Ireland are both parts of one empire. Each represented in the same parliament, ruled by the same sovereign. England is the wealthiest, and Ireland the poorest country in the empire. The population and wealth of the one steadily increases, while that of the other as certainly decreases. People who love their country prefer to live in it. This is true of the English. There are four times as many Irish outside of Ireland as are in it. England rings with multiplied industries, while Ireland's watercourses run unfettered to the sea; her harbors uncheered by a sail save that of a ship sent to carry the products of her soil to England, or by a charity ship sent by the United States to keep her people from starvation in times of famine.

In England one out of four vote for members of parliament; in Ireland, one out of twenty-four. In England taxation is light; in Ireland, oppressive and burdensome.

In England liberty and education are promoted; in Ireland, religious intolerance is winked at by government officials, and charters for educational institutions refused and withheld. All the dependencies geographically separated from England are allowed to make their domestic laws. In Ireland the parliament has been taken away and Dublin castle filled with the enemies of Ireland, who rule the people. In the last eighty years England has passed fifty-nine coercion bills, designed to reduce to utter subjection the souls and bodies of the Irish peasantry.

Is it a wonder that under the present system of English rule there should be the most serious discontent? Ireland is not quite one-third as large as Colorado, and has a population of 5,000,000 of souls. This population is supported by agriculture, for manu-

facturing is practically prohibited; the products of the soil shipped abroad, and the returns placed in the pockets of English landlords. Out of the 20,000,000 of acres of land, 6,000,000 are waste, and 5,000,000 of people are forced to take out of the 14,-000,000 of acres remaining money to pay their taxes, maintain their families, clothe and educate their children. Is there or can there be any wonder, in view of this state of facts, that the happiest relations do not exist between these two countries? Mirabeau once said that there never was a popular clamor without a solid grievance existed; deprive men of the right to make their own domestic laws, laws governing the rights of life and property; deprive them of the ownership of the land or the right to acquire it; withhold from them the facilities of obtaining a reasonable and fair education; destroy their commerce with other peoples and nations; reduce their rights of suffrage to the lowest limit; send people to govern them, and who regard them simply as so much spoil on which to fatten the greed of political adventurers; bring among them a horde of spies and informers; entrust the administration of justice to alien hands; make it impossible for them to erect manufactories on their swelling rivers and watercourses; force on them a church in whose tenets they do not believe; murder their patriots if they are men of ability, and if you can not murder them, imprison them; do all these things and more, and you will reproduce a picture of Ireland as she has existed under English rule for 700 years, and as she exists to-day.

What England has done for Ireland she intended to do with the thirteen colonies. So great a man as Lord Chatham declared that if he had the power he would not permit our fathers to manufacture a hob nail; he would suffocate every aspiration looking to the development of industrial pursuits outside of the one field of agriculture; and parliament, swift to promote the interests of English manufacturers, passed a series of bills declaring, among other things, that it should be unlawful to manufacture any cloth or to make a hat, although the fur might have been taken on your own estate. Parliament passed laws declaring it unlawful to erect any mill or engine for the splitting or rolling of iron. It prohibited the importation of woolen machinery, cotton

machinery, iron and steel-making machinery, and workmen in those departments of trade; she prohibited the export of colliers, lest other coal fields than her own might be developed. Her policy then, as now, was one of absolute self-aggrandizement; her tremendous self-seeking; her disregard of the commonest principles of equality; the trampling under foot of the rights of labor were designed then, as now, to feed and gorge an unappeasable greed of gain and satisfy a constantly swelling appetite for power. Well did Adam Smith declare that "to prohibit a great people, however, from making all they can of every part of their own production, from employing their stock and industry in a way that they judge most advantageous to themselves, is a manifest violation of the most sacred rights of mankind." Of course this extraordinary legislation failed of its purpose and led to that revolution, the triumph of which enables the people of America to-day to send a God's blessing to struggling Ireland across the sea; a God's blessing that has the ring of money in its hands and a robustious, enlivened sympathy and courage in its heart. The Continental congress met England on her chosen ground. It resolved that no English goods should be imported to this country from that empire; that our merchants should buy nothing from that nation that they could buy elsewhere. In other words, America boycotted Great Britain.

Ireland is beginning to profit by this example. But before passing on to the subject which I principally design to discuss, let us pause for a moment and take a hurrying view of a century or two of Irish history. There was a time when Ireland was exceptionally prosperous; when her educational institutions and teachers were renowned throughout Europe; when a fertile soil, intelligently cultivated by resident owners, yielded abundant harvests; when manufacturing industries were cultivated and encouraged; when an honorable and thrifty commerce enriched and filled her coffers; when her people were governed by her own laws, enacted by her own parliament; when her exchanges with other nations consisted in the exportation of cattle, living and cured; the exportation of hides; of wool, manufactured and raw; of glass, tallow, and many of her articles, needless to mention,

whose aggregate returns contributed largely to the wealth of that country. But into the bosom of this prosperity crawled the devil of English greed and rapacity. No man to-day can trace title to land in Ireland back to its origin without finding it born in robbery and confiscation; creed and greed joined hands together, the hell of commercial avarice buckled its shield to the truncheon of the church cherubim, and both went forward to persecute and plunder, to rob and murder. The doctrine on which English manufacturers and priests stood was, that nothing should be produced in Ireland that could be sent from England. Nothing should be sent by Ireland into England that could be produced in England, nor should Ireland be suffered to sell anything in a foreign market which England could sell there. Ireland should buy nothing except from England. Commercial laws constituted one blade of the governmental scissors, while bigotry and bloodthirstiness, enthroned in the established church, constituted the other. "Worship at my altar," shouted the Episcopalian and Puritan, "or we will steal your land." No man can read the account of Cromwell's invasion of Ireland; his ruthless murders of women clinging to the altar and pleading in vain for mercy; of little children bayoneted as a matter of soldiery amusement, without exclaiming, "Oh, Lord, how could you suffer such a fiend and monster to exist?" I judge him by his own letters, by his reports to parliament; by his gross violation of pledges made to those whose surrender he accepted on the promise that their lives should be spared, and then his ruthless slaughter of them.

Do not think I am exaggerating the situation. Let me read you a passage from England's famous Protestant historian. I refer to Mr. Lecky. He is speaking of the penal laws enacted by the English Protestants against the Irish Catholics:

"It required, indeed," says Lecky, "four or five reigns to elaborate a system so ingeniously contrived to demoralize, to degrade, and impoverish the people of Ireland. By this code the Roman Catholics were excluded from parliament, from the magistracy, from the corporations, from the bench and from the bar. They could not vote at parliamentary elections or at vestries. They could not act as constables, or sheriffs, or jurymen, or serve in the

army or navies, or become solicitors, or even hold the position of gamekeepers or watchmen. Schools were established to bring up their children as Protestants, and if they refused to avail themselves of these, they were deliberately consigned to helpless ignorance, being excluded from the university and debarred, under crushing penalties, from acting as schoolmasters or as private tutors, or from sending their children abroad to obtain instruction they were refused at home. They could not marry Protestants, and if such a marriage was celebrated, the priest who officiated might be hung. They could not buy land nor inherit it, nor receive it as a gift from Protestants, nor hold life annuities or leases for more than thirty-one years. If any Catholic had secretly purchased either his old forfeited estate or any other land, any Protestant who informed against him might become the proprietor; nor could they bequeath as they pleased any land that they owned."

It is almost impossible to believe that a nation as enlightened as England could have stoutly maintained for so long a time such an utterly atrocious system of laws as Mr. Lecky has described, but nothing is impossible to a nation that has deliberately created greed into a god and used religion as a matter to shelter and further its rapacity.

The Presbyterians fared but little better than the Catholics; they, too, were excluded from parliament. I have stated above how the persistent zeal of the English manufacturers has suppressed all Irish manufactories save those for the manufacture of linen. What she did on the land she did also on the sea. Ireland at one time had a large and remunerative commerce; her sails floated on every sea, and of her thirty-four counties nineteen were maritime, and the others were blessed with swelling rivers, capable of floating an immense commerce.

But England, ever swift to treat this unhappy island, not as an integral part of a great empire, but rather as a conquered province, prohibited her commerce, drove her ships into commission to rot and force her people to rely on agriculture alone for livelihood and prosperity. The wealth and activity of a nation does not depend so much on the unity, but on the diversity of its

industries. It is unsafe for any people to rely on agricultural pursuits alone. They are subjected always to the inexorable laws of nature. Crops may be destroyed by drought or storms, the wheat may rust and the potatoes rot, and man can not prevent neither the one nor the other. If the crop fails there is nothing to export, nothing to sell; money becomes scarce, idle hands everywhere multiplied, appalling misery everywhere sets in, and famine pits are opened up to swallow the young and the old. Had Ireland had the benefits of a system of legislation compassing the growth and development of her manufacturing industries, the world would not have been shocked by the constant recurrence of those appalling famines whose attending distresses almost overpower the imagination. She would have had something to sell to other nations. Money resulting from the sales of her exports would have poured into her channels of trade. Idle hands would have found labor, empty mouths would have found bread, courage would have supplanted timidity, and to-day we would be reading a different history from the one that confronts us. But England had a fixed policy and she determined relentlessly to pursue it. She knew that nations, like individuals, are more easily dealt with when poor than when rich. Poverty makes nations as it does individuals—submissive, or at least measurably tractable. Even when the Presbyterians in the north of Ireland had erected manufacturing establishments and commenced to place their goods upon the market, British greed compelled parliament to enact laws for their extirpation; but no source of Irish activity seems to have been left uncontaminated and unfettered.

Prior to the invasion Ireland was a very great seat of learning. Music, poetry, philosophy and art were the gems that decorated her brow. From the most parts of Europe came scholars seeking enlightenment. In art Ireland vied with Byzantium; in philosophy, with the most learned of all nations. Her missionary priests carried knowledge into every country; they invaded the court of Charlemagne; they quickened knowledge among the Teutonic races, among the Franks and Burgundians, then masters of Gaul; they spread it among the dwellings on the Rhine and Danube and up to the boundaries of Italy. In the language of an im-

partial author, "From Ireland, as from a fountain head, contemporaneous nations drew those streams of learning which afterwards so copiously overspread Western Europe." While the Gothic tempest was overriding the civilization of Rome and uprooting her paganism, Ireland became the refuge and shelter of science. But a change overtook her, for 200 years after the invasion of Henry II. the nation was given up to marching and battle, in the hopes of saving its liberties.

Schools were destroyed, the lamps of knowledge snuffed out in ignorance. The ally and pliant tool of confiscation and robbery were enthroned. Teaching was made unlawful, but the love of learning could not be wholly extinguished. Schools were held in caves, in mountain glens, behind hedges, where forbidden knowledge was imparted by an outlaw master to illegal pupils, with a youthful sentry posted on some neighboring hill to give warning of approach of the officers of the law. Thus did England educate Ireland. Until within the past fifty-six years Ireland has had no free schools. In 1832 four-fifths of her population could neither read nor write. No history of Ireland was permitted to be studied in her schools. There is but one Catholic university in Ireland to-day, but that is not permitted to confer any degrees. Is it any wonder that the Ireland of to-day is so far behind the Ireland of the eighth century? It is true that these laws were ostensibly leveled at the Catholics, but it must be remembered that the Catholics constituted nine-tenths of the entire population. I confess that I have but little use for any religion buttressed in persecution.

I don't believe in firing men into heaven by using a creed like a telescopic lens, by which bigots and fools look up into the fancied joys of heaven or down in the vanishing horrors of hell. I don't believe in any theology constructed on the theory of the French dinner, made up of many ingredients, passing through many hands and set before you with the injunction, "Eat this or go to hell." Between swallowing a make-up of that kind and hell, I prefer the latter.

There is one fact, however, that can not be overlooked, namely, that whether the English monarch was Catholic or Protestant

(and by Protestant I mean members of the established church, for Presbyterians and Puritans did not fall under the definition of Protestants at that time), there was no lagging in persecuting the Catholics in Ireland, and a perusal of Hallam's "Constitutional History," and especially that portion covering the reigns of the Tudor and Stuart, abounds in flagrant instances of outrage and persecution even in England itself, and I am almost compelled to believe from the study I have given this subject that it was not so much a religious as a political motive that inspired them; not so much promoted by reverence for the service of God as from a desire to steal land and, through the robberies, to enrich court favorites, for in the punishment of crime, pretended or real, confiscation of property was generally a part of the sentence. But better times were to happen to Ireland. The outbreak of our revolution compelled England to transfer the bulk of the troops quartered in Ireland to America. Ireland being thus practically freed from the presence of British troops, a large voluntary army was called into being. No sooner was this army organized than it demanded a redress of Irish grievances. It insisted on the abolishing of all restrictions on Irish trade; the restoration of the independence of the Irish parliament, which had been taken away by the act of 1495, forbidding the Irish parliament to assemble for any purpose except to pass the measure proposed by the English crown; and it demanded an enlargement of the constitutional privileges of the country, to include all kinds of people.

The army drew up in front of the parliament building at College Green with loaded cannons, whose mouths were placarded with these suggestive words: "Free trade or this." It did not mean the free trade as we understand it to-day, but freedom from the restrictions imposed by England on the domestic and foreign commerce of Ireland. The army further demanded that the Irish parliament sitting at College Green should make all the laws for the government of Ireland. These demands were granted, and from 1782 to 1801 Ireland had her own parliament and made her own laws, which, it must be admitted, were wise and judicious in the main. This parliament, although independent, was not a true representation of the Irish nation, for no one but a member

of the church of England was permitted to sit in it, although eight-tenths were Catholics and one-tenth Puritans.

And here let me pause for a moment to answer the question, "Why does America sympathize so intently with Ireland?" I will answer, first, because four-fifths of the population of Ireland sympathized with our fathers in their heroic struggles, through which our own liberties were achieved; because Ireland expressed sympathy in public meetings; because she encouraged her sons to swell the volume of our revolutionary army; because she looked on America, in the language of Grattan, as being the last refuge of the liberties of mankind; because when our army was sore distressed, and threatened with starvation at Valley Forge, her sons furnished the means of subsistence, and well did our fathers appreciate this sympathy and this service. The Continental congress sent an address to the people of Ireland, in which it declared: "You have been friendly to the rights of mankind, and we acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude that the Irish nation has produced patriots who have highly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity, and America, on the other hand, is not unmindful that the labors and manufactories of Ireland, like those of the silk worm, were of little moment to herself, but served only to give luxury to those who neither toil nor spin. We sympathized with you in your distress and are pained to find that the design of subjugating us persuaded the administration to dispense to Ireland some vagrant rays of ministerial sunshine. The tender mercies of the government have long been cruel toward you. We hope the patient abiding of the meek may not always be forgotten, and God grant that the iniquitous system of extirpating liberty may soon be defeated."

This was the cheering message America sent to Ireland 100 years ago, and she repeats his message through the 50,000,000 of her people to-day; and now having taken a cursory view of a few centuries of Irish history and English misrule, let us inquire, what does Ireland demand?

First, a complete revision of her land system to the end that the land may be bought and sold. Some law whereby the landlord may be restricted from the capricious raising of the rents,

and that the cultivators of the soil may also be the owners of it. This I take to be the land question as stated by the present Irish leaders. People are apt to think that the relations of landlord and tenants in Ireland are about the same as in this country, but such is not the fact. Here a lease binds both parties; in Ireland the landlords will give no leases. In this country the rent can not be increased during the time of the lease; in Ireland the rent can be raised at the caprice and will of the landlord. Here the lease holds good so long as the tenant complies with its terms; there it can be determined by the landlord at his own sweet pleasure, as is evidenced by the evictions, of whose horrors we read almost daily. How long would such a land system as exists in Ireland be tolerated in America? Not longer than the legislative axe could sever its roots.

In the earlier part of my remarks I stated that the legislation of England has driven Ireland into the field of an almost exclusive agricultural industry. I could not, if I would, state the situation better than I find it stated by the Earl of Dunraven, with whose property interests and vast estate in Colorado you are all familiar. He says: "Practically speaking, there are no other industries in Ireland outside of agriculture to which the people can turn their attention. Such was not always the case; Ireland at one time showed plenty of disposition to originate and develop manufactures. England crushed every effort for her own selfish interests."

Innumerable citations might be made from the speeches and lectures of English statesmen and Irish bishops, from priests and laymen, from historians and economists, showing the narrow channel in which the opportunity of gaining a livelihood by labor is confined. I will content myself with two quotations, one from the *Freeman's Journal*, the other from Victor Hugo.

The *Journal* says: "Out of a population of 5,300,000 people, 4,300,000 are reckoned as the agricultural population of Ireland. These millions are, in a vast number of cases, completely dependent upon the land for support, and it may be said, prior to that, if there is any country in the world, in which it is desirable to

have a large and widely distributed body of yeoman proprietors, that country is Ireland. Such proprietors, wherever they exist, are always found to be conservative in the best sense of the word; deeply interested in public peace and order, self-denying and saving, prosperous and contented, but how can there be sufficient number of such owners in Ireland when twelve men hold in the aggregate 1,297,888 acres, and it is possible for a hundred individuals to represent half of the land; nor is it only that so large a portion of the soil is in the hands of a few. A large proportion of the great land-owners of Ireland are absentees, spending nothing among tenants and neighbors; taking everything out and putting nothing in. The total value of the rent of Ireland as given in the returns called for by Mr. Bright, is £10,180,000; of this sum not less than £3,000,000 is paid annually out of Ireland to proprietors who never reside there. The above is a pretty strong showing of the condition of affairs as they exist to-day."

Is there not substantial reason for existing public clamor?

The enduring prosperity of a nation depends in a very large degree in rooting the people in the soil of their native land, but in Ireland, rack rents, exportation of money to feed the voracious appetites of extortionate and absent landlords, lacking of employments and other causes have driven millions of Irish from their native land and forced them to seek homes in other countries.

In America to-day there are over 7,000,000 of Irish and their descendants; a population a third larger than the entire population of Ireland at this time. There is unquestionably something wrong in a system that engenders and perpetuates such results, and unless the system is changed by constitutional methods, and that speedily, it will find its dissolution in violence, and should a war occur, promoted and occasioned by the unyielding and swelling greed of oppressive landlords whose title to God's heritage originated in confiscation and has been kept moistened with the tears and heart blood of the impoverished, degraded and oppressed tenantry, it will not be difficult to predict its result, for in that conflict, the Irish, struggling for simple justice and human

rights, will enjoy the respect of Almighy God and the sympathies of Christian people the world over.

Victor Hugo, that wonderful man whose heart was always attuned to the wail of human sorrow and whose hand was ever uplifted against oppression and wrong, speaking on this question, says: "The custom which is prevalent over in Ireland, I understand to be that by which eight or nine hundred persons own the entire soil. That system means this: There are in Ireland eight or nine hundred lords and something over 5,000,000 slaves. A miserable small fraction tyrannizes the rest; that is, the vast majority are automatons that move at the beck of the fraction. That land system is, I have no hesitancy in affirming, a glaringly unjust and absurd one; it is unjust, inasmuch as it pampers and enriches the minority of the people at the expense of the majority, and is consequently an outrage upon justice. It is absurd, for it contains an anomaly and must have the effect of impoverishing the country. I say that a people that live under such a system are willingly, and with eyes open, advancing on the high road to political, if not personal, suicide. You know we broke partnership with that land system at the end of our great revolution; before that revolution the French were accursed with the same system that at present afflicts you Irish. We all know what the French revolution was; we have all read of its horrors; of its complete social and political upheavals; we know that it was occasioned largely by such a condition of affairs as is found in Ireland to-day; it ended in overthrowing the government; executing the king and queen; banishing the nobles and abolishing the land system and carving the large and overthrowing estates into small tracts which were sold to the peasants for a small price. And we know what France is to-day; it is a great and prosperous nation; a thrifty and busy people; its coffers overflowing with gold and silver; a land studded all over with thousands of factories; a people blessed with peace and contentment. Providence now offers England an opportunity to right the prevalent wrongs through the agencies of legislation. Will she, in an orderly way, open up the fountains of prosperity that have been so long covered up with the rub-

bish of tyranny and oppression? God punishes wasted opportunities as he does great crimes, with destruction. Will she wait until the leaven that is now working within her borders uproots thrones and lords; will she baptize herself into the communion of despots and forever struggle against the advancement of the people's welfare, or will she recognize what already is apparent to everyone else, that the reign of the people has begun and the slogan of progress is ringing out the resistless."

Cries of anti-land grab, anti-monopoly, anti-special privileges of every sort. No nation can indulge for centuries in oppressing the poor, in abusing their liberties, in making them slaves, and escape the frightful reckoning of God.

We tried it in this country when the sweat and blood of slaves were drawn on to pamper the slave-makers or slaveholders of the South, and the frightful cost we paid is known to us all. What we could not do peacefully, that God compelled us to do through war; our fathers here furnished Ireland a precedent and England a lesson. Nature has decreed that tyranny of any kind can not endure; the very forces of nature battle against it, and humanity ever with an aspiring heart rushes onward to the preordained time when everybody will be as free and happy as anybody, and when the law of a beneficent Father shall be the accepted law of all His children.

Accompanying this demand for a revision of the land laws, is another, whose justice is so clear that enlightened men everywhere are confounded by the obstinacy which leads to its denial. I refer to the demand for home rule; I regard it as an axiom of political economy; that men can make laws for their own government better than other people can make laws for them, even if the other people may be a little wiser; for centuries Ireland enjoyed a parliament; it was not as representative as our legislatures for nine-tenths of the people were excluded from the suffrage, and ninety-five men elected half its members, and with the exception of a very few years this parliament was dominated by class rule, and so far as it affected the public good or advanced the domestic interest of the people it existed more in name than in fact; the back-stair influence and

the dictation of the crown were at all times potently felt; from 1782 until 1800 it played a somewhat conspicuous part in the history. At this latter period, owing to the fact that manufacturing interests were giving promise of rapid growth under the inspiration of home legislation, a plan was set on foot by Pitt, then prime minister, to overthrow and destroy this parliament, which was effected by the most shameless corruption the world has ever known. Men were led into a betrayal of their country's liberties by money openly paid to members in the parliamentary halls, by creation of peerages and by appointments to high and lucrative positions. Grattan declared "That the entire unbribed intellect of Ireland was opposed to this movement." In a nation that had not been enslaved for centuries by oppressions of every sort, such a wreck of natural fortunes never could have occurred, and if occurring, never would have been tolerated; the traitors who bartered in their country's woes would have been dealt with summarily and expiated on the gallows the crime so shamelessly committed in the temple of liberty.

From the consummation of this outrage up to this time, Ireland has been without any legislature. True she sends to parliament sitting in London about one-fifth of the members of that body, but this is such a woeful minority that until recently it could only make itself felt through the power of agitation and obstruction. Ireland simply demands what Canada, Australia and other provinces enjoy—the right to make her own domestic laws. With us the proposition is so plain and simple that we find it difficult to discuss it. The United States to-day presents the spectacle of congress being in session making national laws while the legislatures of the various states are engaged in enacting measures to promote the interests of their citizens. We witness no jar in the universe growing out of this coincident exercise of power by the state and the nation at the same time. To our national government we confide the management of our foreign affairs, the regulation of our commerce, the control of our army and navy, and such other matters as are purely national, while to the states we give all power needful to administer peace and prosperity. It is difficult, indeed,

sometimes, to tell where the power of one begins and that of the other leaves off, so intensely and harmoniously do they mingle together. Were it not for a few officers located in our midst, such as the federal court, the revenue, the postoffice, we would hardly be able to recognize the presence of the national authority so gentle is the touch of its fingers in time of peace. It is only in times of foreign war or internal commotion too strong to be suppressed by state authority that we invoke the power of the national government, and yet the loyalty of our people to it is unbounded and ever fresh and vigorous, but the presence of the state is always with us; to it we look for the enactment of our laws that protect life and property.

It is otherwise in Ireland. Her hopes and her fears all focus in Westminister hall; between the points where her grievances exist and the point where a remedy is to be sought is a space filled with vexatious delays, and too often with the sorest disappointments. Scotland is governed by Scotchmen friendly to their country, although appointed by the authority of the empire; while Ireland is governed by Englishmen generally hostile and almost uniformly unsympathetic. Growth and development under such circumstances would seem impossible. When Ireland was afflicted with the direst of famines and her children dying by the tens of thousands in the pangs of hunger, England was shipping out of Ireland food enough to feed 8,000,000 of people; when Beaconsfield declared that there were worse evils than famine he undoubtedly meant that the worst evil was the increase of the Irish population; he could have meant none other. God has blessed Ireland with a fertile soil, with great water powers anxious to be harnessed and to work for the comfort of man, as the water courses in our land work for us; waters awaiting the hour when they can baptize the whirling spindle and the moving loom with power; her soil gives pledges to God, if properly used by man, to furnish food, not for 5,000,000 but for 20,000,000 of people.

I have purposely omitted any allusions to the evictions daily taking place. I have no heart for the business; it is like reading the account of a stranded ship or a wrecked train. I do not want

to look at peasants, with their wives and little ones, in unspeakable anguish trooping along the highway because unable to pay rack-rents to landlords who have never placed their feet on the ground from which these unfortunates are driven at their commands; ground out of which, with sweat and blood, the peasant has in vain attempted to force out the means to meet these exactions. You may call me a communist or what you please, for I believe, with St. Paul, that the husbandman who tills the soil is entitled to the first fruit of his labor, and until the first fruit is paid to him who cultivates it, the landlord shall wait and the power of eviction shall stand paralyzed. Ireland is the only country on God's footstool where the improvement of the farm works injury to the tenant. If he improves it his improvements were—at least until recently—confiscated, his rent raised, and in many instances he was driven to find shelter elsewhere. Fervent an Englishman as is Froude, and bitterly as he hates Ireland, he is constrained to say "that land is not and can not be property in the sense which movable things are property; every human being born into this planet must live upon the land if he lives at all; the land in any country is really the property of the nation which occupies it." It is not so in Ireland, and unless the syndicates and corporations are restrained from monopolizing the land and water of this state, it will not be so here.

It may be said that in the remarks I have made I have dealt unjustly and ungenerously with the English nation. Such certainly has not been my intention or purpose. I have simply recited the plain, uncontradicted facts as they stand recorded on pages written by English historians; these recorded facts are as open to your inspection as they have been open to mine; but she can not prevent us from reading it. Gladstone spoke but the truth when he declared in the commons house the other day, that England's conduct toward Ireland has alienated from her the sympathy of the civilized world. The same power that put Ireland down has dethroned Gladstone, but only for a short time; Phœnix-like, he will rise again, renew his youth, and, stimulated by the quickening consciousness of humanity, he will make Ireland

what the poet declares she yet will be: "Great, glorious and free; the first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea."

It can not be disguised that a feeling of unrest and disquiet everywhere exists. We hear its throbbing pulse in forge and factory, on the streets and in the cars, in the pulpit and in the press. Humanity has instituted a solemn inquisition into its own conscience and is asking, Is there no remedy for existing inequalities, no cure for corroding abuses? Political parties, being instrumentalities through which nations are governed, are marching and countermarching to find a sólid basis on which and from which the battles of the future may be successfully fought. Oh, the good time is coming: the light of benevolence, of truth and of justice is already kissing the hilltops of day; the banner of hope and faith is already planted around the heavenly camp-fires. The valleys are crying out to the mountains, and the mountains to the islands of the sea. The hitherto immovable countries of the East are quickened by the tide of progress. If Japan can arouse herself from her lethargy, also can Ireland. If China can relax her hold on ancient gods, Ireland can give up with joy her modern lords. The world will be vastly better when each nation fully respects the rights of others. Taxes will practically vanish out of sight, for standing armies and truncheoned constabularies will disappear, and God's kingdom on earth will become what it is in heaven.

THE SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL.

The union of an immortal spirit with a decaying physical body was a measure that could only have been conceived of by an omniscient and omnipotent Being. This compound, comprehended, developed on two lines. Spirit, operating on and through matter, was to be the agent by which all material development should be effected, and matter, waiting on spirit, was to be the agent whereby the latter was to unfold the innate qualities which it contained. For example, the nakedness and coldness of the body and the vicissitudes of the seasons quickened in the mind the necessity for cover and shelter, and led to the application and use of fire, the advantages of commerce and the art of manufacturing. As the physical wants unfolded under varying circumstances and new conditions, the mental machinery contrived means of satisfying them, the want and how to fill it, the desire and how to feed it, were the two things that turned on the same pivot. The refinement of the mind led to the adornment of the body; the strength of the body to the ambitions of the mind. It is immaterial whether the adornments consist in feathers worn by the savage or plumes worn by the knight; whether these ambitions reach simply the government of a village or extend to that of an empire. The difference is one of degree and not of kind; the origin is the same. The strength of the want or desires is made the measure of the product or display.

The true power of matter and mind depend on each other, and the world realized this when it formulated the statement, "A sound mind in a sound body." The proper use of the material is also the proper use of the spiritual, and the prohibition of the one is the degradation of the other. If man is to reach perfection in a spiritual way on this earth, he must in a corresponding way attain the highest form of physical development and culture, as one is dependent on the other. A dirty habitation and a refined

mind are as inconsistent as a healthy condition and a polluted government.

In the every-day affairs of life we see the wondrous co-relation of these two spiritual and material forces.

If we speak of the slums, we think of depravity; and if we speak of depravity, a picture of the slums appears before us. A sick body and a delirious mind are not infrequently companion pictures. A dyspeptic stomach and a sour temper, a torpid liver and a sluggish intellect, seem wedded together. It is impossible to form in the mind an image of a purely spiritual being—one entirely disassociated from matter. Virgil, Dante and Milton, who gave us such thrilling descriptions of a spiritual world, paint the inhabitants pretty much as they existed here, and have them speak the language they used on earth. There are some things which we can neither measure nor weigh, and yet they exist; for instance, our thoughts or our affections.

The philosopher, Kant, fills space with the subject of beings, who constantly operate on us and largely direct our actions, and yet we can not think of them except as personalities. How our minds act on the body we know not, but that they do is evidenced by every movement.

The great apostle tells us that our bodies are the temples of the living God. If so, they are entitled to the highest consideration and the noblest use. They are certainly entitled to as much breeding and care as the horse on the turf, the dog in the field, or the bird in the air. They should not only be sheltered from disease, but they should not be permitted to impart it to, or perpetuate it through others.

What would be thought of a proposition to specially empower an officer to issue license to supply inmates for madhouses or victims for prisons? And yet the doing of these things attract no attention. What does the education of the mind avail (except for mischief) while the widest indulgence is given to impure blood to course through impure veins? Does not humanity stand in as great a need of a physical as of a spiritual Savior? Is it not as important for men to live right as to do right, to be healthy as to

be pious? What is right here can not be wrong anywhere. The comfort of the body and the mind depend very largely on the powers of assimilation; the one of food, and the other of knowledge. An overgorged mind, like an overgorged stomach, will produce distress and uselessness. Every morning we are confronted with a score of theories on a score of subjects, and the mental organs are expected to digest and assimilate them before night. Is it to be wondered at that a confusion of ideas prevails and that the judgment is dazed? What mind is large enough to take in at a glance the contents of the forthcoming World's fair, and yet in miniature we have something like it in the morning daily: Bankruptcies; the Argentine republic; atrocities in Chili and Hayti; persecutions in Russia; intrigues in Germany; floods in China; gaming scandals in England; party movements in America, and a thousand other things on which we are expected to have a matured opinion before nightfall, and in default thereof to be accounted a stupid. Is there no danger of mental dyspepsia setting in from such a daily feast as this?

The above are specimens of what the world is willing should be known. There is a large catalogue of unpalatable topics concerning which a conspiracy of silence is judiciously maintained. But connected with all these things there is something we must not overlook nor undervalue: the growing unity of the world. No event happens anywhere that has not an influence everywhere. The shrinking of values in a South American state sends a monetary quiver all over the civilized world. A bushel of wheat raised in India is felt in the market in Chicago. It has been well said that every event which actually transpires has its appropriate relation and plan in the vast complication of circumstances of which the affairs of men consist; it owes its origin to those that preceded it; it is intimately connected with all others which occur at the same time and place, and often reaches those in remote regions; and in its turn it gives birth to a thousand others which succeed. Hence it is that to keep abreast of the times, we must know what is taking place elsewhere; and so marvelously has the mind enlarged and material agencies been multiplied and utilized, that distance seems to have been annihilated and the nations converted

into one family. By and by we will be able to adapt ourselves to these flood tides of intelligence which are pouring in upon us from all quarters, turning out the trash and appropriating and assimilating the good. Never before in all history have nations sustained to each other the relations visible now. Never before have they discussed the internal affairs of each other with the freedom now exercised.

Humanity in its onward march is brushing aside barriers and obliterating frontiers.

Mankind is growing out of the past and into the future. It will camp no more at the side of the graveyards, nor suffer the dead any longer to administer the estates of the living. He who would win its love or capture its intelligence must come with a creed broader than in sects; a creed which the universal conscience will freely recognize as divine.

One of the loudest complaints heard to-day in certain quarters is against what is called the materializing tendencies of the age. We are told that we are devoting too much time to this world and too little to the next. What is specially wrong about that? It is the home one has that he needs to improve, not the one he expects to get.

I believe in a religion that contemplates, among other things, the securing of a well-rounded terrestrial life. I believe in obtaining, in an honest way, all that there is of good, or of beauty, or of enjoyment here, so that I may know them when I shall meet them hereafter.

The Greeks, from whom we have derived very much that is worth having, conceived their God as an immortal man, complete in strength and beauty. They could only represent him as a perfect man. They looked upon a human body as a divine thing, and forbade the marring of its beauty by mutilation or torture. They developed the body by dances, public games, foot-races, wrestling matches, and by every contrivance whereby its beauty could be augmented, its activity increased and its strength developed. They thought the body as good as the mind, and the legs as important as the head. They tried to refine and mature the whole man, and when they found a complete man they chiseled his

image into ivory or marble, or moulded it in bronze, and transmitted it to us for our inspection. They believed every pleasure was legitimate that did not impair the body or mind. With them the material was as precious as the mental.

Herodotus read his history as a prelude to the chariot races and their great poets tested the temper of their tragedies by reciting them at the games. Of course, that nation perished and so have others, but unlike other nations, it left behind it lessons of wisdom that the world can not afford to forget; pictures of beauty it will never suffer to grow dim; and the names of great men whose superiors have not yet appeared. That nation perished from other causes than love of material comforts; it had no homes.

Some years ago our fathers concluded that they could secure a considerable amount of comfort to both body and mind by congregating in towns and enlarging them into cities. The growing commerce of the seas; the prodigal abundance of the mines; the outpouring wealth of large manufacturing establishments stimulated their desires and aided their efforts. Their ambition and zeal found expression in palatial residences; in great mercantile establishments whose contents were object lessons to every one that looked into them; if wealth brought luxury, it also brought refinement in taste. Then great cities became great schools for men and women of varied capacities. The character of the edifices gave an ample field for the unfolding of the powers of the architect. The preacher, the lawyer, the editor, the physician, the artist, the tradesman, the financier, the politician, in fact, every type of intellect found a platform where could be displayed their wares. And whatever found of value and of worth contributed not only to the comfort and advancement of the immediate inhabitants but to the world lying beyond. If the growth of the cities has been phenomenal, so also has that of the country. The growth of the former made that of the latter a matter of prime necessity. The mouths to be fed stimulated production and production spurred the methods of transportation and enlarged the channels of commerce. If homes multiplied at one point, farms increased at another and roads

were built to connect the two. Whatever improvements were inaugurated in the city were at least partially if not wholly adopted in the country, and whatever was produced in the country of exceptional merit, whether in man or beast, in mind or form of beauty, was drawn to the city as though a powerful mogul were located there.

But the growth of the cities was not more manifest in the evidences of material wealth than in the increasing agencies by which general intelligence was diffused. Opulent congregations soon mustered into their service men of conspicuous abilities, professional guilds were formed where the sciences and arts were cultivated, and a Briorian armed press reached out into every quarter to gather the news touching every phase of life, and in turn making it the common property of readers near and far. If these cities absorbed, they also diffused; if they gathered, they also scattered abroad; they enlarged a narrow civilization into a broad and progressive one; they wove the threads by which people on both sides of the great oceans were knitted together and opened fields for mental excursions never before so largely enjoyed. If these cities have done nothing more for the human mind than break down that intense and one-sided morality which puritanism had remorselessly used to destroy the artistic tastes and propensities of the people, they would have made humanity their debtor. They opened up the drama and with it the fountains of emotional aspirations which this same puritanism had kept so long congealed.

The Greek looked upon his house as the den in which he slept. It was furnished in the scantiest manner; he lived out of doors and found his pleasures there; whatever beauty of painting or statuary existed was found in the public gardens or on the streets; a place regarded merely as a shelter for the night required no ornamentation and received none; if he observed a thousand things of beauty he had no private gallery for their display. With our civilization it is different. If passing on the thoroughfare one sees in the show windows objects that interest or captivate, the thought of home and its embellishment fills the mind; then comes the struggle to transplant it there,

and little by little this material home of ours becomes the source and well spring in the soul of a thousand thoughts as ethereal as the sky and as outreaching as the stars.

It is the vast, bulky, mountainous things that fill us with awe, but it is the witching charms that find expression in the delicate movables that kindle love and quicken emotion, and start the soul on its projecting tours.

Where on this habitable globe are found such overpowering illustrations of the coöperating forces of mind and matter as in the city? From the enormous growth of the cities are springing problems which will call into play the highest of novelties of the mind and the largest skill of the hands. During the past decade 76,000,000 of mouths have been added to those already in existence in the old world, and mouths, too, that must be fed from quarters where the cultivable area gives no promise of enlargement. It seems strange that at the opening of this second century of our national life, we should be informed that the limit of land available for wheat growing has already been reached, but it must be remembered that the growth and spread of our population has been marvelous. A little over 100 years ago our population was spread over a narrow tract along the Atlantic shore; the inhabited area then embraced but a quarter of a million square miles, while now it covers more than a million and three-quarters square miles, more or less densely covered by population. For each ten years of our natural growth we have added to our inhabited territory an area as large as Great Britain and Ireland combined. To the land previously occupied and cultivated we have added each year a territory larger than Holland. Is it any wonder then that we are pressing hard against the present supply, and that a wild hunger for land is being everywhere manifested? Recall the opening of Oklahoma, the crowding into Indian Territory, the besieging of the land office in mid-winter at Ashland, Wis., when the government was forced to intervene and rescue its office from the possession of a mob made up of men and women eager to register their names as bidders for land. It is true that prices of products for a few years have ranged low, but

this condition of affairs can be easily accounted for by the exceptional circumstances which have occurred. With a fixed amount of cultivated land and with a steadily increasing population, one can readily figure out which will be the prosperous class of the near future. He who has the bushel of wheat will fix the market price of all things, and when this power comes into his possession, as it evidently must, there will be a perceptible advance along all lines of enjoyment in the country as there has been in the cities. A destiny of eternal drudgery never was assigned to any man, or race of men; the time must come when "the means of expense will exceed the demand for expenses;" and the whole human race will have a surplus capital. The ancients knew nothing of labor-saving machinery, and relegated toil to their slaves; now we know all about machinery, and it, and not man, should be the slave. Uneducated labor will give way to intelligent labor; skill will direct implements of machinery; society will educate itself out of its condition of feverish hurry and take a healthful rest. Exaggerated appetites for abnormal wealth and display will cease, and conditions favorable to the full fruition of a rational life will be enjoyed among men. Where 500 acres have been made to supply one man, one acre will be made to supply five men; the wastage of the brute will be no longer imitated by the man. A celebrated Frenchman said: "Mankind has been long on a desert where nobody understands anybody." The general philosophy is wearing out, and society is turning its attention to the advancement and development of its individual members. It is beginning to study the democracy of things as well as of persons. It is only the pessimist who thinks that humanity has slipped its anchor and broken its cable in God's great sea. The very fermentation we see about us is the truest augury of better things ahead. In the great mass of the people here, and everywhere, there is steadily growing up an aristocracy not founded on descent or blood, but an aristocracy of character and of courage, of understanding; an aristocracy which is kindling in man and woman the fire of self-respect and self-appreciation; an aristocracy that does not buttress a throne of privileges and prerogatives, but one that questions the right of

any man or set of men to monopolize the mercies and blessings of earth or sky.

In what period of the world's history were the thoughts of great minds so widely diffused as now? How wonderfully has our conception of God changed in the last fifty years! How differently do we treat our enemies! How mindful are we becoming of the poor and the distressed! With what different eyes do we regard the unfortunates! Our prisons are no longer loathesome dungeons, presided over by brutish tyrants. The mentally afflicted are no longer treated as persons possessed of devils, but as unhappy victims of unhappy ailments, and entitled to receive the tenderest of attention and care. With the old idea of God has vanished all the cruelties and tortures deemed needful to secure His love. The faggot, the rack, the horrors of the inquisition, have been relegated to the antiquated theological creeds, where ignorance and cruelty held council together how they might destroy the liberties of man. Men are rallying to the standard of Christ to-day, not on account of anything that theology has taught, or is capable of teaching, but because He called Himself to the heart of humanity; because He felt its sorrows, shared its griefs, taught the lesson of equality, the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. There is a silent power steadily working for righteousness and leveling things upward. The mountains which frighten some now will not appear half as high when the valley is lifted midway to their tops. Man's course in history seems to have followed the principle of the spiral staircase, but, like the spiral stair, it has ever reached upward and onward toward the top and sunlight. Granted that the age is material; is it not true that there runs through it a golden thread of spirituality such as has never been witnessed before? Granted that vast fortunes are being rapidly acquired; yet where before have large fortunes been so swiftly applied to the general accommodation of mankind, to the enlargement of its comforts, to the multiplication of its sources of happiness? In what times have Christmas festivals been so redolent of the spirit of unstinted generosity? Where and when have the blessed hands of helpfulness been so active as now? If the palaces of the rich have multiplied, so have the

homes for the poor. It is no longer possible for any one to live unto himself; the very things of beauty one's soul goes out to, lose half their charm if sought to be enjoyed alone. You see this in the draperies of the windows, the hanging of pictures, the cultivation of the flowers; all so arranged that the passer-by may feast his eyes upon them. God avenges Himself on the selfish wretch who hides away in the dark the beauties made for the sunlight.

Have you ever stopped, even for a little while, and attempted to catalogue the numerous sources of enjoyment that heaven has vouchsafed to us all? Suppose you are feeble and can not take a walk in the moonlight; if you but stand still it will come to you, it will dance on your doorstep, it will peer through the windows of your room, it will bathe you in its soft influences; or suppose you can not roam through a forest or stroll through a garden; yet the tree that sways so gracefully in front of your door, or the flowers that modestly bloom under your windows, are both garden and forest in miniature, and attended with the advantage that, when viewed aright, they will give birth to reveries the most exquisite and illusions the most charming. The truth is that for all classes of people, rich and poor, well and sick, swift and slow, nature is not only full of exhilarating surprises and refining beauties, but she is constantly thrusting them upon us. The clouds that darken the horizon spring from the earth and not from the sky. The trouble with most people comes from the constant keeping their eyes on the money vaults and granaries by day, and dreaming of the capacity of each at night, until neither eye nor heart are able to see or feel the thousand other sources of solace and comfort with which they have been provided. The world's struggle to-day seems to be simply reduced to this: The effort of the poor to become rich, and the effort of the rich to keep from becoming poor. Can you see much else in it than this? And yet what elements are allowed to enter into that struggle—fraud, ever-revolting murder, back-biting, blackmailing, oppression, a regular jungle fight of wild beast passions to allow supremacy in purely material matters. And when the contest is over and the actors are well nigh exhausted, and both ready to tumble into the grave, do you think such a condition as this can be permanent? How

do the spoils of such a warfare compare with the spoils garnered by the mind in its comforts?

On one occasion, finding myself in the palatial residence of an exceedingly well-to-do citizen, whose mature years had been exclusively devoted to money-getting, I congratulated him on the luxuriousness of his surroundings. "Yes," he replied, "it is all very fine, but while you are here it is really more yours than mine. I know nothing about painting or statuary; I never studied art; that rug is beautiful, but I can not tell you which is the warp and which is woof. An artist selected the paintings, and I bought them because he said they were good. The books were selected to fit the shelves, and the binding to suit the furniture. Everything is harmonious, and that is enough. I have not time for these things, and especially now, when the money market is shaky, when bonds are going down, values are shrinking, the translunary politicians are talking of satisfying mortgages without paying them; the fool legislatures are composed of knaves and demagogues that threaten everything, that they may sell everything; the currency is menaced with inflation; money is to be made cheap; the banks will break and we will all be overwhelmed in a common ruin." A ruin of what? thought I. Certainly not a ruin of the forces of nature, nor of the God who governs it. The sun will emit the same amount of heat, and the stars of light; the tides of old ocean will flow and ebb just the same, and the earth will respond to the plow with the same generosity it has done from the beginning; the birds will warble as softly, and the beasts of the fields will graze upon the green pastures as they have ever done. Some men only will be distressed, for they will have exhausted their one idolized resource of comfort—money.

The great works of the great minds will not be ruined. The farewell speech of Moses will still survive; the inspiring poetry of David and of all the love singers will remain; the gleanings of all the great souls of all the great times will still gladden our hearts; the flowers of science will not close up and become mere buds again; the spiritual force that is leading humanity onward to its sure deliverance will not have failed; the water will still gurgle in the fountain; the mountains, with their vast wealth, will stand

to receive, as of yore, the benedictions of the heavens and, mother-like, offer their full bosoms for the nurture and sustenance of great states. What will have happened? Simply, Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones will have retired from business; and men generally, enlightened by a little more experience, will take a new start on a higher and better plan of action.

If man's true comfort rested simply on material things, human progress would be the spirit of war or conflagration or earthquake. To-day we are drawing unnumbered delights from sources where the living waters long since ceased to flow.

The destruction of Jerusalem, the wasting of Athens, the overthrow of Rome, have not deprived us of a single joy or comfort that mind imparted to mind 2,000 years ago. At our pleasure we can gather in our library room all the worthies of the world who made their mark in time; we can have an intellectual symposium with them any evening we desire. David will sing his psalms; Homer will describe to us the number of rooms there were in Priam's house, and how his sons and sons-in-law behaved; Virgil will take up the story when Homer gets tired, and tell us how the Almighty destroyed Troy, that the Trojans on Italian shores might become the ancestors of the mighty. Julius Cæsar will tell us of war; Cicero of eloquence; Socrates of wisdom; Æschuylus of tragedy, and Plato of philosophy. We can make our company large or small; we can group them by ages, or states, or tongues. They will tell us generally just what they thought was worth knowing, and just how the people acted among whom they lived; they are as fresh and pleasing to-day as they ever were; they illustrate in the results of their toils how God has made of time a vast library, and on its leaves caused to be written the record of developing thoughts through the many generations.

Flurries in the money markets do not affect their securities and treasures. Let the waters run never so high, the clouds grow never so thick, the comforts they impart are steadfast and enduring. Tell me not that all is left of these great worthies are the volumes they wrote; tell me not that the creation outlives its creator. Out on the barren philosophy that teaches that matter is eternal and mind perishable; that the pyramid outlasts its builder;

the temple its constructor; the song its singer. Rather an hour with Kant and the immaterial beings with which he fills space and peoples ether, than a lifetime in the trackless forest of Huxley, into which no ray of light ever enters, or out of which no pathway leads. Man's yearning for the beautiful shows that beauty somewhere exists. All the energy that has been displayed by man since he came upon this earth has not been misdirected nor wasted.

The imperfect happiness and unsatisfied love that mankind has hitherto enjoyed is not the full measure of the Almighty's gift. There are some truths that lie outside of all logic; something that can not be proven, but that still exists; nothing is created in vain; everything tends to perfection in one way or another. Intermediate shades exist; twilight shades into the dark; but somewhere the light forever shines. All is harmony and completeness when understood.

Standing in the dome of the court house in Denver on a radiantly beautiful day and looking down, I see, not the brick and mortar of an unfinished city, but a forest of green trees whose millions of leaves flutter in the sunlight, each one replete with life and all influenced by an infinite restlessness. If, thirty years ago, I could have looked down from a like elevation, I could have seen but a portion of the mountains and far-reaching desert now so marvelously transformed. Need we look further for an indication of mind and matter? Into the thought of man came the inspiration to plant trees, and from the alchemy of soil and water and sunlight were freshened the green billows of foliage, with their welcome shade and coolness. We plant in our natures one thought, and then another and another, gathering an impression here and there from the illimitable source of knowledge, and then have been fostered and cultivated by moral power, by divine influences, and what a forest of strong and beneficent sentiments has grown up about our lives—no mental desert, no moral barrenness, but a richer, fuller meaning to life, wherein are suggestions of power not yet attained; thoughts more numerous than the leaves of summer; more far-reaching than shade in the days that are hot and sultry. From the assimilation of knowledge and the

scientific adoption of progress we brought to the affairs of life, we in our turn became creators of energies which affect social conditions or lift them from the absolutely material into the realm of the intellectual and spiritual; persistent meditation or research along purely physical lines, and closing our eyes to the causes of which the phenomena may then appear. No counterfeit will strand us upon the hard rocks of dull and powerless materialism.

He who hears the moments clang with the sound of dollars alone, until the organs of hearing become dulled to all other sounds, will never hear the song the morning stars sing, nor will he perceive the strain of melody from the robin on the branch above him.

The atom is the unit, and only as we study upward from that can we find infinity. Flammarion says: "The study of the stars leads certainly to God." But if we stop at the atom with our eyes forever down, how shall we comprehend the higher thoughts or come to loftier intuitions, of which the atom is only the starting point?

The belief in what is beyond reality is necessary to all who would escape from the real; the root of all progress is an ideal. We reach a better state only when we think of and wish for a better state. It is a blind and uncomfortable faith that teaches that the earth can never reach the heavens, and that "there" never can be "here." What would the world be now if the souls of the past had never made outreachings for better things? The ocean of thought in which we move to-day has been fed by every rivulet of thought that has run its way through all time; our harvest is the garnering of the savings of all who have gone before. If we have courage, it is because our ancestors had courage; if we have skill, it is the result of their teachings and experiments; their very failures have been profitable in teaching us how to avoid the mistakes they made. All progress is the result of evolution, the product of growth. Nothing new is any more created; all is enlargement and development of what has been from the beginning. The dawn holds in its bosom all the glories of the mid-day. Mankind has simply marched from the little to the great; from ignorance to knowledge; from darkness to light; from the path to

the highway; from the canoe to the palatial steamship; from the town meetings of the citizens to the parliaments of the world; from the alphabet to the word; the sentence, the book, the library, the past has thrown all its achievements into our faces; all the light it had, we have, and a little more. Our ancestors dug holes into difficulties, manufactured powder and left us to explode it and rend the difficulties asunder.

In history chance does not exist; a cause underlies every event. If we tune our ears alone to the hum of the spindle, the ring of the hammer and the clangor of the forge, we will never hear the chimes of the higher life that engirdles this world, and our souls will become as dry and sterile as the plains over which we pass.

The future is before us with all its hopes and promises. What shall we make of it—a garden of blushing roses, or a field where nothing is heard but the rolling wheels of a selfish commerce? The crown of all effort is perfect manhood and womanhood; the conception of a full-orbed happiness with us has been a home over there. What Jesus prayed for was a home here; His kingdom was to be established on the earth first. It was to be a kingdom of helpfulness and trust, of righteousness and justice, of love and charity. Let us help to establish it, for when it comes, the Father says, I will betroth thee unto Me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness and judgment and loving kindness, and in mercies; I will even betroth thee in faithfulness, and thou shall know the Lord, and in that day will I make a covenant for them with the beasts of the field and with the fowls of heaven and with the creeping things of the ground; and I will make them lie down in safety, and I will send you corn, and wine, and oil; the hills shall flow with milk and the rivers with water, and I will pour out My spirit upon all people.

THE PEERAGE OF THE IMMORTALS.

We have assembled to celebrate the achievements of the dead—not to praise nor censure those of the living. Great events in history have made this occasion possible.

We scatter flowers—the productions of peace as the adornments of the arts of war represented by blood. This is a commingling that illustrates the devotion of the human race to those who have loved it and those who have fought for it—the lover and the warrior.

It is a mingling of our admiration for Jesus and Julius Cæsar, for Luther and Wallenstein, for Wesley and Wellington, for Bosuet and Napoleon, for Washington and Jonathan Edwards. The world has had millions of inhabitants, and yet, how few of this vast number ever entered into the "Peerage of Immortals," and still for centuries there has been a Peerage of the Immortals, composed of warriors and poets, philosophers and scientists, statesmen and historians, philanthropists and martyrs, who have struggled to make the world wiser and better—men who have toiled for mental enlightenment and physical freedom, men who have burned at the stake or who have mounted the scaffold, or defied the assumption of kingly power, or the insolence of mob violence, or the arrogance of organized interests to the end that the great mass of the people might enjoy the rights with which God invested them. The few have always governed this world because they controlled its machinery, its courts and legislative halls. And the few will always continue to govern, because in their hands is concentrated the power that springs from wealth, the discipline and craftiness of self-interest, and the aggressiveness which monied independence assures to them. As there are but few names in the Peerage of the Immortals, there are but few men who direct and control the destinies of the world, and yet there are untold millions who

have labored and fought for its advancement. The pen is the master of the sword. While the sword is the angry expression, the thought is the inspiration. Behind the fighter is the enthusiast. The heat which warms the blood of progress comes from the flame of a student's lamp. Therefore, first is the heraldry of history, strongest in the House of Lords of the ages, grandest in the Peerage of the Immortals are the philosophers and dreamers. The keen eyes that have peered with eager glance into the future, the strong brains which have swept the past, pitied the present, and sent hope forward as a pioneer to blaze a pathway through the years that were yet to come. The splendid believers in mankind who while their bodies lived the life of to-day, had souls which were troubled by the morning dawn of a hereafter. These too must stand in their majestic grandeur in the peerage which is not Burke's but God's. They constituted the index of an unwritten and unlived volume of history. They were the prophets of the new gospel of advancement. They caught the first cold gleams of the day which was far beyond them—the day which would not rise until centuries after what was mortal in their bodies had blended as a thing earthly with the earth, and what was immortal in their intellect and inspiration had blended as a something higher with the undying soul of immortality. Philosophers, teachers, soldiers, poets, no matter in what regiment of the army of infinity they battled, they were still comrades under the same standard. Plato, cold in life, but warm in imagination, a philosopher but half awake in the heavy drowse of his fancy; Aristotle, with the garments of a fop and the intellect of a god; Epictetus, stoic and slave; Homer, sightless, but with wide-eyed soul; Seneca, the source of equity; Cicero, the first great politician; Demosthenes, the spirit of eloquence with a voice; Solon, the greatest of classical republicans—all these mighty shades had in their veins and brains, the fire of the elixir which made what they thought and did immortal. They have triumphed over time, and their names have followed the centuries down to our day, and in each century there has been an addition to the marvelous company. Spinoza, Bacon, Galileo, Hegil, Shakespeare, Dante, Schiller,

Rousseau, Voltaire, Milton, Gœthe, Alfieri, and many others wear the honors of the grandest peerage. They have been close to the beating heart of humanity, and they have listened in anguish to its bitter throbbing. They toiled towards the noonday, when the sun burned pitilessly downward and the desert of men about them had not a drop of sympathy for their parched lips. Yet cared they little. Their horizon was beyond the day. When the world saw the sunset they saw the sunlight. The present shackled their thoughts, yet they struggled along in their chains and preached of the time when iron would be the servant and not the master of men; the time when it would be a greater weapon in the hands of industry than in the blood-stained and sin-soiled hands of war; the time when an arrested and detested civilization would throw off its lethargy and its lassitude, throw off its wrong and ignorance, throw off its bigotry and brutality, and become a yellow and almost forgotten page of history, instead of a living slavery in the present.

These men lived in our time as well as in theirs. Their bodies and their lives belonged in the close and nervous surroundings of a dark and murky age; but their hopes, and their inspirations, and enthusiasms, and intellects, passed their eras and reached this century of growth and progress. They made the promises and the predictions, and our day has given the fulfillment. They were children of light in a land of darkness; calcium glares which pierced the gloom and lit up the pathway of years which had not yet been called from the tomb of time. The Parsees were the sun worshippers; they bowed before the mighty luminary which gave light and warmth to the physical world. We, too, are sun worshippers, and with reverent eyes we turn to these mightier luminaries in the world of intellect, who gave light to stumbling humanity and warmed the heart of ages with the sun of hope and anticipation. In the great evolution of civilization they were the hewers of wood and drawers of water. In the contest of steel and steel, armies and opportunities create leaders. These were the leaders who created the opportunities and the armies. Their ideas and dreams had drank of the fountain of eternal youth, and these ideas and dreams called for recruits long af-

ter the lips which framed them had become dust and ashes. "He is great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others," says Emerson, the one American in this aristocracy of intellect. These men were all great in this way, and they were great because they were from nature. The laws which governed them were the same laws which govern the universe, and what they thought and did was universal, and that which is universal is beyond dust and decay. They won their spurs and laurels upon the battle field of the the universe, and in the struggle of eternity. The homage of all time constitutes their single decoration, but the honors of the peerage to which they belong are beyond the reach of human power or human wealth. To belong to that magnificent order of chivalry one must be knighted by the Almighty. We have spoken of the philosophers and dreamers who have contributed to the advancement of the world in thought and action. But to this royal peerage others have been elected. The Orient sent as lawyers, in addition to Solon, Moses and Lycurgus, as prelates to represent the ecclesiastical power it sent Aaron and Zoroaster, Buddha and Hypatia. Thanking the East for the gift of immortals, let us travel to the westward and southward of Europe, and ascertain whom France sent to this international and immortal council, and especially in the way of warriors. First, Charles Martel, who overcame the Turks and Mahommedans. Then Turenne and Conde; then comes the overshadowing presence of the great Napoleon and his illustrious marshals, who rose to power through themselves. They did not step in the peerage, because they were sons of earls and dukes. Augereau was the son of a grocer; Bernadotte of an attorney, and both began their career as private soldiers. Berthier, Bressieres, St. Cyr, Jourdan, and the fiery Junot, all entered the army as privates. Kleber was an architect. The impetuous Lannes was the son of a poor mechanic. LeFevre, Loison and McDonald, were all of humble parentage. The stout and obstinate and victorious Messena was an orphan sailor boy, and the dashing Murat, the son of a country landlord. Victor, Suchet, Piche-

grue, Oudenot and Soult, were all of humble origin and began their ascent from the lowest round of fame's ladder, and Ney, greatest of all and "bravest of the brave," was the son of a poor tradesman. These men who started as private soldiers in the conflicts of the world, have been elected by common consent to the Peerage of the Immortals. Let us cross the channel and ascertain whom England has furnished as her representatives. As poets, she has sent Chaucer and Shakespeare, Milton and Dryden, Pope and Byron; as historians, Hume and Macauley; as statesmen, Chatham and Pitt, Burke and Fox; as warriors, Norfolk and Cromwell, Marlborough and Wellington. These have all joined the immortals, and will be members of the council while memory lasts.

Let us now come to our own country and see whom we have anointed with the oil of eternal remembrance, and sent to represent us in the conclave of the immortals. Washington and Jackson, Grant, Meade and Lee, some of whom were not individually and personally great, but all of whom have been connected with events operating on the destinies of humanity, and which can never be forgotten. These are our representative warriors who have departed to guard our interests in that other council whose influence embraces all nations. As statesmen, we have sent Jefferson and Madison, Clay and Webster, Lincoln and Calhoun, Garfield and Seward. I have spoken of the dead who are immortal, not of the living whose future remembrance is assured. There is still a host of immortals whose names are not known—men who have labored in the fields of science, in literature, in the knowledge of the earth and the skies. These men are not immortal in name, but in the influence they have wielded on the destinies of men. There have been two great epochs in our national history—the war of the revolution and its results, the war of the rebellion and its results. Soldiers have directed the destiny of the nation at the conclusion of each great conflict, and I desire to call your attention to their conduct. When the revolutionary war closed we were in debt and without credit in any portion of the world. France had generously advanced us funds and without warrant or authority to

furnish our army with blankets and bedding, with provision and clothing, our finance minister had drawn on Holland, which kingdom refused to accept our drafts. The thirteen colonies, which by reason of our independence, had become thirteen states, were jealous of parting with any of their sovereignty and the independence which we had achieved was likely to be lost by reason of our inability to pay our national debts and to compensate the army for the services it had rendered. Having gone without money for months, having undergone the hardships attending long marches and goaded by those solicitudes which grow out of the inability, which fathers feel for the want of means of supplying their children with food, the continental army threatened to mutiny and either overthrow the congress, take possession of the government, create a despotism, or recognize the establishment of thirteen independent states. It was at this time that a soldier who had grown gray in the service of his country declared in the presence of a council of his fellow-officers, assembled to overthrow the continental congress, that there was but one pathway of salvation for this people, and that was in the confederation of all the states and the establishment of a national government, invested with complete and permanent authority—an authority commensurate with the borders of each state and which should compass them all. As wide and comprehensive as the rainbow which, resting on each horizon, includes within its span all that live beneath it. The establishment of this national organization was the dream of the first soldier of the republic, and to its realization he devoted the later and the ripened years of his life. He desired a government strong enough to maintain the credit of the people at home and abroad. A government which would establish a uniform currency throughout all the states and would secure to the citizens of each state equal privileges in all states of the Union. During an absence from home of nine years this soldier had fought and suffered for those who lived then and have since come upon the field of action. I have stood upon the field of Yorktown where our national independence was secured. I have walked across the ground occupied by Lafayette and Roch-

ambeau as their headquarters. I have gazed upon the waters over which floated the fleet of De Grasse, the French admiral. I have stood in the room where Cornwallis, in the presence of Lafayette, signed with Washington the stipulations of surrender and with uncovered head. I have recalled the memories of those great soldiers who fought for the independence of our country and the establishment of our personal rights. A halo of glory rests over the memories of all, but a shadow of sorrow encompassed the experience of many.

Standing on this sacred ground I recalled the fact that on the 24th of December, 1782, the noble soldiers that had come to aid us from abroad, took their departure for home, carrying with them ideas which revolutionized the fortunes of Europe. I recalled the fact that the men who had encamped on this sacred battle field had defied death in all countries, from San Domingo to Russia, and from France to Egypt, ever ready to die for the principles of liberty which they learned to reverence in this republic. Rochambeau, honored by his unhappy king, lived to more than four score years. Viomeuil, his faithful lieutenant, died in defending the life of his king in the palace of the Tuileries. Lafayette, the loveable and confidential companion of Washington, for more than fifty years after the surrender of Cornwallis, on this fateful field, passed a chequered existence in the states-general, in the national convention, in the legislative assemblies, at the head of armies, in exile, in cruel and illegal imprisonment, ever declaring himself in favor of the emancipation of the slaves, always avowing himself the apostle of free labor, and to his latest hour the true and hopeful representative of loyalty to the cause of liberty. Standing on that field I recalled to my memory the young Count de Saint Simon, who had served during four campaigns in this country, and devoted himself in later years to the reform of society, government and industry in his own beautiful France. This field was sacred ground because the soldiers of the republic and of France had bivouacked upon it. These were the soldiers of the early days of our national history, all true and loyal to the cause of liberty and progressive civilization. But the greatest of them all and

above them all was Washington—our first and noblest soldier of the republic—a very Cincinnatus of modern times. Can you recall without emotion the noble part he played when the army threatened to mutiny on account of the failure to secure its pay? On the 11th of March, 1783, when he appeared in the presence of the assembled officers of his army, at the head of which Gates stood, and declared as "I was among the first to embark in the cause of our common country; as I have never left your side one moment, but when called from you on public duty; as I have been the constant companion and witness of your distresses, it can scarcely be supposed that I am indifferent to your interests. Let me conjure you, in the name of our common country, as you value your own sacred homes; as you respect the rights of humanity, and as you regard the military and national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wickedly attempts to open the floodgates of civil discord and deluge our rising empire in blood." Who can recall without emotion the following words used by Washington on the 11th of April, 1783, upon receiving a message from Franklin and Adams, that a treaty of peace had been signed and our independence acknowledged? "Happy, thrice happy shall they be pronounced hereafter who have contributed anything in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions." Well could the French ambassador at Philadelphia, after reading these noble words, write to Vergennes, the French minister of state, concerning this great soldier, the following words: "All the world is touched by his republican virtues; it will be in vain for him to hide himself and live as a simple, private man; he will always be the first citizen of the United States."

Who can recall without emotion the proclamation issued by Washington—the first soldier of the republic—on Sunday, the 2d of November, 1783, the day before the discharge of all persons enlisted for the war, in which he described the unparalleled perseverance of the army for eight long years as little short of a

miracle, and for their solace bade them call to recollection the astonishing events in which they had taken part, and the enlarged prospects of happiness which they had assisted to open for the human race. He encouraged them, as citizens, to renew their old occupations; and to those hardy soldiers who were fond of domestic enjoyment and personal independence, he pointed to the fertile regions beyond the Alleghanies as the most happy asylum. Who can ever forget the parting of this noble soldier, on the 4th of December of the same year, in the city of New York, with the officers who had served with him, when, with tears on his cheeks, he grasped the hand of Knon on the banks of the Hudson, and passed away from the sight of those who had shared his toils and privations? Who can ever forget the scene that occurred at Annapolis, on the 23d of December, 1783, when the members of thirteen sovereign states wore their hats in the national council, as a sign that they represented the sovereignty of the Union, and Washington appeared to surrender his commission as the general of the army, of which he had taken charge under that famous old tree standing between Boston and Cambridge? It was a grand yet sorrowful pageant. The governor, council and legislature of Maryland were there. So, too, were the general officers of the army, and the representatives of France. Spectators filled the galleries and crowded upon the floor, and, rising with dignity, he commended the interests of "our dearest country to the care of Almighty God." The hand that wrote the declaration of independence wrote the reply to Washington's speech of resignation. Jefferson, the statesman who had written the defiance of America to England, and caused Washington to take up the sword, accepted its surrender with these words: "You have conducted the great military contest with wisdom and fortitude; invariably regarding the rights of the civil power through all disasters and changes."

The warrior and the statesman commingled their invocations to Almighty God for the safety of the republic and the unity of the estate, for which they prayed and which we now enjoy. I have thus spoken of this our great, typical soldier of the republic —a man who was wise and judicious in all things, and whose

greatest desire and the dream of whose life was to see the states established in what he called a "confederated republic," and further declared it was his chief desire to place a hoop around the barrel of our institutions and make them permanent forever. Such a soldier is an honor to human nature.

He took up the sword to secure liberty, and then laid it down to preserve it. To no mind in this country more clearly appeared the absolute necessity of a national union than to that of Washington. He knew that, acting as one, the thirteen colonies had achieved their independence. He knew that these thirteen colonies had waged battle and paid taxes, not for themselves alone, but for each other; and that they had endured these sacrifices and sufferings that the hope of humanity might be realized and the rights of mankind secured. In the language of Bancroft, the historian, for eighteen years the states had watched together over their liberties. For eight they had borne arms together to preserve them; for more than two they had been confederates under a compact to remain united forever. Washington perceived that a new era was dawning upon the face of the earth. He realized that while there were thirteen distinct colonies, that there should be an inter-citizenship that should make this people one. Ignoring the exclusiveness of the Hebrew government, which practically prevented inter-communication with other nations; ignoring the narrow foundations upon which the Greek republic was built, of families and tribes, he spelled the word "Nation" with a big "N," and felt that it meant a common ancestry, and that the benefits of civilization should be common and universal. He felt that no government should rest on the mere foundation of privilege, but that all the citizens in the enjoyment of their rights should be equal; and that while each was guarded and protected, each should struggle for the benefit of the other, and all for the benefit of each. In all human history no such soldier has appeared. Alexander, who marched through Palestine and conquered Asia, was brutal and cruel. Philip of Macedon, by force and bribery, attempted to overthrow the liberty of the Greeks. Cæsar conquered Europe, and notwithstanding that thrice in the Luperal he refused the crown, yet he still desired it. Peter the

Great was a tyrant and ruffian. Conde was a born prince, and Turenne sought power by walking up the carpeted stairs that led to the audience chamber of his royal master, Louis XIV.; Napoleon sought to combine in his bosom, as the waters of a fountain are confined within its walls, the influences of Europe. But Washington, greater and grander than them all, and a soldier, too, who had smelt the smoke of battle on many fields, looked to the consolidation of these states, devised means to accomplish and secure the comforts of the then and hereafter coming generations, by the establishment of a government where each citizen was to be a sovereign and where all the states were to labor together for the common welfare. The time may come when some military chieftain, ambitious of power, shall seek to overthrow the liberties of this people, but when his assumption shall be proclaimed we will point to the self-sacrificing virtues of Washington, his noble devotion to the cause of liberty, his absolute and unqualified love for the rights of the people, and this example will inspire some future Brutus to slay the coming Cæsar.

I have, my fellow-citizens, but little sympathy with the clamor which exists in the press against our military chieftains. Washington achieved our independence, and he was a soldier. Jackson triumphantly carried us through the period of nullification in 1832, when South Carolina threatened to overthrow the authority of the government. Grant, who has commanded larger armies than those marshalled by Napoleon on the frozen fields of Russia or the decisive field of Waterloo, is to-day a private citizen, struggling to promote the commercial interests of this great nation. And there is Sherman, who made a march to the sea as grand and historic as that of Xenophon and his 10,000 Greeks, and he is the simplest citizen of the republic. And there is Sheridan, brave, dashing and impetuous as Murat, who has not even aspired to rule as chieftain or king in the capital of any state. We owe our liberties to our great soldiers. Washington achieved our independence. Jackson, by his courage and vigor, postponed the great conflict that threatened to destroy our Union. Grant and Sherman, Sheridan and McPherson, Garfield and Thomas, by

their heroic and manly efforts, made the union of these states possible for a thousand years.

This Memorial Day, wherein we have assembled to celebrate the achievements of the dead, is no new thing in the history of the world. At the disbanding of the revolutionary army the soldiers, desiring to perpetuate the memories of those who had fought and died in the service of their country, as well as to continue the friendships formed during the war, created what was known as the order of the "Cincinnatus." This order continued as long as a soldier of the revolution existed, and scarcely had the last of this order been gathered to their fathers than this new order, known as the Grand Army of the Republic, was called into existence. Of the first organization Washington and Knox, Greene and St. Clair, Hamilton and Morgan, were members. The membership of this second organization I will not name, because the numbers who fought for our country are immense, and to cite their names would fill a volume. This celebration of the dead and this custom on the part of the living in perpetuating their memory links the civilization of the new Atlantis with the ceremonies that occurred in Greece over 2,000 years ago, when a poet then predicted the discovery of the land we inhabit, and in whose enjoyment we participate. It was a custom with the Greeks to bury at public expense those who had first fallen in war. They laid the dead in the public sepulcher in the fairest suburbs of the city, and one who, in point of intellect, was considered talented, was chosen by the state to pronounce over their remains an appropriate panegyric. On one such occasion they chose Pericles, the consummate flower of Grecian statesmanship, to pronounce the oration. And on that occasion he declared that the whole earth was the sepulcher of the illustrious, and that the country over which he presided was in all respects superior to the fame which it enjoyed among the nations of the earth. Speaking of the soldiers who had won the independence of Greece against the assaults of the Persians, he used language that we might justly employ in reference to our revolutionary fathers. "I will begin," said he, alluding to the immortal dead, "with our ancestors, for it is just and becoming, too, at the same time, that on such an occa-

sion the honor of being thus mentioned should be paid to them. For always inhabiting the country without change, through a long succession of posterity, they transmitted it free to this very time. Justly, then, may they claim to be commended, and more justly still may our own fathers. For, in addition to what they inherited, they acquired the great empire which we possess, and by painful exertions bequeathed it to us of the present day, though to most part of it have additions been made by ourselves here who are still, generally speaking, in the vigor of life."

Following the spirit of this immortal oration, made by this orator and statesman, I have alluded to Washington and his achievements, and to the results accomplished by that constellation of statesmen who constitute the glory of the early days of the republic.

And now we come to speak of the achievements of those who perpetuated what had been accomplished by the early warriors and patriots of the republic. Washington desired a confederated republic; the soldiers of our late war, by their heroic exertions and great sacrifices, have fulfilled his wish. Years ago, Charles Sumner, in a famous oration, truthfully declared that nations have decayed, but never with the imbecility of age. Speaking of the subdivisions of time described by the poet, Hesiod, 3,000 years ago, into the golden, silver, brazen and iron periods, he adopted the language of Paschel, in which that great thinker declared that by a special prerogative of the human race, not only each man advances, day by day, in the sciences, but all men make continual progress therein as the universe grows old, because the same things happen in the succession of men which takes place in the different ages of the individual; or that the whole succession of men in the course of so many ages may be regarded as a man who lives always and learns continually. This was the sentiment of Descartes, the chief of French philosophy. It was the language of Germany's great philosopher, Leibnitz, who, writing on the law of progress, says, "Man seems able to arrive at perfection." It was the same doctrine pronounced by Lessing in his philosophy of history. The antiquity of the world is but its infancy and youth. Its old age is to come when the millennium shall have

ceased. The dead we to-day honor have been mighty factors in achieving this asserted perfectibility of mankind. They broke down the barriers of slavery. They established a homœogenity among our people. They consolidated our institutions. They opened the gateway to free and enlightened labor, and by their blood they consecrated a continent to the highest uses and noblest achievements of man. The private soldier who died on the field or in the trenches, and the general who directed the exercise of his valor, both contributed to these magnificent and all-embracing results. Gettysburg, and the heroism that sanctifies it, sustains the same relation to the progress of America and humanity that Marathon and its dead sustain to Greece. The world has had its sixteen decisive battles, but under the guidance of God the progress of humanity has been onward and steadfast, and the prophesies of poets and philosophers, saints and evangelists, enthusiasts and dreamers of a better time for the human race, are being fulfilled. A keener sense of justice, a broader spirit of equity, a deeper conviction of the brotherhood of man, a more intimate relation among the nations of the earth, are feelings that are steadily and largely gaining.

"Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you.

"Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For you and me.

"A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
They died for me and you."

Four hundred thousand graves were made, and in them we laid the chivalry and heroism of our land; into them went the hopes

and tears of a hundred thousand homes. Over them for nearly twenty years, annually, has been spread a carpet of flowers, the offerings of peace to the sacrifices of war; and who will say that the whole land has not been enriched in the breadth of freedom, in the development of science, in the growth of philosophy, in the enlargement of commerce, by the increase of fraternity and brotherly feeling, by the heroic sacrifices they made for us and our children?

When the Roman gladiators entered the coliseum they declared, "Death, we salute thee." It was to gratify a vulgar, brutal and degraded people. But when the gladiators of our war saluted death, it was for the purpose of perpetuating for all time the principles which Jefferson had proclaimed in the declaration of independence, and the ideas which Washington had incorporated in the national constitution. When the cloud of battle fell upon their brow, and the shadow of death dimmed their eyes, they knew the harvest of death would bring no present advantages to them, but their death would be a fountain out of which would spring the living waters that would fertilize and make glad the whole republic. They felt that when they entered their graves the very roots of our institutions would draw from them that sustenance and support that would strengthen and invigorate them for ages to come. They felt that while their bodies might be committed to the dust, that dust would constitute the earth out of which would spring the brightest flowers of the republic. Their sepulcher, containing as it does all the evidence of chivalry and valor, of patriotism and self-sacrifice, is their flower garden, and our withered flowers can not constitute their sepulcher. On their acts the seal of eternity is placed; they require no resurrection, for they have all joined the peerage of the immortals, for whether their names be carved in marble, or they be listed among the army of the unknown, a million hearts in this broad land hold them in sacred remembrance. A million mothers gaze with tearful eyes and quickened memories on the cradles in which they were rocked; the recollections of their departure for the conflict sanctify untold thousands of homes. They died to make labor free, and to break the shackles by which it was dishonored.

Well can we honor the martyrs in such a cause. They have discharged their duties for all time; now let us discharge ours. Let us have a pure government, a government for the people, by the people. We live in a country dominated by the majority and operated by the suffrage. Let us see that our elections are kept pure, and that the choice of the people is honestly expressed and honestly recognized. Let us see that the many and not the few govern this republic. Let us see that neither rebels nor corporations, cliques nor councils, overthrow the substantiative rights and assorted liberties of the people.

A sweet poetess once said, in reviewing the achievements of a warrior who had failed in battle, that we "some time will be what we might have been."

That the gloom of one hour's defeat might prove a daylight of sunshine in the sweet bye-and-bye. We are all mortals, linked together by invisible chords and struggling, knowingly or unknowingly, for the consummation of a common destiny, into whose treasury God has placed gifts for us all. In the storehouse of this treasury, under the providence of our common Father, the victors and the vanquished who have been true to their convictions will find something to exhilarate their triumphs or to soften their defeats. Looking into each others' faces, they will realize that while they fought battles from different standpoints, yet they were but common factors—mere "cogs in the infinite wheel" turned by an Omnipotent hand to accomplish results for the ultimate benefit of humanity. Cæsar conquered Gaul and made Rome powerful. Brutus and Cassius slew him because they loved liberty. The one died in the forum, the others at Philippi, and yet the death of each and all were but links in that infinite chain by which God formed the destinies of Europe, created independent nations, and opened the gateways to a budding and blooming civilization whose benefits we enjoy. The time may come in the hereafter when, looking back through the corridors of time, through the glasses of eternity, that the victors and the vanquished will survey their actions; that he who won the laurel chaplet and he whose brow was pressed by a crown of thorns

will realize that both were measurably right and neither wholly wrong.

Cæsar may grasp the hand of Pompey, and Wellington that of Napoleon, Washington that of Cornwallis, Grant that of Lee, and, looking from an infinite future into an infinite past, all realize that, whether on the one side or the other, they were but shuttles employed by the Almighty in the loom of time to weave the net of history which avouched His wisdom, added to His glory, and achieved the results He had pre-determined from the beginning. The plaudits accorded the hero and the sneers uttered toward the defeated may prove but the blended hues of an eternal rainbow that will glorify man and verify the declaration that this rainbow arch, ever and always in its variety of colors, represented the full, absolute and complete knowledge of God touching the affairs of the world over which He presides with unquestioned wisdom.

"Who would sever freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the invidious line?
Though by birth one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest.

"Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear the central mountain band,
Dear New England's rocky strand,
Dear the prairied West.

"By our altars, pure and free;
By our laws, deep-rooted tree;
By the past's dread memory;
By our Washington.

"By our common parent tongue;
By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young;
By the tie of country strong—
We will still be one.

"Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
Ages! must ye drop again?
Maker! shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by Thee?

"Now receive our solemn vow,
While before Thy shrine we bow,
Ever to maintain as now,
Union! Liberty!"

MEMORIAL DAY ORATION.

The dead we have always with us in thought or deed. The very atmosphere pulses with the breath and movements of those who were once of us, but who have strung their harps to a higher note. This old earth of ours is crusted feet deep with the ashes of those who labored and struggled and died to make it possible for us to live in liberty and peace. The generation of which we are a part is a mere link in the infinite chain composing the circle of progress that has no beginning and no end. The broadest river, the wildest water course is held in indissoluable marriage with the far-off springs that, with a kiss of love, send the first rain drop on its endless journey of fertility and life. The history of the rain drop is the history of climate, of field, of fruit and mountain, as is the inspiration of those who at the dawn fashioned the first signs that afterwards made up the sovereign letters of the language in the sentences of time, a part of the history of mankind.

To the tomb of the soldier rightfully belongs the votive offerings of affection. Great battle fields are the illumined letters in the tablet and language that progress uses to mark her epochs. The word Marathon nestles in its bosom, the culmination of the one hundred preceding years of virtuous struggle and God-like endeavor of a people who saw the light in its zenith and wished to enjoy it. Salamis is the naval mother of all watery warfare; Themistocles the admiral of all time. If we speak of self-sacrificing courage we think of Thermopylæ. If we meditate on misfortune and mighty individual ruin, four words constitute the chapter: Zama, Waterloo, Hannibal, Napoleon. Providence marks on its charts the fountains from whence power springs—man uses the stream at his peril. A clasp that no one can destroy unites to every decisive battle a God-like heart throb that adds to the final sum of human destiny. That which

is local, under pressure of a great emergency, becomes universal, and each soul by unseen appointment becomes the guardian of its safety. The name of the soldier may perish with his epitaph, but the spot of earth he consecrated with his valor makes no reckoning but with eternity.

History can no more forget the war in which our soldiers fought than it can forget the name of the nation for which they suffered. What a small quantity of earth, after all, is needed to make a whole age illustrious and immortal. The measure of a heroic deed is the spot where it was performed and the horizon it reaches.

Bunker Hill is not as large as a western farm; and yet, if all the laborers of all the nations toiled together to fence in its influence their failure would be lamentable. As well might they attempt to measure the vibrations of a sorrow, when an incurable grief has stricken the soul, or analyze the anguish that melts into the tears that bedew the cheek of love.

There are some things which even logic can not prove—a subtle worship-breeding divinity that occupies an Olympus above and beyond the highest efforts. The tablet that bears the inscription, "To the Unknown," concentrates in itself, not only what the sacrifices of war mean, but also the tribute that a poor soul has paid towards the erection of that enduring temple wherein is ultimately to be celebrated the triumph of every effort made for the glorification and perfection of the human race.

A tomb here and there may suggest a vain and unremunerative struggle with the petty martyrdoms of human life. It may suggest something more; it may recall a heroic soul whose unswerving allegiance to duty steadied a wavering column, or an affrighted crew, or a despairing people, and made possible the entrance of the gateway to a future too large in its possibilities for the then present comprehension.

It was at Austerlitz that the private soldier, meeting Napoleon on his round of inspection, informed him just where the weak spot in the enemy's line existed. It was at that point that Napoleon struck. When the battle was over the private

was sleeping with the "unknown," and imperial generosity had no conjuring art to evoke from the dead silence the name of him who, at that critical hour, gave confidence to the wavering courage of the greatest soldier of modern times. There are no trifles, details or accidents in the execution of the universal plan. It was he, to whom was entrusted but one talent and who hid it in the ground, that was banished from the royal favor. Each grave that receives a flower is as worthy of it as is the sarcophagus in which reposes the remains of the world's famed chief.

But, after all, for what purpose and to what end did these persons suffer and die whose memories we commemorate? Was it for the posthumous enjoyment of a transient pageantry? Did they give up home, affections, prospects of pleasure, embracements of children, the enchantments of love, to overthrow one form of slavery, only to fetter their survivors with another more hideous, exacting and cruel? Was the phantom of a government by the many, for which they died, to be only an allurement to the establishment of a government by the few? And yet, to this unpalatable end all things seem tending. The republic for which these men died seems to be but a name and a dream. What hope for the nations did these dead heroes leave behind them? What did the ebb and flow of their struggles insure for their toiling successors? Did they suffer that we might only learn "To lean on things that rot beneath our weight," and yield our hearts to a blindfold bondage whose only heraldry is the scar it inflicts? Did they die that 25,000 men out of 60,000,000 should own three-fourths of the republic they saved? Did they die simply to create enduring securities wherein cowardly cupidity could find shelter in which to practice with impunity new invasions on the rights of men? Where is there to be found a bud of hope on the tree of moneyed tyranny which their blood has been forced to nurture? Who rules in the councils of the nation to-day? Not those who saved it. The very freedom they conferred on the black men, by a strange alchemy, has been changed into a shadow to darken the dial-plate of national progress.

Schedule and measure the results of the last thirty years, and tell me, if you can, how much larger have the assets of human comforts grown. Have the daily struggles of the masses grown less intense? Were the sacrifices of these dead heroes made that we might have semi-wars in Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Washington and Wyoming? Conflicts wherein insatiable greed, reinforced by irresponsible power, sought to inaugurate a millennium of submission. The soldier, living and dead, performed his duty; when will we commence to discharge ours? When will we march to the front and pronounce "anathama marantha" against corrupt legislators who seek office only to sell their votes and betray their constituents—legislators whose consciences are graded like stocks in a broker's office and open for purchase at the whim of every bidder? When will we march to the front and teach pliable judiciaries that there still remains a broad and palpable distinction between confessed scoundrels and honest men; that employed and employer have equal rights and both are entitled to equal protection? This is our country and we can make out of it what we will.

A national life is an aggregation of the individual lives that constitute it. The germ of immortality is in the individual; so, to, in the nation. The germ primarily contains all the possibilities of a finished growth—a perfect thing. This immortality does not mean the enduring of temples, of showy edifices, of codes of law, of current thought or convenient custom. It means the abiding influence, the perpetuation of that subtle power, that unseen, but forever felt, impresses, fashions, melts and molds the formative materials that compose the ultimate and lasting judgment of mankind. Our possibilities are in our grasp. What shall we do with them? Shall we make this commonwealth a body of honorable men and honorable women, unapproachable by bribes, unassailable by corruption, and thus constituted transmit it to the future, or shall we make it a harbor wherein pirate craft unload their cargoes of plunder, won in ignoble fights, wherein the weak and virtuous have failed, by reason of their incompetence, to struggle with legalized maraud-

ers, who claim exemption from righteous judgment because of charters born in iniquity and perpetuated by servility?

Virtue and vice are not in God's keeping, but in ours. Our ancestors made the past, we make the future. And charged with this burdensome and preëminent duty, let us solemnly resolve at the graves of our dead heroes and at the altars of sanctified patriotism to entrust no men or set of men with power who will not only swear to become willing slaves to the right, but to take up arms, if need be, to defend it. This done, this work accomplished, our leaf in the volume of immortality will be as grand as the leaf contributed by any other people who love God and keep His commandments.

There is nothing in history more deplorable than the winning of a great battle in the interest of human freedom, and then have it followed by the deliberate and studied abandonment or perversion of its results. All impostors are, in the nature of things, quack reformers. All false dukes outshine the real ones, as an accidental financier or sporadic statesman outstrips those to the manor born. After all the heroic labors of soldiers, living or dead, we seem to have reached a point in our national history where entrenched authority regards the solemn trusts and compacts of the federal constitution as subordinate to the demands of those who, in retirement and safety, accumulated fortunes by speculating on the hardships and fleshless miseries of the people. Change the title of president to that of high priest, and the name of the White House to that of the temple, and we have the money changers in full possession of this modern Israel. Did the men whose memories we honor and revere die for this?

In absolute monarchies the will of the hereditary sovereign is supreme, for religion adds to it the grace of God and tradition strengthens its pretension. Any policy pronounced by such a government to the overborne and submissive seems right, for in the ruler they see the representative of the God they worship; but in a republic, where office holders and laymen are each equal, and the opinion of each has only the value that its wisdom confers, does it not seem strange that one clothed with

temporary official power should hold his judgment as vastly superior to the judgment of the millions whose partiality has invested him with a fugitive importance?

Two hundred years have elapsed since an English sovereign dared to veto a measure affecting the public good passed by parliament. A hundred years have passed since an English sovereign had the courage to intimate to parliament his wishes respecting the disposition of a bill pending before that honorable body. Yet we find ourselves quivering and shaking in the presence of the daily threats of a modern Cæsar who four years hence may be asking some Titinius for a cup of water. Does all our courage sleep in the graves of the dead soldiers? Have we lost the voice of protest, the heroism of remonstrance? Shall we shame the dead by silently acquiescing in the insolent usurpation of the living?

This is no party question. Does one man know more about the wants of a whole people that they know themselves? Does the simple oath of office fertilize with infallible wisdom a brain naturally sluggish and beefy? Does it confer a right on the taker of it to enforce on a nation a policy bottomed on the self-interest of the few, and which ignores and contemns the broader interests of the many? And yet we are confronted with such a spectacle to-day. We see a high-handed attempt to fuse the executive and the legislative departments into one, and clothe the occupant of the former with the functions of both.

For almost twenty years a heroic effort has been made by a large portion of the people to right a stupendous wrong—to eliminate from the page of legislation an imprinted iniquity, whose gigantic proportions threaten the prosperity of the whole world. That effort has failed, because the unjust interference of respective administrations has practically paralyzed it, both in and out of congress. The still small voice of the few has been more powerful than the sonorous wailing of the many. When the stream of relief threatened to sweep away all obstructions, and refresh the people with a new hope, executive dictation, supplemented by thrifty, senatorial cunning and crooked wisdom, hypnotized the friends of the right and in-

duced them to accept a half measure, almost as ruinous in its results as the original fraud.

This half measure, having accomplished the purpose of its designer, having baffled the hopes and confused the people, is daily held up as a proof of the wisdom of that nefarious divorce forced upon the money metals of this country. With products everywhere declining in value, with banks failing, with money growing tighter and burdens heavier, with the number of empty and unemployed hands steadily increasing and the number of hungry stomachs daily multiplying, we have on this day, sacred to patriotism, the spectacle of rulers juggling with the fortunes of a suffering nation and devising means whereby its bondage to the monarch of the bag may be forever perpetuated. We have the spectacle of a man clothed with executive power quietly sifting the consciences of our senators and representatives to ascertain how large must be the temptation that is to be offered to induce them to betray the sacred trusts reposed in them by their constituents.

The powers of the executive are as distinct from those of the legislative, as the powers of the judiciary are distinct from both. A qualified veto rests with the president, and was placed there by the constitution to secure, among other things, the following objects:

First, to prevent the legislative department from obtruding upon the rights and absorbing the powers of the other departments. It is and was primarily designed as a defensive weapon to preserve the integrity of the executive powers. It was a reminder to congress that a simple majority could not, either by resolution or bill, strip the executive of his power to carry on his great office, with freedom from intermeddling on the part of the other coördinate branches of the government.

The second object was to establish a salutary check upon the legislative body, calculated to guard the community against the efforts of faction, precipitancy, or of any impulse unfriendly to the public good which might happen to influence the majority of that body.

Another equally important object was to secure a full and free discussion of any measure sought to be enacted into a law, and about the character of which the public had not been fully advised. Our fathers never dreamed for a moment that this veto power was to be lightly used, nor did they contemplate that it would be utilized as a means of enforcing the individual opinion of one man on the great body of the nation. While they armed the president with this extraordinary power that he might prevent the legislature from absorbing the executive department, they did not anticipate that a condition of affairs would arise where an executive officer would attempt to absorb legislative functions and use this qualified veto, reinforced by a corrupt and degrading use of patronage to effect this absorption. They believed that it would be applied with great caution and only upon occasions of manifest propriety or extreme necessity.

In defending this provision of the constitution, Mr. Hamilton declared: "A king of Great Britain, with all his train of sovereign attributes, and with all the influences he draws from a thousand sources, would at this day hesitate to put a negative upon the joint resolution of the two houses of parliament."

The question which engages the public attention to-day, and which the people are not permitted to solve, uninfluenced by executive dictation, is not a new one. It is older than the government itself; it has been discussed in conventions, in congress, on the hustings, in magazines, newspapers and books until the most fecund and prolific genius despairs of throwing any light upon it; hence no charge of precipitancy, no impulse of an unfriendly nature for the public good can be urged as a justification for the intermeddling of any department of this government with the rights of another.

It is congress, not the executive, to whom the constitution gives the power "to coin money and regulate the value thereof," and obstructions interposed to defeat the exercise of this high and essential power, after the necessity for its use has been so elaborately discussed, smacks of treason against the rights of the people. Were this a mere matter of party expediency, or of local policy, its presence here would be offensive; but when

every interest, both local and general, both state and national, is affected by it, no occasion is too solemn. A question that touches every brow that sweats, every arm that toils, every stomach that hungers, every industry that seeks advancement should be a welcome guest, wherever intelligent men assemble to render homage to those who suffered and died for their country.

Bad as are the signs of the times, there is no occasion of despairing of the fortunes of the nation. The common sense of all the people transcends the cunning and the craft of the few. All the conspiracies that have been concocted in all the times have failed either in their immediate or remote hopes. Nothing is finally triumphant or enduring in this world save truth and righteousness. The river swallows up the rills, the ocean swallows up the rivers, the atmosphere kissed by the sun holds rill and river and ocean in ultimate thraldom, and forces to the top every impure element in each to the end that it may be destroyed. Each secret thought, tinged with iniquity, is made public; each concealed wrong is unmasked; each crooked way is made a feudatory to the right road, and truth and righteousness move onward to the realm wherein they are recognized as the commonplace fruits of God's unerring providence and goodness.

LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE STATE CAPITOL.

We occupy to-day the vantage ground from which, through a pure atmosphere, we can wisely survey 100 years of our constitutional history. We look back through a century consecrated by the highest achievements of man, and filled with the spiritual force of woman. Some call it the century of scientific invention and research, some of commercial activity, some of decisive battles and wondrous revolutions. Some name it a century of daring speculation in the fields of thought and marvelous hardihood in the lines of action. Denominate it as you will, it stands unrivaled in the annals of human endeavor.

The good in the world never perishes; the evil only is transient and evanescent. Every great soul that mothered into existence a great thought; every great thought that struggled for the right; every strong arm that parried the blows of oppression or broke the manacles of might, labored not in vain. The rivulets of good influences that had their sources in the remotest times, and carved their way through stolid, bigoted and brutal nations, make part of the great ocean of civilization on which we float. Without them we would not be that of which we boast.

God's purposes have hands and feet which never tire.

The strength of to-day is the accumulated strength of all the days that have preceded it. Every step we take up the steep hillside of life is aided as much by the pressure of the past as by the tempting hopes of the future. Of course, the journey of mankind through the ages has been an unspeakably sad one, but never without hope or profit. Each century has been better than its predecessor, and will continue so to be to the end of time. The pathways of the past have widened into the highways of the present. The sunlight is flooding the valleys, as well as bathing the

hilltops. The darkness is everywhere receding; the starlight is growing brighter; the old superstitions are fast vanishing away; the light of the future is reaching hitherward and interlacing itself with the light of to-day, and mankind is coming more and more to realize that whatever of sorrow or anguish has existed at any time has been the workmanship of man's own hand; that he alone whetted the sword that pierced his own side; that he kindled the fires that burnt his own fingers; and after all the sorrows and pains, disappointments and struggles, the advances and the retreats, the marches and countermarches, were essential parts of an education indispensable to the accomplishment of a preordained mission. Better be optimists in this glorious age than pessimists; better be bearers of torches in the jungles of darkness than skulkers in the caverns of disbelief; better believe in the religion of humanity than not believe at all.

"Thou must believe and thou must venture,
In fearless faith thy safety dwells.
By miracles alone men enter
The glorious land of miracles."

That was a happy conception of the artists and statesmen of France that led them, at their recent centennial exposition, to erect a picture gallery wherein was portrayed on canvas, or chiseled in marble, the chief events and personages that had played a conspicuous part during the past 100 years of their national history. Here, indeed, was a wonderful drama, with all the actors looking down upon you.

Had you read the untold volumes that treat of that most fruitful period, the impression you would have gained would be dim and indistinct compared with this wondrous object lesson. There flashed upon you the bastile, with its centuries of horrors. There you saw the assault upon it by an infuriated people, and its demolition. You look up and see the prison where Louis XVI. and his guilty queen were imprisoned, and the place where they were executed. You see the national assembly as it deliberates on grave and momentous questions. You gaze upon the directory, and see its fall. You take a glance at the little Corsican, with his school cap on, peering out of the darkness and praying for power.

You see France under the consulate and empire. You see the emperor overthrown, and the return of kings, and their banishment.

You see an emperor restored and again overthrown. You see Gambetta and Thiers, and many another great statesman, rise out of the chaos and command the waves of passion and anarchy to subside. You see the features of the republic taking semblance and form. In that same wonderful drama you see the faces of those who had distinguished themselves in literature, in science, in philosophy. You see the triumphs achieved in agriculture, in commerce, in the mechanical arts. You see all the great and valuable things that a nation has wrought in a century, stamped on the canvas or carved into the marble. In an hour you live the history of a century. You are with the men who made it. You see the actors come on and go off the stage. You hear them recite their pieces, see them do their deeds, play their parts, well or ill, and disappear. You learn how one condition of society is steadily and inexorably evolved out of another. You learn how a man acquires power over his fellow-men and how he loses it. You see strange and unexpected feet marching into the pathway of the great, and pushing them out of it. While you gaze on this wonderful panorama you feel that the atmosphere that encompasses you is quivering with the mighty pulse throbs of the men and women who have lived as we live, who have suffered as we suffer, and who conquered as we can conquer if we but try.

Victor Hugo well says: "There are no small details in the affairs of humanity; everything that it does is great."

Standing in that gallery of events and slowly numbering them as they succeed one another you realize that while there may be much wretchedness below, there is a greater amount of paternity above. That while there is pain there is also happiness. Where there is sorrow there is joy, where there is hate there is love, where there is oppression there is liberty, and where there is wrong there is right.

Take away the cross and you diminish by half the stature of the Saviour. Remove the cup of hemlock and Socrates will become as rusty as the philosophy of Plato. Obliterate the scaf-

fold from history and you will forget Russell and Sydney. Add these incidents to them and their fame becomes imperishable.

The man who invented the figures reaching from one to nine laid the science of mathematics, but the man who invented the figure that we call naught was quite as great a benefactor. A nought standing by itself means nothing, but add to it the figure 1 and it makes 10, or to the figure 9 and it makes 90. Nothing joined to something in the world's history is not only an unknown but an immeasurable quantity.

The ringing of a bell in and of itself may be a small thing, but the ringing of the Liberty bell in Independence Hall meant the downfall of dynasties, the overthrow of monarchies, the disenthrallment of people, and the ultimate enfranchisement of the world.

What France did at her exposition we should do at ours.

Let some artist paint the galleon on which Columbus sailed on one panel and the Fourth of July on another. What a vast sweep of history lies between these two things. The tips of the wings of the continents seem to brush each other. Modern intellect, like a very Aphrodite, seems to rise not only out of the bosom of an ocean, but out of all oceans and navigable streams. The spirit of maritime discovery seems to touch with its resurrectionary wand continents and islands that had slept in oblivion's tomb for ages. Cabot claws Newfoundland out of the darkness into the light. De Gama doubles the Cape of Good Hope and plants the foundation of Portugese empire in the East Indies. Brazil, too, comes forth from her sepulcher. The Gulf of St. Lawrence feels the keel of an adventurous ship. Panama, Malacca, the Isthmus of Darien, the flowery land of Florida, the rich countries of Peru, Mexico and California appear. In fact, within a century, beginning with the first voyage of Columbus, the whole continent was colonized either by Portugese or Spanish or French or English or Dutch. Vast and rich material here for painting and panorama. Object lessons in great plenty lying all about you. These cruisers and colonizers were simply seekers after gold. They were not in search of a country where they could worship God according to the

dictates of their own conscience, and compel everybody else to do the same. They had but one supreme want, and that was for wealth to replenish their wasted exchequers. Lawless, cruel, avaricious, they left their trail of fire and blood and wretchedness behind them. Their discoveries and colonizations added not one atom of moral benefit to Europe or to the world. Their role was cast for the introductory part of the play; the star performers came on later.

Let us glance for a moment at a few of our national pictures.

The first you see is Jamestown; a small place, but destined to be remembered forever. The inhabitants you see are planting a new civilization. There are great characters standing in its shadows, who will materialize by and by. The germs and embryos of warriors, statesmen and poets are all there.

This panel represents Plymouth Rock, and the people who are kneeling on it have God and empire in their souls and constitutions, and governments in their brains. A little further on we will see communities and churches, and school houses and town halls and town meetings, and many varied and mighty things until then unusual and undreamed of in the affairs of man. In the shadow of that town hall there is sleeping a young republic that by and by will question and overthrow the privileges of kings.

That roystering, jolly, horse-racing, card-playing crowd you see there are inhabitants of "Merry-land," so named by them. They, too, have a civilization that will play no unimportant part when the general blending comes.

That is an assemblage of Dutch, who, started for New England, were betrayed by the pilot, stranded on Manhattan Island, bought it for forty-eight shillings, and think they own the world. There will be occasion for their civilization also.

That large panel represents a group of Friends from Wales; the central figure is William Penn. He is reading to them the rough sketch of the constitution which he has prepared for the government of the province of Pennsylvania, and informing them "that the first fundamental principle of the government of my province is that every person shall have and enjoy the free pos-

session of his or her faith and exercise of worship toward God in such a way and manner as every such person shall in conscience believe is most acceptable to God." Great words in those early days; a formidable menace to priestcraft and ecclesiastical arrogance and insolence. We must remember that scene. It may stand us in hand some time.

To complete this group of pictures, let us glance for a moment at the one representing the settlement of the Carolinas by the Huguenots. A fiery, spirited people, Calvinist in religion, haters of tyranny because they felt it under Louis XIV. of France, and James of England. Their ancestors had enjoyed political and military employment. Some of them had commanded the armies of the state, and others presided over important departments of the civil administration. Their Protestantism was a crime; they brought it here, and something else with it. It will appear in time.

I have alluded to these things that you might see the diverse elements out of which our American policy sprung.

For many centuries Europe had been dominated by two powers working in concert—the church and the state; two laws —the one the feudal and the other the canon law. The one imprisoned the mind, the other enslaved, and not infrequently burned, the body; the one played the part of accuser, the other that of executioner. The one asserted that it possessed the keys by which the gates of heaven might be opened or closed at pleasure; the other treated mankind as a vast army in a state of constant encampment. The land in this world owned by the head of the state; the land in the next by the head of the church. The sovereign confederated with the priest to make the latter supreme in his field and the priest confederated with the sovereign to make the latter absolute in his dominions, and both struggled to wrest from the people those rights not derived from laws or constitutions, acts of parliaments, or customs or grants of rulers, but from the Almighty himself. Against this unholy confederacy the Pilgrims, Puritans, Huguenots and the Dutch and the Quakers began their warfare, and chose for the field of battle the virgin

soil of this continent. What has been accomplished it is needless to recount further than to say that they decreed the eternal divorce of church and state.

The line of battle reached from the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west; from the Northern lakes to Southern gulf. The camp fires have blazed along every line of latitude and longitude. Under the inspiration of freedom, rivers have swollen into lakes, lakes have become inland seas. Associations have widened into societies, societies into municipalities, municipalities into states, states into a mighty nation. If you ask for its products in men, erect a pedestal higher than all others, and the enlightened judgment and conscience of the world, by unanimous vote, will place Washington upon it; and if you would embalm in the records of the world's undying remembrance the name of a mere man that would symbolize greatness and purity, patience and patriotism, suffering and endurance, meekness and courage, who will take precedence over Lincoln?

England may point to one character, who in the space of one hundred years has risen from the ranks of the common people and stand out conspicuously in the field of statesmanship, while we have filled our sky with a whole constellation of them.

England, in the process of the ages, has produced a Marlborough and a Wellington, the latter shining with reflected light, while we, in a single generation, have emblazoned the heraldry and peerage of history with a whole group of immortals.

The philosophy of Europe is simply the common sense of America. Her Iliad is completed; we are just beginning to sing ours. Our half ideas are more effective than her whole ones; her future is behind her, ours in front of us. Her labors will consist in undoing what is old; ours in starting something that is new. Hers, correcting old abuses, blotting out old tyrannies; ours in preventing new ones.

The only things she has to sell at present are a few faded titles, and as a by play we are manufacturing a few fools to buy them.

Our growth has been onward and upward. Precedents have been revered just so far as principle has vindicated their wisdom. The vaults of prejudice wherein stubborn conservatism preserved old things because of their age, have been broken down and scattered.

The products of our civilization consist not only in great men, but in great achievements. Providence first offered to Europe a steamship—she sent the inventor to a mad house. It first offered her the electro telegraph—she had not the diligence at the time to avail herself of it. It offered her the telephone, but she stopped at the music board. It was reserved for a child of America—the Wizard of Menlo Park—to wrap the secrets of Heaven about him and unfold the scientific wonders of the universe to an admiring world. It was as if the gods had revealed to him what the ponderous ages had been seeking. The display staggered the old civilizations. It took their breath away, and then, with characteristic habit of symbolizing great things with perishable and insignificant emblems they offered him an empty title; a misfit garter, as if anything shadowed by effete royalty could measure up to the full complement and meaning of what it is to be a citizen of the Western Republic.

And now, fellow-citizens, standing as we do to-day, in the broad light of the past experience the past furnishes us, what will we do for the future? Some heights have been attained beyond which we can not reach; some masterpiece in painting, in sculpture, in literature, some truths in philosophy and science that may not be enlarged upon, but still we have the power to see them in a new light, to apply them to new conditions.

We cannot improve upon the thing that has been done, and which the world concurs in pronouncing perfect, but we can do something better, we can furnish the great artists who are yet to come, new models—models founded on new principles. The glory of ancient art and philosophy consisted in representing all that was noble and pure in paganism, all that was heroic in true courage, all that was self-sacrificing in domestic or public life, all that reverence for and belief in a pantheistic creed could inspire in poet, philosopher, warrior or statesman. Their

creeds have perished and their empires, too. We have what they did not have—a Christian model, ever fresh, blessed with an eternal youth. The full embodiment of all the types of beauty, of gentleness, of love, of power, of which the greatest human intellect ever has or ever can conceive. It is this and only this that marks the distinction between their civilization and our own, and gives an assurance, if any assurance can be given, that we, too, will not pass into the list of pre-doomed nations when the summit of mere material grandeur is reached. Each age has its own burdens and responsibilities, and to their discharge it must apply its own wisdom and adapt its own measures. The contingencies of one age are never exactly like those of another. Measures deemed wise and indispensable at one time, may prove abortive or hurtful at another. Man is not like a finished building, standing still and not growing; he either goes forward or backward. Given a mind of unbounded capacity; a field of unmeasured resources and enterprise, what will he do with them? Shall Colorado become a mere commonwealth of coin, where the laws govern the poor and the rich govern the laws? Where nothing is heard but the jingle of dollars, or shall we make of her a state, crowned with a civilization high as her mountains, and pure as her atmosphere? This strong, massive, colossal structure, which we are here dedicating to the generations to come, what shall be made of it? Shall it become an exchange where political brokers shall clear up the accounts of venal traffic, or shall it be the arena where great statesmen shall fittingly discuss measures pregnant with the destinies of a constantly increasing population?

It was a law of Athens that no one could hold a seat in the council of state who had ever written a comedy. Let us exclude those who would make politics a farce. The science of politics has been defined to be the application of the common sense which every one possesses to a subject in which every one is concerned. It is almost fourteen years since we became members of the federal household. Of the many laws passed, but a few that have been questioned, have escaped the constitutional guillotine. The only legislative act that bids fair to

survive the rigid constitutional test is the restful motion to adjourn. We have grown great and powerful, not through legislative assistance, but in spite of it.

The ambitions of the intelligent and enterprising have heretofore preferred a distant, rather than a home field for exertion, and this, too, in the face of the fact that Colorado contains a territorial area double in size the Empire state of New York, or the rich and powerful state of Pennsylvania. You could drop into the bosom of Colorado all the territorial area of New England, Delaware and New Jersey, and not perceive an expansion in the corset strings that encircle her waist. If thus great in her territorial area, who can measure her varied and inexhaustible resources? If the nation itself were staggering under a mountain of debt, it could base its relief on the resources of this state alone, and after accomplishing its discharge leave a surplus behind that would enrich a sovereign.

Are there not means and opportunities here for the employment and cultivation of the highest statesmanship? The late war thrust upon the West the guidance of New England. We followed her lead in freeing the slaves, we allowed her to regulate our financial policy, to establish our banking system, to prescribe the terms and conditions under which our foreign commerce should be regulated. The occasion and necessity which gave rise to that state of affairs have passed away. When it originated the West was scarcely known. Things have changed; new commonwealths have sprung into being; the old bases of population have been shifted westward; new sources of great wealth have been discovered and utilized; a vigorous, hardy, robust people in their progress have wiped from the map all frontier lines, and, as they possess a superabundance of products of all kinds capable of supplying markets at home and abroad, and as they stand at the head of all new enterprises looking to the multiplication of human comforts, and involving the expenditure of vast sums of money they are beginning to doubt the propriety and wisdom of perpetuating longer a policy which inures almost exclusively to the advantage of one section of the country at the expense of another. They are beginning

to doubt the wisdom of a policy which, by offering extraordinary advantages, induced capital to invest in enterprises which it would not otherwise seek, and by extraordinary restrictions exclude it from enterprises into which it would otherwise enter.

People who have endured every hardship, braved every peril, generously responded to every demand—a people who have undauntedly carried the stakes and planted the monuments of civilization into all fields of danger, are coming to realize that they are entitled to more than a cold glance of tolerant respect from Eastern communities and statesmen who have built up and fostered their industries by cunningly devised systems of spoilation on ours. They feel that they are entitled to be heard when new measures involving general interests appear for discussion, or old abuses are up for removal. They believe neither in the primogeniture in politics nor estate. They believe that some statesmen can be as readily spared as some systems with which they have been identified, and which, like themselves, have survived usefulness. In short, they are weary of the petulancy, the arrogance, the moldy-handed and twang-voiced hypocrisy of an Eastern leadership that declares that the greatness and prosperity of a nation depends on their exclusive management of its affairs.

Bismarck was useful in his day, but the world has survived his retirement. Others equally entrenched in self-consciousness might profit by his example. We are beginning to learn that there is such a thing as geography in politics, and it is to be hoped that in this building to be erected there will be a school for its teaching.

Cast your eye, if you please, on the map of the New West. Colorado occupies a central position. She is the only state in the Union that is squared by lines of latitude and longitude. There is hardly a national question with which she is not specially identified. If you would discuss the Indian, we have the original with us. If you would solve the problem of the public lands, they are here. If you would legislate on interstate railways, they traverse our borders. If you seek a basis for honest money, you will find it in our mountains. On the north

we are connected with the British possessions, to the south with the Gulf of Mexico and Europe, to the west with the Pacific, China and Japan.

The further we go west, the nearer we approach to the East. Young men are hearing me to-day who will travel by rail from this state capital through Mexico, Central and South America, and Argentine Republic; and, within ten years, we will be connected by rail and tunnel with the capital of all the Russias. This is no vain phophecy, nor idle dream. Its coming is as inevitable as the law of gravitation. What Governor Gilpin foresaw forty years ago, was as clearly an inspired vision as any fore-judgment of Daniel or Isaiah.

Young men of this young commonwealth, behold the glories that await you. Look upon the results foretold by the pioneers, and now accomplished. Many who came early, peacefully rest in the shadows of yonder mountains. Their souls never thrilled with the jubilations of victory, but their eyes, like those of Moses, were radiant and undimmed. The kingdom was in their hearts, its possession is in your hands. Nothing can prevent your making Colorado the first commonwealth in the galaxy of states, save recreancy to public duty.

Let no blind fatuity lead you to forget the solemn truth that God punishes treason to great opportunities as he does great crimes, with destruction.

Prolific as has been the past in the suggestion of questions touching the well-being of humanity, the present offers more, and from the size of the shadows that are creeping over the horizon of thought we can form some estimate of their magnitude and character. Shall we and our children be equal to their solution? A golden age in the remote past is but a nursery preserved in the jugglery of history. Heaven is ahead of and not behind us.

Our eyes are given to see faint revealings of what shall be, because of what has been thus far accomplished. From the western outlook of this building and from the dome there shall ever be a view of unsurpassed magnificence—a stream of mountains billowy, white and blue, deep-shadowed and sub-

lime beyond words to express. Far up in the loftiest peaks, and repeated, as if God had set them for solitary sentinels, are hollowed basins containing fields of snow which never melt. They serve the scientific purposes of their creation by catching the heated currents of the upper air and holding them until the coolness has permeated them, and then they mingle their wealth of life-giving properties with the currents flowing eastward and westward, that humanity in the valleys and all created things may be strengthened and purified thereby.

In these mountains and basins, in the solitary camps of the miner and the pioneer, a young and hardy generation has been sheltered and let loose to develop their intellectual strength and mettle in eastern colleges and universities with the marvelous result of distancing all competitors. What does this forecasting mean, but that the physical conformations of this continental divide are having their reflect influences upon the mental life and energy of the "coming race." Traveling through the cañons and gorges, man is impressed with the mighty grandeur which shuts him in. It is not difficult to imagine that there was something in the old Greek idea, after all, that the mountain fastnesses, the inaccessible heights touching the heavens, were the abodes of the gods, shaping themselves into huge castles with pillars, domes and spires, with murmur of waterfall, and the hush of divine silence. Why should we not look for a mighty development correspondingly when humanity presses hard against the very summit of God's physical creation, "even to the hills whence cometh their help."

Looking eastward from this place we see how the energizing force of will and brain have wiped the old desert from the lines of longitude and latitude which bound it; compelling even the elements to come to the rescue by contributing showers and dews to the redemption of the barren soil. In the higher realm of scientific and spiritual activities there are fields yet untouched, and mountain heights unexplored; and to whom shall we naturally look for the astounding developments of the future along all lines, if not to the children of those whose arms and

might have built up a commonwealth whose achievements and prospects we celebrate to-day?

The wealth of the mountains, the gold and the silver, the quarries of marble, granite, sandstone and everything adapted to utilitarian and commercial interests no longer lie hidden where the long ages kept sacred the secret of their existence. They are ready for use when we are ready for them, waiting to be fashioned by the skill of labor and science to meet the uses and demands of civilization. No better time and place for us to ask and answer the question: For what purpose shall all this bounty be used—to whose benefit applied, than to-day and here.

Shall the silver and gold be used for garnishing their possessors, weaving for them a glittering shroud in which all noble impulses and abundant opportunities are to be buried and useless, or shall men and women receive and disburse them as if a gracious responsibility were confided to their keeping? Shall it be in erecting institutions wherein the mental and moral energies shall be taken in hand by skilled artisans to be moulded into character ready and strong to impress, in their turn, upon society, their culture and power?

Shall the desert be made to blossom as the rose; shall gardens and orchards yield their abundant supply from soil deemed impossible of cultivation; shall these shapeless stones be chiseled and lifted up, one above another, until they grow into the similitude of homes, colleges, and churches, and all this creative and productive force spend itself on mere materialities or shall all this material wealth become the basis of intellectual and moral uplifting through the same expenditures of energies upon the human possibilities that lie about us, until a race, never dreamed of by Bulwer, or any other optimist, shall make this pivotal portion of the continent a distributing point of holy and healthful influences to all the world? This is a good place, this is a good day, to forget our weaknesses and mistakes, and in the light of our responsibilities to the future, consecrate ourselves anew—citizens, state house and state, to the welfare of the coming citizenship whose feet may stand in these high places, and whose voices may ring through these corridors to

all times in no uncertain tones for honor and for right. And when, in after ages, history shall level her lenses to take in the stature of the men and women who have appeared as brilliant figures in the cloudy web of life, and illuminated it with wisdom and goodness, may Colorado appear, not dim and indistinct, as a figure seen through mist, not muffled in selfishness nor panoplied in a mantle of pompous conceits and ulcered follies, but as a queen mother who has nurtured a brood of statesmen, philosophers, poets and divines, bright shining with enchanted heads, and of whom she can say, in the language of Cornelia, "These are my jewels."

THE VISIONS OF COLUMBUS.

A distinguished writer, noting a period in the world's history when there was dearth of great men, explained their absence by stating "That there is only one cause for the want of great men in any period; nature does not think fit to produce them. There are no creatures of education and circumstances."

If it is necessary in the orderly progression of Providence that a great moral law for the guidance and government of peoples be revealed and applied, a Moses is forthcoming. If a pebble is needed to kill a giant, and exactly fit the sling, the stream that holds it is found running at the feet of David. If the straw and papyrus are not found sufficient in quantity for the printing of the world's intelligence, some one is inspired with the happy idea that linen rags may be manufactured into paper. If the world, with its pattering feet and grinding commerce, has worn out its old accustomed roads, it occurs to some one that a wagon will run better on two iron rails, and can be moved with greater celerity by the application of steam, and a Watts and Stephenson enter upon the stage. And when an extraordinary change in the world's history is to be inaugurated it is always found that opposite antecedent events have patiently but unerringly led the idea up to the altar of baptism and consecration. When discontents appear, it is time to put the state in order. As Shakespeare says:

> "Before the days of change, still is it so.
> By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
> Ensuing danger; as by proof we see
> The water swell before a boisterous storm."

It was a strange doctrine, that of the old Brahmins, that once in a thousand years God appeared on earth in human form

to set things right, to sweep away the accumulation of errors and superstitions, to set his people free, and to furnish them a chart containing directions for the thousand years to come. Astronomy seems to teach a kindred truth, for the north star keeps his watch and vigil over earth and man for but a thousand years and then he is relieved of duty by another fellow of the skies who takes his place. It was in the fifth century of the Christian era that the great Roman Empire fell, and the foundation of the church began to harden and grow strong; it was just one thousand years afterwards that a man was sent into this world, destined to shake it from turret to foundation stone. In some respects the fifteenth century may be regarded as taking second rank in the history of the Christian world, for in that century Columbus, Luther, Copernicus, Joan of Arc, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Guttenberg and Faust were born. What a galaxy have we here of God's inspired teachers! Evangels indeed, charged with the reformation of the world's ideas, on the subjects of geography, religion, astronomy, printing and sculpture. The Brahmin's dream is realized. The rubbish of the old theater is to be swept away, the curtain is to be rung down on the old scenes with their effete and tiresome actors; only to be lifted up again for a corps of new characters—with a new play whose fifth act will end with the complete disenthrallment of man and the vindication of God's wisdom through all the ages and among all the peoples.

In 1435, when Columbus crept out of eternity and into time, the European world was falling to pieces. The fedual system, which took its start in the fifth century, was rapidly expiring. The power of the nobles, whose order for so many years had held sway, was not only undermined but overthrown. The church was rent in twain and two infallible popes, each brandishing heaven's forged commission in their hands and holding the only key by which the gates of paradise or hell could be unlocked, were thundering at each other—the one from Rome, the other from Avignon. Everything was tending to absolutism on the part of the monarchs. All faith in God or man had vanished, and the people everywhere, casting aside the terrors of

hell and the horror of the grave, were assembled under the banner of a grinning skeleton and reveling in the horrid "dance of death"—while others, still more crazy and despairing, were perambulating Europe plying the whip on their naked backs and declaring that religion consisted alone in scourging; while still others were running about declaring that the use of clothes was evidence of an unconverted mind, and that to return to a state of nakedness such as was enjoyed by our first parents, was an infallible sign of innocence and purity. In England affairs were almost as bad as any where else. Bigots were engaged in digging up the bones of Wickliff, and burning his books. The people were reduced to abject poverty and the most galling distresses, and Jack Cade, with his infuriate host of starving tatter-de-malions, was howling at the foot of the throne and asking for a lightening of their burdens, only to receive in answer the sword and the gallows.

This was a time indeed when all reverence for the past, its customs and establishments, perished. It was a time for a deluge of the old or a discovery of a new world. As to the former, they had the Almighty's promise that the drowning business should not be renewed, and a new land was the only thing left.

In the year 1492, the most wicked, depraved and devilish man since Nero's time, occupied the papal throne. There was no depth of diabolism into which he had not dropped his plummet. He persecuted his friends, polluted his family circle with crimes at which Aggripina must have shuddered and turned away—profligacy was the stream in which this sacerdotal miscreant bathed himself. To the heartlessness of a pandor he added the bloodthirstiness of a ruffian. Such a man was at the head of Christendom. To whom could the people turn for succor? The battle of Agincourt had destroyed the nobility of France; no one was left who could furnish protection but kings, and that meant absolute despotism. Just at that time a sailor, standing on the deck of the "Pinta," sighted an island in the Atlantic, and Christopher Columbus sang the Te Deum. No wonder that the crew fell down at his feet with reverence and chided themselves for the disquiet and discontent they had so

repeatedly manifested toward their voyager and commander. On another occasion a choir of angels hailed with seraphic joy an incarnated promise that the world should not be abandoned. Then the salutations of Jesus, the great spiritual navigator and guide, made vocal the halls of Palestine. Now the choir was composed of men, and the waves of its music bathed in joy the murky dungeon, the seething hovel, the gilded palace, and the longing hearts all the world over. Luther felt it swell as he counted his beads and repeated his pater nosters and aves in the convent. Raphael could see a new color kiss the cheeks of his brush. Michael Angelo added new energy to his chisel; and the printing press floated out into the byways of life and over the hedges of ignorance, with rich argosies of imperishable knowledge.

Well done Columbus, we will hear of thee later on!

But some will say that others held this new world in their vision centuries before. That Plato saw it in his lost Atlantis—that Cicero hinted at it in his Vision of Scipio—that old John De Manville was almost within the limits of the enchanted ground when he wrote his wondrous tale during the reign of Edward the Third. Be it so, but it was through a glass darkly. With them it was a dream, with Columbus a fact. As well might you seek to deprive Guttenberg of the glory of his invention of printing because letters were found on the face of the bricks that constituted the books of the ancient Egyptians. As well might you seek to deprive Fulton of the glory of his steamboat because Blasco De Garay, in 1543, constructed a steam vessel, and in the presence of Charles V., in the harbor of Barcelona, exhibited a vessel of two hundred tons propelled by an engine, the construction of which was kept a secret —an engine, too, so perfect that it has barely been improved on since.

As well seek to deprive James Watts of the honor due him because in 1661 Solomon De Claus presented to Cardinal Richelieu a model of another steam engine and with it a book entitled "Moving Powers," and was sent to the mad house for his pains.

The truth is, for history so demonstrated it, that the Almighty drops a great idea at one time and another into the brains of one nation and another and then patiently awaits the apt time for its development. Experiment succeeds experiment—here a little progress, and then a halt until other things catch up, and finally when the audience is ready the bell rings, the curtain ascends, and the drama commences. It was just so in regard to America. Others had taken voyages long before Columbus. The Azores had been discovered in 1439, and colonized by the Portuguese in 1440. In 1487 Bartholomew Diaz, the Portuguese, had sailed to the southern extremity of Africa and passed round to the east without recognizing the fact. Frightened by the awful surge of the waves he carried his voyage only to the Cape of Storms, now the Cape of Good Hope, and then retreated.

As to the extent of geographical knowledge existing in the fifteenth century we have but scanty information. Hallam in his "History of Literature," while commenting on poetry, philosophy, divinity, medicine and anatomy, omits all mention of it. No general collection of travels was published until 1565, more than a century after the birth of Columbus. In viewing this subject it must be kept steadily in mind that the horror of the ages kept guard over the unexplored regions of the sea. The ancient Greek floated among the islands of the Mediterranean and Ægean seas, and the Archipelago was a favorite field, but beyond all was unknown, and feverish imaginations filled the vast untracked waste of waters with chimeras dire, and monsters of every shape. About the middle of the fifteenth century thoughtful minds began to reason on the construction of the world and its form. It was whispered around that great treasures lay hidden in the solitude of the sea—that to the westward there must exist solid land equal in weight and size to that already known, so that the waters would conduct the mariner to the far off India by a nearer route than had been theretofore pursued. These whispers caught the ears of Columbus: the idea impressed him; he hawked his theory about from court to court, now offering it to Portugal, then to England, and finally to Spain, the most powerful monarchy of that age. We all

know of the heart aches and anxieties and disappointments which beset his labors. At last his heart was filled with joy, and three caravels left the port of Palos on their immortal voyage. Years after, when Columbus was asked what led him into this field, he answered: "I was impressed by God." If the beginning of the fifteenth century was as wretched and discordant as I have portrayed, let us pause a moment and observe its close. In 1491 Granada was taken, and with it fell the Mohammedan power in Europe. In 1492 Columbus discovered America and laid the foundations for new political relations with the West. In 1497 Vasco De Gama sailed into the port of Lisbon, announcing the good tidings that he had doubled the Cape of Storms and established relations of friendship and commerce with the far off India in the East. The world was starting anew and starting in all directions.

A word as to the personnel of the new drama that was in preparation for the sixteenth century. When the horologue of time announced its arrival, Henry VIII. of England was nine years old. Francis I. was five, and Charles V. was just opening his eyes. With this trio not only came a new world but also new systems; international laws, and balancing of powers. Luther was beginning to sing the sweetest hymns ever written to the Virgin, and Ignatius Loyola was playing his guitar in front of the walls of Pampeluna. Pretty fair start for a new era. Music and battles to be heard all along the line. A new opera house—a building indeed and plenty of room. Scene sifters in great plenty and vigorous fellows, too; but all this we will leave for some future occasion.

That was a gorgeous affair that went on at the palace at Barcelona in April, 1493. Large amount of tinselry and ornamentation. Streets, windows, balconies and all crowded with people eager to see the great commander and the strange trophies he brought with him; consisting of stuffed birds, animals of unknown species, rare plants, until then unheard of, six live Indians and gold in dust, in solid masses and barbaric ornaments. The chivalry were out in force and noblemen of every grade from Castile, Valencia, the famous battle field of the Cid; from

Catalonia and Arragon. To furnish the people a view of the ceremony the royal throne was placed in public under a canopy of brocade of gold in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen, and heir apparent, attended by the dignitaries of the court, awaited his arrival. He comes, tall, stately and venerable, with hair as gray as that of a Roman senator. At the royal command he recounted his wondrous tale—at its conclusion their majesties dropped on their knees and poured out thanksgiving to heaven for so great a providence—all followed their example. When Columbus retired to his residence the court and the populace followed him. It was only a few years before that this same hero had been treated far otherwise—he had been following this same court for many tedious and weary years, begging and importuning it to accept from his hands this new world. Children had pointed at him as a mad-man, others denounced him as an adventurer and dreamer. Had not the grand council of Salamanca, organized in 1486, and composed of the learned professors of the university, aided by the highest church dignitaries, solémnly resolved in 1490 that his scheme was utterly Utopian? Had not the learned fathers only three years before hurled at him scriptural texts from Genesis to the Psalms of David included, to prove that his scheme was not only impracticable but irreligious? Had they not quoted from the works of St. Augustine to show that the earth could not be round, because all Christians were to see Christ at his second coming, and if it were round, as claimed by Columbus, those occupying the basement floor would be deprived of witnessing the august spectacle? Had they not read from Lactantius to show that no one could be so foolish as to believe that "there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours who walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down, where the trees grow with their branches downwards and where it rains, hails and snows upward?" Had they not summoned to their support the list of saints, Jerome, Basil, Ambrose, and Chrysostom, to prove that his theory would destroy the kingdom of God?

Yes, they had done all this, just three years before, but now court and cardinal, priest and philosopher, were following

Columbus to his residence; not he seeking theirs. Truly there is nothing so successful as success. Keep your head cool, Columbus, there is great need of it, for these worshippers who are escorting you home in a little while will be your persecutors and the laurel with which they crown your head will be changed into the iron that will shackle your feet. The world is trained to play these tricks; the light in the palace is only illuminating the path to the prison. The boa of this world is only covering you with treacle to-day so that it may swallow you more easily to-morrow. How widely different this court pageant and the other inaugurated a few years later on by Bobadilla, the court representative, on the Island of Domingo, when the old navigator was placed in chains and forwarded with numerous felons, thugs and thieves to Spain to stand trial for giving the king a new country and trying to govern it rightly. I confess, one's estimate of the eternal fitness of things, is vastly enhanced when one reads that this same Bodadilla and his companions in iniquity were, like Pharoah and his host, engulfed in the sea.

With us and in our reckonings, time is divided into days. With God 'tis different, for no soul commits a wrong against its fellow and escapes punishment. There have been many people in this world who from time to time, in hours of despondency, have seen, or at least thought they had, visions of the future. In hours of gloom and distress we are apt to turn our eyes to the firmament above instead of to the world below. Man is generally the last source to which his fellow turns for help. Every despondent has infinitely more confidence in the intervening of an omnipresent God than he has in that of a fellow being. The latter can always be implicitly trusted for an augmentation of sorrow if the opportunity be favorable. "Don't accuse yourself of any faults," said the philosopher, "your dear friends will attend to that." Among the first impulses of the mariner threatened with shipwreck, is to attempt to bargain with God or the Holy Virgin, in which counting of beads, lighting of wax candles, and pilgrimages, constitute the articles that distinguish this heavenly traffic. Columbus was not a stranger to this weakness, for had he not promised that if the

Lord would incoronate his first voyage with success he would devote the profits of his first venture to raising an army to recapture the holy sepulcher and do this within seven years? Bartering a promise of an empty grave for a new world with its infinite possibilities was a venture worthy of the Yankee genius that has marked our fortunes. In the year 1500, after many sad and wearisome perplexities, while on the Island of St. Domingo, the mind of Columbus yielded to the possession of many a vagrant fancy. In a letter to a friend at court he relates how he was menaced by Indian wars and domestic rebellion. How distrustful he had become of those around him, and how apprehensive of disgrace at court. He informs his correspondent that about Christmas evening, while meditating on his unhappy situation, he was overwhelmed with gloom and abandoned to despair. He heard a voice in the darkness addressing him in these words: "O man of little faith, why are thou cast down? Fear nothing, I will provide for thee. The seven years of the term of gold are not expired. In that and in all other things I will take care of thee." However well intentioned this messenger may have been, in a historical point of view, he is entitled to rank with Ananias. If taking care of one means disrobing him of all authority, covering him with official humiliation and dishonor, and casting him out of the land he has added to the acreage of the world, then this messenger did provide for Columbus in a most bountiful way; for all these things immediately afterwards happened unto him. For a few days, however, this message cheered his heart and strengthened his courage. A lie is such an invaluable thing and capable of performing such great offices when wisely used that it should never be put in free circulation like money, but only used on the most exacting occasions. To the successful statesman it has always been an inseparable companion. It was only a simple lie that kept Clement V. from sanctioning the divorce of Henry VIII. There was another notable occasion when Columbus had an equally strong but equally unreliable vision. It occurred during a voyage to Varagua. He had just added Honduras to his list of trophies and sailed through the Gulf of

Pearls. He was fully satisfied that the country he had discovered was the extremity of the Asiatic continent. He made up his mind that he could reach home by land as well as by water —"by doubling the Aurea Chorsonosus he should emerge into the seas frequented by the ancients and bordered by the luxurious nations of the East. Stretching across the Gulf of the Ganges he might pass by Taprobana and continuing on the Straits of Bab-el-mandeb arrive on the shores of the Red Sea. There he might make his way by land to Jerusalem, take shipping at Joppa and traverse the Mediterranean to Spain, or should the route from Ethiopia to Jerusalem be deemed too perilous from savage and warlike tribes, or should he not choose to separate from his vessel, he might sail around the whole coast of Africa, pass triumphantly by the Portuguese in their midway, groping along the shores of Guinea, and having thus circumnavigated the globe, furl his adventurous sails at the pillars of Hercules—the ne plus ultra of the ancient world." This was but a dream roseate and magnificent, it is true, but then as alluring and deceptive as the mirage of the plains. Instead of traveling over his projected route and realizing his wishes he found himself and crew environed with a thousand perils. Weary days passed by before relief came to him—hopeless and despairing of aid from man he drew a draft of prayer on the poor man's unfailing treasury, the kindliness of Providence. In his agony he had noted down these words for the eye of the king: "Hitherto I have wept for others, but now have pity upon me, Heaven, and weep for me, O earth. In my temporal concerns I am without a farthing to offer for mass—cast away here in the Indies, surrounded by cruel and hostile savages, isolated, infirm, expecting each day to be my last; in my spiritual concerns I am separated from the holy sacraments of the church, so that my soul if parted here from my body must be forever lost; weep for me whoever has charity, truth and justice. I came not on this voyage to gain honor or estate that is most certain, for all hope of the kind was already dead within me. If it should please God to deliver me hence I humbly supplicate

that I be permitted to repair to Rome and perform other pilgrimages.

Sad stress of weather here indeed, poor fellow; but such souls as yours are not thrown away on account of the absence of a consecrated wafer or a priest. Such souls are shrived, annealed and assoiled by hands other than human. In his despair his angel again appears and addresses him thus: "O fool, and slow to believe and serve the God of all, what did He more for Moses or for His servant David than He has done for thee—from the time of thy birth He has ever had thee under His peculiar care. When He saw thee of a fitting age He made thy name to resound marvelously throughout the earth, and thou wast obeyed in many lands and didst acquire honorable fame amongst Christians. Of the gates of the ocean-sea shut up with such mighty chains, He delivered thee the key; the Indies, those wealthy regions of the world He gave thee for thine own and empowered thee to dispose of them to others according to thy pleasure. What did He more for the great people of Israel when He led them forth from Egypt, or for David, when from being a shepherd He made him king of Judea; turn to Him then and acknowledge thine error; His mercy is infinite. He has many and vast inheritances yet in reserve—fear not to seek them. Thine age shall be no impediment to any great undertaking. Abraham was above an hundred years when he begat Isaac, and was Sarah youthful? Thou urgest despondingly for succor—answer; who hath afflicted thee so much and so many times? God, or the world? The privileges and promises God hath made thee He hath never broken, neither hath He said after receiving thy services that this meaning was different and to be received in a different sense. He performs to the very letter, He fulfills all that He promises, and with increase; such is His custom. I have shown thee what thy Creator hath done for thee and what He doeth for all. The present is the reward of the toils and perils thou has endured in serving others. Fear not; confide; all these tribulations are written in marble and not without cause."

Whether this vision was the fruitage of a fevered and delirious mind or truly a message from on High, one thing seems clear, that his troubles and misfortunes sprang not immediately from God but were the just rewards of an avaricious grasping for gold alike dishonorable to him and to his imperial masters. To obtain gold for the king he was willing to make slaves of the class of people whose affectionate ways, simplicity of customs and unquestioned innocence, fulfilled every condition of the poet's elysium. He found a people who believed in one God, in the existence of guardian angels, in household penates and a heaven of peace and purity; a people who did not believe in a hell for they saw nothing in their own conduct which suggested it. These people for gold he sold into slavery under the shallow pretense that by becoming slaves they could be kneaded into Christians. Had he contented himself simply with the work of discovery, had he confined himself to the special labor for which he was created he would have traveled in the lines of his heaven-given charter; but he was not content with this; he must have empire, titles, royalties and a vast income to rescue a sepulcher which Christ himself disdained to occupy. An empty sepulchre is a poor return for the ruin of eight hundred thousand peaceful people. It is well for the great of this earth to be admonished by voices and visions when they overstep the line of right and justice. Napoleon's red man, who, before the achievement of many of his victories, foretold to him the event, also appeared at Borodino and told him he was going too far. Napoleon renovated Europe, then reached out for universal dominion and died in exile. From the hour that Columbus turned from his first purpose to that of enriching the king at the expense of the poor natives, to the end of his days he never knew a happy hour. His work was over. In the work of discovery he had accomplished what he was appointed to perform, and what a wondrous work it was. No one questioned the fact that Moses was an inspired leader, but he never entered into the fields of the promised land, although he was permitted to see it. No one can question the divine inspiration of Columbus, but he never touched his foot or anchored his ship on the soil we

include within our national limits. He demonstrated that there was another world beside Europe. He laid at the feet of Spain, Cuba, Jamaica, Domingo, Honduras, he touched the banks of Brazil, he crossed the equatorial line and showed that all oceans were navigable. He abolished from geography the chimeras which from the beginning had haunted all seas. He taught Sebastian Cabot how to point his compass and steer straight for Labrador and Newfoundland. He opened the gateways of Europe; dropped a seed of hope in the garden of despair, and pointed to a new world, uncursed with the social, political and religious tyrannies of the old.

Who shall measure the extent of the harvest that has sprung and will yet spring from the fallow grounds he opened up for the implantation of the seed of light and progress. If Venice, the gem of the seas, lost her supremacy, and the civilization that fringed with gold the shores of the Mediterranean has been transplanted by English hands to the banks of the Ganges, and by Cortez into the halls of the Montezumas, if little Italian republics disappeared with their commerce and pretensions, Holland arose from her marshes and dykes and unfurled her banners in every sea. If monastic, conventicle, and other spiritual penitentiaries were uprooted it was only to supplant them by systems consonant with a better knowledge of God and the purposes for which He created men and women. If the power of the priest, who could not read but only count the Psalms, was broken, that of the scribe was increased. All hail! Columbus! The shot that was fired from the deck of the Pinta signaling the discovery of San Salvador, announced something more. It thundered out the doom of the shams and frauds and worn-out hypocrisy of Europe. It quickened the torpid conscience of the world. It touched with an electric shock all the arteries of intelligence. It ignited with a consuming fire all the rubbish piles of the world. It coined into a vocabulary of nations the new word—protest—a word that has battered with telling power against kingly craft and ecclesiastical assumption. Out of the vacancy of the sea it lifted into the bosom of history a repub-

lic whose coronated brow shines with the acknowledgment of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. All Hail! thou great evangelist of the seas.

THE END OF THE WORLD FAKE.

"Verily, I say unto you, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom."—Math. xvi., 28.

"Verily, I say unto you, that there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death, till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power."—Mark ix., 1.

"But I tell you of a truth, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the kingdom of God."—Luke ix., 27.

The above passages from the evangelists, or synoptic writers of the Gospel, may be regarded as three reports of a speech made by Jesus of Nazereth to a Jewish audience, whom He was seeking to convert to a new religion. The speaker was new, the subject matter new, and no one can vouch for the absolute accuracy of the report of the words of the Great Master. Jesus never wrote his speeches, nor is there any evidence that he revised any report of them. He appears to have been so thoroughly convinced that everything that He predicted would happen within the limits of the generation of which He was a member, that He gave no attention to the perpetuation of His words or the accuracy of the report of the same.

In the three evangelists, according to our modern subdivisions, there are one hundred and forty-two verses devoted to an illustration of what the new kingdom to be established is like. In Matthew seventy-eight, in Mark twenty-five, and in Luke thirty-seven. I exclude from the above every declaration which on its face clearly appertains to the forthcoming destruction of Jerusalem and the overthrow of the temple service.

That Jesus believed that the old state of affairs would absolutely perish within the limits of the generation He was addressing, is evident from this statement recorded by Luke: "But I

tell you of a truth, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death till they see the kingdom of God." Or, to quote Matthew, for Luke was a mere compiler or copyist: "Verily, I say unto you, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom." Mark, who wrote the first of the present Gospels, put it thus: "Verily, I say unto you, that there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death, till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power."

Taking the saying of Jesus in a literal sense, it has no reference to the destruction of the material world at all; and so far as history throws light on the subject, social conditions throughout the world did not change for more than two centuries afterwards.

It can hardly be gainsaid that during the first century the followers of Jesus interpreted his sayings as meaning the destruction of the material world and the substitution of a spiritual one. They did not commit the follies that were afterwards indulged in, but still they believed that there would be a kind of Divine Administrative settlement of the affairs of this world. Even with the apostles the "last days" were near at hand in which they expected "the great Christophany, which to them was the only true Messianic appearance of Him who had ascended that He might come again in glory and power."

With this thing in view no believer felt an interest in future affairs of a worldly kind. Why plant crops if the world was to end before the harvest? Why commence erecting buildings if they were not to be occupied? Why learn a trade if it were not to be practiced? Why contract the circle of enjoyments if everything was to end shortly in a grand blowout? Even the great Apostle Paul in his letter to the Thessalonians informs them that the new kingdom is to come during their lifetime; for to use his language: "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which sleep, for the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of an archangel and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ

shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." Somebody was certainly mistaken in that first century, as somebody has been mistaken ever since. Let us take a cursory view of the worldly features of those first hundred years and see what history records.

Jesus was born and spent the first fourteen years of his existence under the reign of Augustus Cæsar. It was an era of profound peace; the sovereignty of Rome reached from the Tigris to the Thames. It was a period enriched by the most eminent wits, poets and sages known to Roman history. Then came Tiberius, cunning, subtle, dissimulating, devilish, who cursed the ancient world from the year fourteen to thirty-seven of the Christian era. He was followed by Caligula, an incarnate monster, who kept a box, not of snuff, but of poison; the citizen who refused to take of it was murdered as a traitor, and those who touched it died instantly.

During the first century Rome had thirteen different emperors, commencing with Augustus and ending with Trajan, and with four exceptions they made up a synod of scoundrels, such as before or since the world has never known. Surely no new kingdom ruled over by angels made its appearance during the weary stretch covered by these blood-stained and polluted years.

A Christian historian speaking of this century says: "Humanity itself seemed to be sunk beyond the possibility of restoration." At the beginning of the second century the proclaimers of the "last days" theory had abated their faith and pitched the millennium as far into the future as the paradise of Adam and Eve was behind them. The only justification for the destruction of the world, if any could be found, would have to be looked for in the wickedness of the people. Who made them wicked? The general answer is, the devil—a person originally of very superior aristocratic standing and qualifications, and whom Mr. Milton, who seems to have been better acquainted with him than anybody else, describes as follows:

"Satan so call him now; his former name
Is heard no more in heaven; he of the first
If not the first archangel; great in power,
In favor and pre-eminence."

And again:

"Brighter once amidst the host
Of Angels than that star the stars among."

Mr. Milton further informs us that this Satan took offense at a proclamation issued in heaven, to the effect that the Son of God was to take precedence in all administrative affairs, court ceremonies and other displays, and thereupon he organized a rebellion, supported, as Mr. Milton tells us, by

"An host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops which the sun
Impearls on every leaf, and every flower."

A pretty formidable array to start out on a campaign of sin. This hero, this born aristocrat, this first archangel, produced the wickedness that is pleaded in justification for destroying a world that has taken millions of years to fashion into form and beauty. A building of costly magnificence is to be destroyed because a set of critics do not like the architecture. What should be thought of the wisdom or justice of a power that would place in active competition with poor, feeble man, a master devil, supported and sustained by all other evil spirits—broken-winged angels and ministers of mischief—that should coldly order the destruction of a world that this power itself had created, because man could not successfully carry on the contest with such an infernal array against him; and especially when that hostile array had been created by the power that was to destroy the world. The fact is that nature, always true to herself and the God who made her, has repeatedly pronounced the whole theory a hurtful and stupid lie, as will appear from unassailable historical evidence. Theology has been repeatedly forced to aban-

don its teachings and adopt new shifts to keep its head above water. First, it taught that the earth was a level surface which sustained the dome of the sky, a firmament dividing the waters above from the waters beneath; that the heavenly bodies, the sun, the moon, and stars all moved around the earth, and daily and nightly proclaimed their inferiority. What has become of this venerable falsehood which delighted thousands of devout stupids in years gone by? From the moment when Pythagoras brought from India the idea that the sun was the center of our system, and Aristarchus adopted that idea and proclaimed the heliocentric system, theological speculations as to the creation of the earth, its duration and its relation to other planets, have been absolutely valueless.

The world refusing to go to pieces in the first century, it was resolved that it should go to pieces in the tenth century. The necessary preparations were made. I will allow the Rev. James White, author of The History of France and of Eighteen Christian Centuries, to describe what occurred:

"But just as this century drew to a close, various circumstances occurred to produce a change in men's minds. It was a universally diffused belief that the world would come to an end when a thousand years from the Saviour's birth were expired. The year 999 was therefore looked upon as the last which any one would see; and, if ever signs of approaching dissolution were shown in heaven and earth, the people of this century might be pardoned for believing that they were made visible to them. Even the breaking up of morals and law, and the wide deluge of sin which overspread all lands, might be taken as a token that mankind were deemed unfit to occupy the earth any more. In addition to these appalling symptoms, famines were renewed from year to year in still increasing intensity and brought plague and pestilence in their train. The land was left untilled, the house unrepaired, the right unvindicated; for who could take the useless trouble of ploughing or building, or quarreling about property when so few months were to put an end to all terrestrial interests? Yet even for the few remaining days the multitude must be fed. Robbers frequented every

road, entered into unwalled towns; and there was no authority left to protect the weak, or bring the wrong-doer to punishment. Corn and cattle were at length exhausted; and in a great part of the continent the most frightful extremities were endured; and when endurance could get no further, the last desperate expedient was resorted to, and human flesh was commonly consumed. One man went so far as to expose it for sale in a populous market town. The horror of this open confession of their needs was so great that the man was burned, but more for the publicity of his conduct than for its inherent guilt. Despair gave a loose rein to all the passions. Nothing was sacred—nothing safe. Even when food might have been had, the vitiated taste made bravado of its deprivation, and women and children were killed and roasted in the madness of the universal fear. Meantime the gentler natures were driven to the wildest excesses of fanaticism to find a retreat from the impending judgment. Kings and emperors begged at monastery doors to be admitted brethren of the order. Henry of Germany and Robert of France were saints according to the notions of the time, and even now deserve the respect of mankind for the simplicity and benevolence of their characters. Henry the emperor succeeded in being admitted as a monk, and swore obedience on the hands of the gentle abbot who had failed in turning him from his purpose. 'Sire,' he said at last, 'since you are under my orders, and have sworn to obey me, I command you to go forth and fulfill the duties of the state to which God has called you. Go forth, a monk of the abbey of St. Vanne, but emperor of the West.' Robert of France, the son of Hugh Capet, placed himself, robed and crowned, among the choristers of St. Denis and led the musicians in singing hymns and psalms of his own composition. Lower men were satisfied with sacrificing the marks of their knightly and seignorial rank, and placed baldrics and swords on the altar and before the images of saints. Some manumitted their serfs and bestowed large sums upon charitable trusts, commencing their disposition with words implying the approaching end of all. Crowds of the common people would sleep nowhere but in the porches, or at any rate within the

shadow of the churches and other holy buildings; and as the day of doom drew nearer and nearer, greater efforts were made to appease the wrath of heaven. Peace was proclaimed between all classes of men. From Wednesday night till Monday evening of each week there was to be no violence or enmity or war in all the land. It was to be a truce of God; and at last all their striving after a better state, acknowledgments of a depraved condition and heart-felt longings for something better, purer, nobler, received their consummation, when, in the place of the unprincipled men who had disgraced Christianity by carrying vice and incredulity into the papal chair, there was appointed to the highest ecclesiastical dignities, a man worthy of his exaltation; and the good and holy Gerbert, the tutor, guide and friend of Robert of France, was appointed pope in 998 and took the name of Sylvester II."

When the first day of the thousandth and first year shone upon the world and the horrid nightmare had been removed, the nations of Europe awoke from the torpor and on every side was visibly multiplying signs of a new order of things. In France and Italy and Germany, churches which had fallen into decay were remodeled and ornamented with the costliest materials. Cathedrals destined to last for centuries were projected on a gigantic scale. Artists from Italy with their Roman models, and students from the south of France, rushed to the cities and vied with each other in promoting the science of architecture. People, realizing that the predictions about the end of the world had failed, betook themselves to improving their homes. They covered them with roofs, steep and high, to ward off the rain and snow; they laid new foundations deep and broad so that they would endure. Bishop, monk, noble and layman alike took new heart and worked for a common advancement. The people at that time were miserably poor—a home was nothing but a kennel without windows, damp and airless. Whatever failure of duty the church might have been chargeable with in preceding centuries, she now moved forward in the work of multiplying human comforts. Abbeys and monasteries were everywhere multiplied, the poor everywhere were looked

after; even William of Normandy, afterwards the conqueror of England, was the founder of more abbeys and monasteries than any other man of his day.

Michelet, the historian, speaking of that time says: "The church in a district was in those days what a hundred other buildings are required to make up at the present. It was the town hall, the market place, the concert room, the theater, the school, the news room and the vestry all in one."

But this century took starts in other directions. A new spirit was given to education, new inquiries were instituted, the old unreasoning assent to the doctrines of Christianity gave way to sharp questionings, and the gateway to a commanding and fruitful future was opened. It was in this century that the Normans made themselves masters of England, and Gregory VII. filled the papal throne. It was the century of Peter the Hermit, the century of Tancred and Godfrey, who, at the head of the Crusaders captured Jerusalem and knelt at the shrine of the holy sepulcher. Not much evidence here in confirmation of the silly theory that this world was predestined to early destruction. When superstition has once sunk its ever-multiplying roots in the soil of the mind and conscience, it requires a long time, and many struggles to eradicate and overcome the mischief. Interests become as closely interlaced in the web of wrong as in that of right. The same courage, dogged obstinancy and ferocity mark the career of both. From wrong to right is by no means a short or an easy journey; even those who march over the road are not always satisfied in the first instance that it is safe. It is only when the light becomes so clear that no other road can be seen save the one before us, that we enter upon it and move forward with rapid and unhesitating step. When the besom of destruction failed in the first and tenth centuries to make its appearance, some suggested that there might be a mistake in the calculations of time. This suggestion was sufficient; the superstitious, devout and credulous, stood ready to nurse and cherish the old folly.

Mr. Buckle tells us that at the end of the fifteenth and early in the sixteenth century a celebrated astronomer and mathema-

tician at Tubingen, named Stoeffler, who had distinguished himself by correcting some errors found to exist in the Julian calendar, published the result of some abstruse calculations in which he had been long engaged, and by which he had ascertained the remarkable fact that in the year 1524, the world would certainly be destroyed. Such an intimation coming from such high authority rapidly spread throughout Europe and carried dismay among the people. Expecting a repetition of the old deluge, those who had houses by the sea or on rivers abandoned them. The emperor, Charles V., was asked to appoint inspectors to survey the country and mark those places which would be least exposed to the coming flood, and would be most likely to afford a shelter. The imperial general, then stationed at Florence, wrote a book recommending it, but the people were so disturbed that they regarded the plan as inadequate to meet the pressing exigencies and gave it no support. Innumerable schemes were advanced, discussed, and rejected. As the fatal day drew near, it became evident that no sufficient remedy had been devised, and accordingly despair intensified itself. One proposal, however, was carried into effect. A professor at the University of Toulouse suggested building an ark after the pattern of that employed by Noah. The citizens of the place loaned their services to the enterprise. The ark was built—but the flood did not come. Nature went on in her accustomed way, the sun still continued to furnish light by day and the moon and stars by night. And the people assured themselves that the old fake in the sixteenth century was as big a fraud as the new fake had been in the first.

In the meantime a monk started the story that over in Silesia a child had been born with a golden tooth; learned doctors were commissioned to examine this wonder. They reported to the emperor that the story was true and could be easily accounted for, on the ground that, at the hour when the marvelous child was born, the sun was in conjunction with Saturn, at the sign of Aries. They declared that the golden tooth was the precursor of a golden age in which the emperor would drive the Turks out of Christendom, and lay the foundations of an empire that would last for thousands of years.

There is nothing more astonishing in history than the widespread influence of the Jewish people on the fortunes of European civilization. Directly or indirectly, the Jewish economy has been felt at every point. It has guided our appetites and prescribed our bills of fare. In matters of food what Moses proscribed until this day is not regarded with unqualified favor. We can not keep our mental vision away from the plain of Esdraelon, the vale of Shechem, the Garden of Gethsemane, or the Mount of Olives. In the spiritual realm of thought, Jerusalem is the spiritual capital and will remain so as long as the remembrance of Jesus lasts among the children of men. The glory of Rome in religious matters is at best a borrowed glory. The court chamber of Pontius Pilate will remain fresh in the soul of humanity long after the stones that make up the palace of the vatican have shared the fate of those of the early coliseum.

The Christians of the first century were not to blame for the views they entertained concerning the end of "all things." For nine hundred years before the birth of Jesus the royal prophets had been predicting a cataclysm that would change the relations of all things. As early as the middle of the ninth century before Christ, Joel the prophet had pointed to the time when "The sun should be turned into darkness and the moon into blood;" when all the nations should be gathered in the valley of Jehosephat for the judgment of Jehovah. The Jewish God was to roar out of Zion, the heavens and the earth were to shake, Egypt was to be made desolate, Edom was to be converted into a wilderness, and all on account of the violence offered the Jews. "Judah," he declared, "shall dwell forever."

Micah, after declaring that Zion should be plowed up as a field and Jerusalem become as a heap, proclaimed that in the "last days" the mountain of the Lord's house should be established, and that "many nations" should come up to it, and learn the ways of the God of Jacob, who would judge the world, rebuke the nations afar off, and convert the swords into plowshares and the spears into pruning hooks. Tears and weeping were to be no more; there should be no old man who did not fill

out his days, and every child should live to be an hundred years old. Nature itself was to be renewed; there would be a new heaven and a new earth; the ten tribes were to be recalled and reconciled to Jerusalem, and altogether they were to form one people and one realm in which, as Isaiah says, "The iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none." Of course, the outside nations were to be terribly chastised and forced to pay tribute to the Jewish conquerors.

There is, after all, a satisfactory feature about these Jewish prophecies. They contemplated "an evening up of things." They did not embrace the modern gallows doctrine, that after outraging your neighbor things could be all righted up by a few blubbering tears and a half-hour in prayer.

Another singular fact in history, is the tremendous hold that some men take on the imaginations of society. It is difficult to conceive of a worse monster then Nero; and yet, bad as he was, his tomb was covered with flowers for many years, and not a few of the common people of Rome firmly believed that he would reappear and ascend the throne. The fact is that he was in no sense worse than the people in general. If Vidius Pollio could cast his slaves into his fish ponds, to fatten his carp, without eliciting unfavorable comment, Nero could with equal impunity cast the Christians into the arena, to fatten his lions. When aristocrats and noble-born dames petitioned the courts to have pronounced against them the decree of defamation, to the end that they might indulge without restriction in libidinous pleasure, Nero was a proper ruler for such people.

Louis Napoleon tells us that when he made his bridal tour through Spain, the common people declared that the First Napoleon had been resurrected, and had come back to review his old battle fields.

Toward the middle of the eighth century before Christ, when the decadence of Jerusalem was becoming evident the same feeling found expression in the Jewish prophets. Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel were looking for relief through a renewed dynasty of David. "I will be your God and David will be your king forever" was the song of the prophets. Malachi announced that

before "the last days" should come, Elijah who had been taken up to heaven long years before, would reappear to turn "the hearts of children to their fathers," and many of the Jews regarded John the Baptist as the veritable prophet. As time proceeded the ancient theory yielded to certain modifications, as is apparent first in the book of Daniel, written 167 years before Christ, and notably in the book of Enoch, written some seventy years afterwards. Jesus, while he pronounced himself to be the Messiah, never pretended that he was the son of David, or belonged to his line. Indeed he repelled the title when friends sought to honor him with it! Still he was imbued with the idea that this world was to undergo a most fundamental change; that there was to be a general judgment when the tares would be cast into the furnace and the wheat garnered in the bins of the New Jerusalem, and the saints were to rule in the established kingdom of God. Is it strange, therefore, that ideas that had at least the apparent sanction of so stupendous a personality as Jesus of Nazereth should have influenced the judgment of many succeeding generations, and that history should record just such scenes as I have referred to above? Is it strange that his immediate followers who were ignorant and unlearned, should have confounded his declaration, levelled at the great moral change of mankind, with the certain destruction of the material world.

To affirm that Jesus alluded to the destruction of the material world is simply to impeach his intelligence. God has been laboring for untold years to make this world fit for human habitation, and it would display the poorest of all judgment and sense, now when it is becoming enjoyable, to blot it out of existence. Besides, if the teachings of astronomy are worth anything, this planet can not be destroyed without upsetting all planets. This God's universe is, as its name implies, a oneness, a whole; each part of it is indispensable to every other part. France's great astronomer told us last year that in some of the distant planets they were just receiving news of the invasion of England by Julius Cæsar, while in others sufficient time had not elapsed for the message announcing the crucifixion of Christ to reach the inhabitants thereof.

If the pious fools who have undertaken the task of running not only this world but the next, would give God credit for a little common sense in the management of His own affairs, religion would have an enduring future before it. At the beginning of this century, My Lord Byron, taking note of the innumerable ages which had passed and the innumerable ages that would follow, wrote these lines:

"I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of Rome.
The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of age is fled,
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom.
Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?"

Three thousand years before a greater than Byron, wrote:

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE COLORADO TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The opening of the nineteenth century witnessed a profound agitation among all civilized nations on the subject of political rights. For the first time in many centuries the true relation of the governing and governed classes was defined. The movement sprung from below and reached upward. The politician merely formulated and uttered a truth which the masses had already divined and felt; there was only an unappreciable distance between those who led and those who followed. The philosophers questioned and criticised the foundations of existing governments, while the great mass of the people stood ready with bar and trowel to remove the stones and enter upon a work of reconstruction, that would at least make the governmental edifice a suitable residence for a new class of tenants, who would neither dispute the title of their landlord, nor seek to overthrow his rights. The close of the century is likely to witness another agitation no less deep and pervasive, but one which will travel in a different channel, and diffuse its benefits over an area no less extended.

When Lord Brougham declared, in the parliament house of England, that "the school master was abroad," he not only designed a thrust against the conservatism which resisted all change, but he indicated the existence and operation of a power, destined, when wisely used, to mould and fashion the public mind into forms and modes of action never before observed. The word *teacher* in its broader sense denotes not alone the man who sways the ferule in the presence of his infant commonwealth; not alone the man who imparts instruction in the elementary branches of education, but every man, in whatever place he may fill, who undertakes to lead and stimulate the mind, whether

that man be philosopher or scientist, editor or preacher, lawyer or layman. And he who undertakes to teach others, whether from the rostrum or the desk, whether in private conversation or by public utterance, whether in writing an editorial, making a speech or charging a jury, is under an obligation, as deep and profound as any that man owes to his Maker, to travel within the exact and precise limits of truth, so far as he may be able to discern them, and to conscientiously struggle to inculcate those things which tend to morally and mentally ennoble and enrich individuals and communities.

The physician who would wrongly instruct his pupil as to the properties of medicines; the lawyer who would fill the mind of his student with false theories touching the rights of persons or property; the editor who would knowingly avail himself of the vast power centered in his press to mislead his readers or corrupt their minds; the master who would pervert the opportunities for doing good into agencies for instilling into youthful minds the poisons with which society is too often infected; the preacher who, clothed with the sanctity of his office, would disseminate doctrines which he neither approved nor believed—would not only be doing violence to their own natures, but would be inflicting on society wrongs whose cure the ages alone could effect.

Jefferson wisely said that error was harmless so long as truth was left free to combat it. Should the teachers of truth forsake their trust; should those on whose offices so much depends waste or misapply their opportunities, the dykes of the ocean would indeed give way, and the world be inundated anew with those desolating floods which for so many centuries made the human mind a jungle and wilderness.

There being, then, this intimate relation between those who in their several ways educate the public mind, I have thought it not amiss to briefly allude to the mutual obligations we all share, and above all to point to that higher rule which in the heat of advocacy or in the promotion of interested efforts, we suffer to become dimmed and obscured. The world not only recognizes a broad distinction between honesty and enlightenment, but has furnished within a short time innumerable illustrations prov-

ing how deep and firm it is. The countless frauds which have within the past few years disfigured our civilization, teach that education of itself is not sufficient to shield either individuals or communities from the seductive allurements of a vicious life, or restrain them from a too ready yielding to the blandishments of illicit gains. The congressmen who pocketed the stock of the Credit Mobilier and voted aid to the Pacific railroad, were educated men; so were they who filled their purses with back pay. The men who sent three-quarters of a million of dollars to Washington to be used in subsidizing congress and passing the Pacific mail subsidy, knew that the money would fall beneath the eye of the educated.

Education did not keep the first state in the Union from being governed for years by a confederation of thieves. That judges were learned in the law, did not prevent them from falling under the dominion of Tweed. All the education in New York could not wrest a great railroad from the hands of Fisk. A nation that plumes itself on being the most intelligent, has been recently robbed of many millions by a few conspirators whose education lifted them into office, and disclosed to them numerous schemes for plunder. It requires, then, something more than intelligence to secure good government. It demands virtue—a robust morality. William Penn was right when he declared that "that which creates good government can alone maintain it; namely, intelligence and honesty." Your duties, then, as teachers, involve something more than imparting the multiplication table, the rules of grammar, the principles of philosophy, chemistry and astronomy. There is a deeper current underlying all these, that must be uncovered, that its water may be applied to the purification and healing of the nations. Education may be the Mosaic rod that will smite the rock and liberate the imprisoned waters of life, but to be truly efficacious it must be something more than the rod; it must be the sentinel angel at the gate ever teaching that rebellion against right is the mother of death. The cry for "the scholar in politics" is the voice of humanity protesting against the crudities of legislation. But this is not a certain cure.

Because educated men may be bribed and corrupted is no argument against the utility and value of the school. Even Christian statesmen are not proof against the perils of public life. That man is radically bad whose footsteps can not be kept in the right path by the conjoint agencies of education and religion.

For one reason or another the school problem, within the past few months, has attained a prominence in public consideration which renders the ignoring of it in the immediate future impossible. From the president down to the humblest citizen the thread of excitement reaches. Constitutions, which, for three-quarters of a century have been deemed adequate to every emergency, are suddenly found to contain a *casus omisus* on this subject. For a commotion so rapidly developing as this a proportionate cause must exist.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that the present era is characterized by an unprecedented degree of mental activity. Never before was seen such an abundant crop of theological and polemical treatises. The foundations of all creeds are being vigorously questioned. Comparisons not unfrequently hostile and invidious are being made between our system of worship and that of other nations equally enlightened.

The authority of the church in many instances is strictly denied, the inspiration of the scriptures repudiated, and the divine claims of the Great Founder criticised and disallowed. The scientist has thrown the gauntlet at the feet of the theologian, and sought to cover out of sight the Mosaic account, with the theory of spontaneous generation and evolution.

Anciently and in mediæval times the limits of religious belief, and the limits of government authority, ran in the same channels. The policy of the latter was always made to conform to the interests of the former. If a man was a heretic in religion, he was regarded as a traitor in politics; if he grimaced at the creed, he was generally charged with compassing the destruction of the kingdom. There was only a difference in the method of execution: they burned the heretic and beheaded the traitor. Politics was always in this respect more merciful than

piety. Modern thought has wrought a radical change, and a man may now be a doubter and still be a patriot. And because he may sustain both characters with freedom and impunity, the intelligence of the nations is in *quàsi* rebellion, at least against the pretensions of the theologians.

To a contest in which her pretensions are so slightingly treated, the church can be no idle spectator. The struggles of three centuries have deprived her of all carnal weapons, and forced her to maintain her claims by other agencies. But one effectual method of resistance is open—the control of the public education. The lessons learned in youth are for the most part firm and abiding. The impressions we received then of our relations to the next world, and the sanctity with which we regarded at that time the offices of the church, may have become dimmed, but they still exist. Over against all our learning, investigation and reflection, stand the images of our mothers and the Bible. There is a sacredness, too, about the precincts of the old church—a mellow richness about the singing that beguiled our infant ears. And then, too, we can recall the figures of many a godly woman, or saintly man, whose lives did indeed adorn their profession and emit the very aroma of heaven.

These influences the church seeks to utilize and turn to her advantage. She believes that heresy can only be checked by impregnating the rising generation with the time-honored doctrines embodied in her creed. This work she is unwilling to intrust to any secular hand, and demands—first, that the Bible shall be excluded from the public schools; and, second, that the school fund shall be divided and a proportionate part thereof assigned and set apart to her exclusive management. I am free to say that her first demand is attended with justice. She repudiates our version of the Bible, and so doing could not, without self stultification, quietly acquiesce in having it taught to those who acknowledge her authority. But, passing by this phase of the question, let us inquire, why use it in the schools at all? St. Jerome, one of the early Christian fathers, affirms that the Hebrews never allowed their children to read the first chapters of the Bible until they attained their thirtieth year, and none but

the high priest was ever permitted to pronounce the name Jehovah. If those who were the custodians of this sacred book thus withheld it from children, and only allowed its pages to be turned over when they reached man's and woman's estate, what reason or propriety is there now, in so far radically reversing this rule, that the daily strong meats of the Bible shall be thrust down the throats of the sucklings of the school? Is the ordinary teacher capable of delivering a thesis on the flight of Moses, the call of Abraham, the mystery of the Ark of the Covenant, and the sinuous operations of David, and if so, is the ordinary pupil fitted to comprehend and digest it? What lasting impression does the mere formal reading of the Bible make on the average mind of the youth of this land, unattended with comments and exegesis. Is it not a fact that the most erudite in this department of study have not infrequently spent years in the attempt to give an intelligible meaning to a single verse? Is it to be presumed that the hasty perusal of a chapter of a volume, which constitutes the foundation of so many variant and conflicting creeds, and which has been the subject of so many diverse interpretations, will be attended with permanent results to those tender and immature minds which have not yet mastered the distinctions which the Bible itself avows, namely: that its "letter killeth, but its spirit maketh alive?"

I am of the number who believe that this volume, on which our faith reposes, and to which we confidently look for assurance of immortal life; that this volume whose pages have been the comfort and stay of many a sorrowful and weary heart through unnumbered generations, imparts its blessings to those who do not hastily read, but who profoundly study it. Is there no danger that the familiarity formally enforced in the school may turn to indifference and contempt in later years?

The fears that the cause of Protestantism will suffer from its exclusion are, in my judgment, chimerical. Ninety-nine per cent. of the teachers are Protestant; the books employed and the literature used, have no smack of Catholicism about them. The associations of the children are largely in the same direction. The papers and magazines most read by them are anti-sectarian.

It is hardly to be expected that any one of the thirteen sects, which together constitute the great religious division, known under the general name of Protestantism, can be especially benefited by reading daily a chapter in Leviticus or Deuteronomy.

The impropriety of teaching any creed would be manifest to all, and indeed would be resisted by all, save the immediate representative of the creed taught. The advantage of continuing the present practice is slight, if any, while the disadvantages are serious. The practice furnishes a pretense under which a great religious division or body assails the school system itself. I am thus free in expressing myself on this subject because I feel assured that the good of the general public will be best promoted by eliminating from the school system any and everything which can be the occasion or cause for dissension between two formidable religious bodies, or which can be made available in diminishing the usefulness of an institution so full of great capabilities. The other question, namely, the division of the school fund, is vastly more serious. To concede this demand is to abolish the school system. If the funds can be parceled out in the interests of one sect, they can be parceled out in the interests of all. Nor would the division stop with merely existing sects. If three or four families concluded to start a new church, they, with equal propriety, could insist upon receiving a certain proportion of the funds to assist in carrying on a school of their peculiar kind. This clamor of the sects overlooks the fact that the allegiance of the citizen is due to the nation, not the church; that it is the nation that governs, not the church; that the interests of the whole are more important than the interests of a part; that to the collective community represented by the government belongs the determination of all questions involving the public good. It overlooks the further fact that the government, and not the church, is responsible to the world for the mental and moral condition of the citizen or subject.

It is said, why should the Catholics be taxed to support an institution they do not patronize? With the same propriety the bachelor might ask, why should I be taxed to support ed-

ucational establishments when I have no children to attend them? To the inquiry of the one the nation may justly reply, education is indispensable to the maintenance of free institutions to enable you to enjoy them, I must be possessed of means by which their existence is assured. While you have no children of your own to educate, yet your neighbor's children constitute a part of the society in which you live, and in the degree that society is enlightened or ignorant, in that degree are you affected for good or evil.

To the other the reply might be more cogent still, and assume the following form: Governments were instituted, not to advance religious tenets, but to guarantee and secure political rights, they deal with man's relations here, and now. The question is not what the citizen shall believe, but what shall he do. To concede your demands is to place the creed in national matters above the political manual, and to declare that the interests of the church are higher and more important than those of the nation; that the affairs of the future shall take precedence of those of the present; that the pale of the church is an *imperium in imperio*, and that those belonging to her communion shall be as distinct from the body of the nation in their political as they are in their ecclesiastical relations. In other words, and to this it comes at last, it is a denial of the right of the nation to provide a uniform system of education for its youth, and to compel its support. It is a desperate attempt to impose a limitation on those powers of sovereignty without the unqualified exercise of which no nation can be free and independent.

The distinctive and traditional policy of our government, from its inception, has been to ignore all alliances with religious establishments of all kinds, and to extend to the devotees of every creed the widest toleration and most ample protection.

When the inauguration of the government took place, in 1788, by the adoption of the constitution, the event was celebrated in Philadelphia by the most imposing ceremonies. One of the chief features of that celebration was the clerical procession, wherein the Jewish rabbi walked between two Christian ministers, that the world might know that the new government,

then entering the family of nations, was based on the principles of complete toleration. When in 1796 Washington signed the treaty with the Mohammedan government of Tripoli, which treaty contained the words, "the government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion," he merely gave formal utterance to the fact that here we had no state church nor state creed, but that all worshippers stood equal before the law. And when the New England Presbytery expressed to him serious regret that the constitution did not contain "some explicit acknowledgment of the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent," he replied in the following words, which indeed have a fitness to-day:

"I am persuaded," said he, "you will permit me to observe that the path of true piety is so plain as to require but little political direction. To this consideration we ought to ascribe the absence of any regulations respecting religion from the Magna Charta of our country. To the guidance of the ministers of the gospel this important object is perhaps more properly committed, and in the progress of morality and science to which our government will give every furtherance, we may confidently expect the advancement of true religion and the completion of our happiness. For, happily, the government of the United States, which gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance, requires only that those who live under its protection should demean themselves as good citizens in giving it on all occasions their effectual support."

To perpetuate this spirit of toleration that has been coeval with the formation of the republic, it seems to me to be indispensable, that the government and the church, within the limits of their respective spheres, be untrammeled—that neither interfere with the proper functions of the other.

It is far from the truth to ascribe to one denomination alone a disposition to interfere with temporal affairs. If one stands ready to divide the school fund, another is equally ready to dictate the nomination of a president. The spectacle recently presented by three hundred clergymen at Boston nominating President Grant for a third term, goes far towards leading an

undevout mind to believe that possibly Christ was mistaken when he said that His "kingdom was not of this world."

In 1787, Madison and Jefferson procured to be inserted into the federal constitution an amendment wisely providing that congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, nor prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The power of the states on this subject was left unquestioned and unimpaired. To-day a supplementary provision is brought forward providing that no money raised by taxation in any state for the support of public schools, or derived from any public fund thereof, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect, nor shall any money so raised ever be divided between religious sects or denominations.

This amendment has the merit of catholicity. It applies to all denominations, and erects a wall between the church and the school, never to be razed except when general ruin overtakes the whole republican edifice. By many intelligent men it is claimed that this provision is superfluous and unneeded. No provision can be superfluous which will still the public excitement and put at rest the alarming pretensions which are being urged. Eighteen centuries bear witness to the fact that the church has never voluntary abandoned any position which she has ever taken. This question has steadily gained strength in her own councils. The discussion has been entered upon not without grave deliberation, and will not be abandoned without compulsion. The part of wisdom is to strangle the serpent in its infancy, and not allow its venom to increase and intensify with its growth. Religious conflicts are always bitter and merciless, and the present one has thus early been attended with threats designed to intimidate party leaders, and marshal voters in support of that organization which promises to regard with the greater leniency this extraordinary claim.

To forever interdict this sought-for division of the funds, will be a relief to both political organizations, and it will shield the public mind from those acerbities and rancors which forever attend the agitation of questions which affect either the temporal or spiritual ambitions of the church.

A few years ago it would hardly have been credited that the taxes wrung from the pockets of the people, would have been applied without objection to the advancement of sectarian purposes, and yet the estimates made for the expenses of conducting the city government of New York for the years 1875-6, include items amounting to over a million of dollars for just such objects.

By reference to the New York *Tribune* of September 28th, you will find among the estimates for city expenses (expenses to be paid by taxation), the following items:

Foundling Asylum under charge of Sisters of Charity	$188,355 00
New York Catholic Protectory	210,000 00
Hebrew Benevolent Society	30,000 00
Roman Catholic House of the Good Shepherd	15,000 00
Protestant Episcopal House of Mercy	10,000 00
Total	$453,335 00

For the year 1876 the estimates for these same objects amount to the sum of $561,013.34.

It will be observed here that three sects have already secured a lodgement in the public treasury. What will become of us when they all sit down at the public table?

Every child sustains a three-fold relation: First, as an individual; second, as a member of society; third, as a factor in the government. The power of the nation over the individual is only limited by the demands of its own safety. It can require and enforce his service, although that service involves loss of life. It can appropriate all his property if the exigencies of the public so require, because the power of taxation is only limited by the necessities of the nation. These rights, extraordinary as they are, are nevertheless correlative in their nature, and carry with them the duty of securing to the individual protection and all that the word implies. If it is the duty of the individual to obey the law, it is equally the duty of the government to see that he can read it. If ignorance is hurtful to the commonwealth, then the power to compel education can not be questioned.

A distinguished bishop has declared within the past few days that the general government has no more right to dictate to the father where his children must be educated, than it has to prescribe their food or the shape of their clothes. I concede that it would not comport with governmental dignity to go into the millinery or tailoring business. But I apprehend it could compel the parent to clothe his child, and not permit it to run naked in the street. Compulsory education is older than the Christian era, and it flourished among many enlightened nations of the world. The French say that the school master won the battle of Sedan. The power that forces the citizen into the army, that compels him to devote so many hours a day to drill, carries with it the right to prescribe that so many hours shall be devoted to the school and education. The occasion for the exercise of either power is the safety of the nation, and, as I have before remarked, that power is only limited by the necessity which evokes it.

In a country where our institutions so largely depend upon a general diffusion of knowledge, there exists a greater necessity for the exercise of this power.

Among the Hebrews, education was purely a domestic matter. The Roman state took no cognizance of education and made no provision for it. With us the matter is otherwise. Universal suffrage has made it imperative that we "educate our masters." The power of the demagogue has already attained alarming proportions in the crowded cities of the East, and thoughtful and observing men predict that the republic will not witness its second centennial, unless the great mass of the voters are advanced still further in the scale of enlightenment. The census of 1870 shows a population at that time of 38,558,371, of that number 6,596,466 attended school. The number of those who could not read, amounted to 4,528,084—more than the entire population of the country at the date of our independence.

In Colorado, the number of children attending school amounted to 2,617, while the number of those over the age of ten who could not read amounted to 6,279. Of the adult male population of the United States 17 per cent., and of the adult female population 23 per cent., are illiterate.

From this showing it is apparent that a large field lies open for cultivation and improvement. The amount of money annually raised for and applied to educational purposes, bears a beggarly proportion indeed to the large sums we thoughlessly apply to the gratification of vicious tastes. For educational purposes we raise by taxation and from other funds $61,746,037. For the tobacco we smoke and chew we pay annually over a hundred millions, and for whisky ten times that amount. We pay vastly more to sustain penitentiaries than we do to support universities. This order of things certainly commands our gravest attention, and furnishes the patriot most ample material for profound reflection.

As we are about to turn our attention from the pent up Utica of territorial existence to the broader domain of statehood, let us seek to assure to our children, through the agency of the latter, the most abundant facilities for ripened culture. Let us struggle to build up a commonwealth fitted to become the home of the liberty-loving and enlightened of the world. Let us admonish the gentlemen who compose the convention now in session for the purpose of framing our fundamental law, that we desire no constitution framed on the simple ground of a present expediency, nor one fashioned with the sole view of securing its adoption. We desire a constitution that will take into account the needs of the present and the already obvious requirements of the future.

We desire a constitution that will provide for the taxation of all property fairly and equally, whether owned by individuals, by civil or ecclesiastical corporations, excepting only the church edifice itself; a constitution that will liberally provide for and absolutely enjoin the maintenance of our present educational establishments, including the State University; a constitution that will not only interdict the divison of the school fund, but which will prohibit the appropriation of any public money for sectarian purposes; a constitution which, if it will permit the incurring of state and municipal debts, shall also provide that those debts shall not exceed 5 per cent. of the taxable property of the people; a constitution which will take note of the several

interests of the state, provide for the generous fostering of each, and admit of no discrimination against either. Finally, a constitution which will forever inhibit all special legislation, and which shall require that all laws touching the political rights of this people, including the manner of exercising the elective franchise, shall be general, and shall apply to all counties and all classes of our people, whether Mexican or American, Greek or Parthian, Syrian or Jew;—a constitution that embraces these subjects will and should meet with public favor.

A few words more and I shall have done. Throughout the long series of geological formations which mark the progress of the ages, and which especially characterizes the weird and wondrous architecture of the ocean, some vast and sleepless power, silently yet ceaselessly working in the almost immeasurable depths of water which divide the continents, has, through the agency of the poor, helpless jelly-like animals, created gardens filled with coral, shrubs and trees of matchless grace and exquisite delicacy, and crowned with blossoms "whose hues rival those of the scarlet poppy or the variegated rose." No word of applause or commendation greets the energy of these unselfish artisans or their marvelous guide. The busy world floats over and above them, and takes no note of their existence save when their workmanship rises above the ocean level or is used to embellish a palace, or adorn a beauty. And yet these tiny animals are the agents appointed by Jehovah to keep pure the waters of the great deep. The ocean currents rush through these coral groves as the air through the forests, and are thus forever kept fresh and healthful.

So, too, in the ages past has the teacher, another power, been silently and ceaselessly working in the almost immeasurable depths of ignorance with which the world has been encompassed, and through the agency of weak and plastic childhood has created gardens in which bloom unnumbered flowers of beauty and of grace. The world, busy with its cares and conflicts, scarcely pauses long enough to commend the toiler or inspect his works, and yet to this agency more than to any other do we owe the healthful vigor of our institutions, the honor and sanctity of

our domestic life, and the all-pervading regard for personal and popular freedom. The laurels of the warrior wither and dry up; the monuments of the proud perish and decay; but the tablets on which is written the influence of the teacher, are like the scrolls of the Almighty—they endure forever.

THE HEREAFTER.

To live well and die well are accounted among the happiest achievements of human philosophy. The attractive and repelling forces which draw us hither and divide us hence are the shuttles employed by nature to weave the web of human existence. There is a marvelous similarity between the incoming and outgoing of the human soul. We salute this world with a tear and a shudder, and we enter the next with a kindred misgiving.

Religion had its origin in man's effort to solve his relation with the worlds above and beyond him, and as long as the problem remains unsolved, so long will religious feeling, societies and institutions exist. Every design that has been formed, every project meditated upon, since the fall of Adam, have taken colors from the thickening shadows cast by the next world on the face of this. Every soul in the depth of its doubt and distrust realizes that there is planted within it some pledge, or keepsake, of a higher nature. "And, like a diamond in the dark, retains some quenchless gleams of the celestial light." Daily we cast our anchors amid the roots of worldy cares, and still realize with each setting sun that anchor and vessel have been drifted by a passionless and unpitying current further from this and nearer to the other shore. The flowers that bloom perish while we gaze at them. The grass that beautifies and enriches the earth, withers beneath the influences that flush the apple and harden the corn. The rainbow, that many tinted child of the storm, dies from the first touches of the serene sunlight. The oak, that has resisted the shock of a thousand tempests, wearies of growth and falls in the stillnes of the forest. Over, above, and in all things is planted, too deep for eradication, the unsatiable law of decay. Some call it death, others change; all acknowledge its universal dominion. Is there an

object presented to us that does not bear the mark of ephemeral duration? The granite mountain wastes away beneath the action of the wind and frost. The ocean, that emblem of eternity, is ceaselessly remodeling its shores. The cloth we spin is preyed upon by the moth. The iron is corroded by the rust. The gold and silver, through whose agency all our commerce is moved, grow thin between the fingers that clasp them. Society disintegrates, nations dissolve, empires collapse, systems change. The tree of faith sheds its leaves, and the bursting buds change the color of the foliage. Beauty, love, health, have found no preservatives against the mandates of the inexorable. Over every human face is written an unfulfilled desire to teach us we are mortal. Two thousand years ago a wise old pagan, whose soul had been sweetened by many a fall of heavenly dew, declared that he is truly great who can die with ease when it is pleasant to live. Is it the mere brute instinct that makes us shiver on the shore and fear to tread the mazes of the vast unknown? It was Renan who said that if we could speak but one moment with those who have gone before, and know that they exist, the terror of death would vanish like the mist of the morning. That was a sweet legend which located in an Irish lake the islands of life and death. Into the first death could never enter, but age and sickness and weariness of life and the paroxysms of fearful suffering were all known there, and they did their work until the inhabitants, tired of their immortality, learned to look upon the opposite island as a haven of repose—they launched their barks upon its gloomy waters, they touched its shores, and they were at rest. Death is not a stupid blunder in the economy of nature. It is a kind and ministering angel who closes up the account book of life when we are weary of its items. That can not be so great an evil which furnishes the remedy for all others. The sons of mortal parents must expect a mortal posterity. We are born helpless and exposed to all creatures and to all conditions. The very necessaries of life are deadly to us. We meet with our fate in our dishes, in our cups, and in the very air we breathe. That which we prize highest is at the caprice of all others. Pompey

commanded vast armies and conquered great kingdoms, and then lost his head by the hand of a boy. The mighty Julius, who got the start of this majestic world, and bore the palm alone, did quake with the ague, and when the fit was on him did groan and cry, "Give me some drink, Titinius, as a sick girl." Of one clay God made us all; and though we push and poke, and paddle in it as children play at fashioning dirt pies, and call their fancies by the name of facts, assuming difference, lordship, privilege, when all is plain dirt, they come back to it at last. The first grave digger proves it with a spade, and pats it all even. The life of individual man, says a modern writer, is of a mixed nature; in part he submits to the free-will impulses of himself and others, and in part he is under the inexorable dominion of law. He insensibly changes his estimate of the relative power of each of these influences as he passes through successive stages. In confidence of youth he imagines that very much is under his control, in the disappointment of old age very little. As time wears on and the delusions of early imagination vanish away, he learns to correct his sanguine views and prescribes a narrower boundary for the things he expects to obtain. The realities of life undeceive him at last, and there steals over the evening of his days an unwelcome conviction of the vanity of human hopes. The things he has secured are not the things he expected; no man leads the life he plans for himself. He soon learns that a Supreme power is using him for unknown ends; that he was brought into the world without his knowledge; and is departing out of it against his own will. What great events spring from apparently casual and accidental circumstances and meetings of individuals. The success of the Mohammetan religion was assured in the world's history, when, in the prophet's tent his wife bowed down and exclaimed, "I will be thy first follower!" Had the pope given his consent to the divorce of Henry VIII., the Episcopal church and the Puritans might not have filled so large a space in history. Luther, for whom the whole world was waiting, and whose light was to shine as a beacon over the centuries, was a student of law when the thunderbolt struck down at his side his friend Alexis,

and converted the embryo lawyer into the bravest monk of all time. In the galleys of the river Loire, a zealous priest presented to John Knox an image of the Virgin Mother, requiring he should do it reverence. "Mother of God!" shouted Knox. "This is but painted wood; she is fitter for swimming than for being worshipped!" and flung the thing into the river, and out of this defiance sprung the regeneration of Scotland.

"Be of good comfort," said Latimer, the biggest man in England, to Ricely, when the flames were crackling about them. "Play the man—we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, as I trust shall never be put out." "Good-bye," said Mr. Meagles, in "Little Dorrit;" "this is the last good-bye upon the list; we may never meet again. In our course through life we shall meet the people who are coming to meet us, from many strange places and by many strange roads, and what it is set to us to do to them, and what it is set to them to do to us, will all be done. They may be coming hundreds, thousands of miles over the sea; they may be close at hand now; they may be coming, for anything you know or anything you can do to prevent it, from the vilest sweepings of every city. And thus, ever by day and night, under the sun, and under the stars, climbing the dusty hills, and toiling along weary plains, journeying by land and journeying by sea, coming and going so strangely to meet, and to act and react on one another, move all we restless travelers through the pilgrimage of life."

A thousand years before the Christian era, in the far off India, there arose out of a bed of luxury a royal prince, who at the age of twenty-nine had supped the nectar out of all earth's flowers, a soul that had wearied of the charms of woman, of the effeminate pleasures of a pampered court, and who had become disgusted with the shams and lies which permeated every system and distorted every principle. Forsaking his wives, abandoning his palaces and gardens, dressing himself in a shroud taken from the dead body of a slave, and changing his name from Chidi to Gautama, he became a religious mendicant and went abroad preaching a new creed. In four months after he commenced his ministry he had five disciples; at the close of the

year they had increased to 1,200. Uniting them together by the most efficient of all ecclesiastical organization, he dictated or inspired works which are now published by the Chinese government in four languages, occupying 800 volumes, and died at the age of eighty, the founder of Buddhist religion. Rising above the systems then existing, he wrought out beneath the shade of a tree, and through profound meditation, a religion at whose shrine more than half of the human race bow and pray. And what kind of a religion is it? One that banishes God from the universe and enthrones force as the Supreme power. A religion whose highest promises to the troubled soul is, that after migrating through various forms of existence after death, it may, if fortunate, attain a region where oblivion and annihilation end all things. Strange creatures are we inhabitants of earth, whose bosoms heave with conscious pulsations of immortality, and yet regard that as the highest good which ends in a lethean drink that washes out all memory of the loves and sorrows, the struggles and triumphs by which the soul has been chastened and made strong. Barren and empty indeed must be the results of that life whose highest achievement is to lead 800,000,000 of souls to believe that nature and law, powers inferior and supreme, are all combined to bless the virtuous and good by assuring to each admission to a place on whose arches is written: "The soul that enters here forgets itself." Have laws, human and natural, been spinning their ceaseless course through still multiplying cycles of time to reach a conclusion so impotent as this? The human mind when unaided has never made a success in the work of building religious creeds. Nature has taught many lessons, but she has never yet furnished man with a correct idea of God or religion. If we want to contemplate power, says a great writer, we see it in the immensity of creation. If we want to contemplate wisdom, we see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed. If we want to contemplate munificence, we see it in the abundance with which the earth is filled; if we want to contemplate mercy, we see it in the fact that abundance is not withheld from the ungrateful. Do we not see a fine creation prepared to

receive us the instant we are born—a world furnished to our hands that cost us nothing? Is it we that light up the sun, that pour down the rain and fill the earth with prosperity? Whether we sleep or wake, the vast machinery of the universe is still going on, and these facts have been open and patent to every generation of men, and from them all, man has failed to deduce a creed which either makes him better here or promises him happiness hereafter. The ancient Persian, who loved virtue and hated falsehood, saw through the forces of nature two principles incessantly struggling for the mastery of man—the principle of right and the principle of wrong; and to one or the other man was a constant slave, but his highest devotion never carried him beyond the face of the sun, or the glimmer of the stars. The astute Greek located the residence of the gods on Olympus, a mountain in Thessaly, and invested them with infirmities that would do discredit to a French demi-monde or an American roue. The councils of the gods were conducted somewhat on the principles of cabinet meetings in this age. They met once a day to take an inventory of their spiritual stock in trade, and spent a large proportion of their time in discussing domestic scandals, directing opposing armies, and conducting devastating wars among the children of men. Jupiter was notoriously libidineous, and Juno uncomfortably jealous. The lands distant from Athens were peopled with hundred-handed Briareans, and hundred-headed monsters. The sea was filled with enchantresses: The Greeks' hell had no devil to war incessantly on the gods. They have avengers of monstrous villainies and punishments for enormous crimes. With Socrates and Plato a higher theology and a nobler system of morals struggled to the front. Socrates taught that it was infinitely better to suffer injustice than to inflict it; that we had an existence prior to the present one; that the soul was immortal and imperishable, and that those who practiced that social and civilized virtue which we call temperance and justice would be blessed, and those who neglected to do so would be wretched. How man could know the good, and yet practice the evil; how God could be pure and almighty, and yet have allowed evil to have broken into his cre-

ation, were questions which perplexed their philosophy. However evil came to be, the leaders of all sects agreed at last that it had its seat in the body, and that from matter sprang death, disease, decay and pain, and want and hunger and suffering; that it was the body and not the soul that gave birth to evil; that the impurity of the one was produced by its associations with the other. And here let me pause long enough to call your attention to the origin of the doctrine of punishment after death. In his discussion with Callicles, Socrates states that after the dethronement of their father, Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto divided the government of the other world among themselves; that during the reign of Saturn, as well as that of his sons, the law established among the gods was, that a man who had passed through life justly and piously, when he died should go to the isles of the blessed, and dwell in all perfect happiness, free from evil; but he that lived unjustly and impiously should go to a prison of punishment and justice, which they called Tartarus. During the reign of Saturn there were living judges of the living, who passed sentences on the very day on which any one was about to die. In consequence of this, sentences were awarded badly. Pluto, therefore, and the guardians of the blessed isles, went to Jupiter and informed him that men now come to them who did not deserve either sentence. Jupiter said he would prevent this in the future, "for now," said he, "sentences are badly awarded because those that are judged are judged with their clothes on, for they are judged while living." "Many, therefore," he continued, "whose souls are depraved are invested with beautiful bodies, nobility of birth and riches, and when judgment takes place many witnesses come in their behalf to testify that they have lived justly. Hence, the judges are awed by these things." To obviate these obstacles, it was, therefore, decreed by Jupiter, that no man should be allowed beforehand to know the day of his death. Furthermore, they must be judged after death, so that no earthly advantages, such as rank or power, or riches, shall influence the judge; and furthermore, the judge must be naked and dead, and examine with his soul the soul of each immediately after death, destitute of

all his kindred, in order that the judgment might be just. It was further contended by Socrates that every one who is punished, if he is rightly punished by another, should either become better and be benefited by it, or should be an example to others; that they beholding his sufferings might be made better through fear. That it was only those that had committed the most extreme injustice for whom Hades offered no cure. Others were purified by pain and made perfect through suffering, and these sent to the isles of the blessed, where neither age nor sorrow were known. Such were the views of the learned. For the populace, a religion of poetical myths and fictions, images and ceremonies and sacrifices was maintained. The priest and the poet aided each other in making and maintaining the national creed. This religion, with its gods and goddesses, with the millions who found comfort at its shrines, has passed away. No worshipper in all the millions who inhabit the earth now bows to Jupiter, and yet at one time it was as deeply planted in Grecian soil as Christianity is in ours. It was not uprooted without a struggle. It did not perish without one mighty effort to rescue it from ruin. It fell because the intellect had outgrown it; because geographical science brushed away its Hesperian gardens, its Hyperborean regions, and its Elysean fields. It fell, because the bold mariner, in quest of profit and gain, was tempted to invade those shores where the national imagination had located the abode of supernatural objects. It fell, because on Mars hill, one man, weak in physique, yet mighty in mind, and endued with the swelling light of a new revelation, was proclaiming: "The God whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." It fell, because the poets, the philosophers, the men of large intelligence, felt that fables and symbols could no longer satisfy the public conscience, and because science offering its boons and benefactions to mankind was persecuted then, as it has been since. Euripides ridiculed the popular religion in his plays. Æschylus jeered at it in his tragedies; but so terrible was the prejudice of the people against all innovation on a creed that had been sanctified by ages, and which had been engraved in the social and political institutions of the

country, that Plato himself sought to have the cultivation of the higher branches of physics prohibited; Thucydides did not dare to own his disbelief; Anaxagoras was condemned to death for heresy, and only saved by going into voluntary exile. Socrates was forced to drink the fatal hemlock; Æschylus was sentenced to death for blasphemy, and only saved by his brother lifting his mutilated arm—he had lost his hand at the battle of Salamis. When will the world cease to persecute its benefactors? When will the bigoted devotees of obsolete systems learn the solemn fact that God has written in the intellectual strata of all ages that intelligence and science, offsprings from His own immeasurable mind, are the only tests by which truth can be determined? Is geography, is geology, is philosophy, is intelligence to stand still and mute and dumb until the priest counts his beads and repeats his aves? The world answered that question two thousand years ago, when it marched away from priest and shrine and creed, to adopt a nobler faith and a higher worship. "Beware," says a brilliant essayist, "when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk." In many respects the appliances which clothe with mystery some modern ceremonies had their counterparts in Athens. They had statues that could brandish spears, paintings that could blush, images that could sweat, and shrines and sanctuaries at which miracles could be performed. It is all gone, or only exists in memory as a splendid poetical drama that bridged over the chasm that lay between the nature worship of the far East and that splendid evangel whose true spirit in all ages has breathed peace and good will to men. Let it go; it was the creation of man, tainted with all his infirmities, touched with all his exaggerations and mortal as himself. Olympus stands but the gods have fled. If through the clouds that encircle its brow we fail to detect their figures; if the councils which sat to direct the affairs of the Grecian world have been dissolved, never to reconvene—we can still look above the clouds and over the mountains and up to the diamonded azure of heaven, to Him, who eighteen centuries ago exclaimed: "Lo! I am with you alway!" From the blue skies that overhang the

Egean sea, let us journey to the Tiber and to Italy—that legendary land where the wolf suckled the founders of the mighty city, from whence Romulus ascended bodily into heaven, where the nymph Ægeria dwelt, where Curtius and his horse jumped into the abyssmal gulf, where the sybil kept her books—and see if we can gather from her poets, orators and warriors what Rome thought of the after life. Virgil fixed the abode of the lost and the blest down deep toward the center of the earth. The entrance to this strange region was located in the volcanic section near Vesuvius. He who entered was compelled to pass through a group of beings enumerated as griefs and avenging cares. Pale Disease and melancholy Age, Fear and Hunger, Toil, Poverty and Death. There reposed the furies on their couches, and there stood Discord, whose hair was of vipers. The lake once crossed, on whose unhappy shores many a spirit cruised whose mortal remains had been denied the rites of burial, the first thing that attracted attention, was the wailing of infants who died on the threshold of life, and near to these were they who had perished under false charges. Then came those who had committed suicide. Leaving these unhappy ones, we next enter the regions of sadness, and follow paths leading through myrtle groves where those whose love had been unrequited in life despondingly wander, and after weeping with Dido, we enter the department where the shades of heroes once famous in this world's conflict fought their battles over again. Opening wide the brazen gates, we will take a look in on the Gulf of Tartarus. Here we see those who injured their brother, violated their marriage vows, fought in bad causes, defrauded their friends and hoarded their wealth for selfish ends. Let us turn our back on this scene, and take a look in on the Elysean fields. The groves are in full foliage. There is the pear tree with its luscious fruit, the pomegranate, apple and fig tree. The inhabitants are dressed in purple. Some are pitching quoits, some running races, and some engaging in other athletic sports. There is a herd of horses nipping in the rich grasses. There are spears that had been used in battle transfixed in the ground. Here are some feasting, others making music. There is a circle of dis-

tinguished statesmen and warriors, gravely discussing the events through which they have passed. Through this abode flows the river Lethe. Along its stream wander countless multitudes, numerous as the sands on the seashore. These are the souls to which bodies are to be given, after they have been purged of their impurities by process of wind and fire. Such are the ideas of Rome's greatest poet on the after life of the human soul. Let us accost Cicero on his way from the Forum, and ask him what he thinks of the other life. He promptly answers, the soul is immortal. The home of the blest is located above the blue sky. All above the moon is eternal—all below transitory and mortal. Heaven, he says, is filled with the most exquisite music produced by the moving of the spheres. The sound is so powerful that human hearing can not comprehend it, just as you can not look directly upon the sun, because your sight and sense are overcome by its beams. The souls of those who act virtuously and love the beautiful and good, fly to this mansion. While the souls of those who are devoted to sensual pleasures, and under those impulses have violated the laws of gods and men, hover around the earth, nor do they reach the mansions above for many ages. "Natural death," he says, "is, as it were, a haven and rest to us, after long navigation. And a noble soul is like a good mariner; for he, when he draws near the port, lowers his sails and enters it softly with feeble steerage." Here, indeed, is open conflict between poet and orator, each groping in the dark, both staggered by the awful enigma which enveils eternity. To the government, religion was a mere political machine, always used to control the masses. If the poet Ennius could elicit the plaudits of the theater when he proclaimed that the gods took no part in human affairs, Cæsar could assert in the senate, without scandal, and almost without dissent, that death was the end of all things. Pliny, the greatest of all Roman scholars, describes the belief in a future life as a form of madness, and a pernicious illusion. The Stoics, a large, talented and respectable sect, held that the soul of man had a future, and an independent but not an eternal existence; that it would survive until the conflagration that was to destroy the world, when all

finite things would be absorbed in the all-prevailing soul of nature. Well might Gibbon, in contemplating the general muddle that existed at Rome, exclaim: "All religions are to the vulgar equally true; to the philosopher equally false, and to the statesman equally useful."

Leaving Italy, let us journey over to Palestine, and stroll among the olive groves with the law-givers, the judges and the prophets. Let us ask this strange people, who keep watch over the ark of the covenant, and the tables of stone, what they think of the shadowy realm. They are God's chosen people, and their communication with him has been constant and unbroken. Jacob had lain at the foot of the ladder on which the angels ascended and descended, and Moses himself had seen the light in the burning bush. Abraham had broken bread with the heavenly messengers at the door of his tent, and Samuel, when a child, had talked with Jehovah. Surely, with these opportunities they must have gathered some information on a subject which, in all ages, has been most vital to the welfare of man. Before reviewing the belief of the Jews, let me call your attention to a few historical facts touching the relation of Moses to the Egyptian priesthood. The apostle, Stephanus, states that Moses was initiated in the wisdom of Egypt. The historian, Philo, also states that Moses had been initiated by the Egyptian priests in the philosophy of symbols and hieroglyphics, and in the mysteries of the sacred animals. Egypt being the first civilized nation of which history gives any account, and the most ancient mysteries having come from there, it is believed by many that the idea of the unity of the Supreme Being was first conceived by an Egyptian priest. This idea being inconsistent with the prevalent idolatry entertained by the people, was cherished and cultivated by the priesthood alone, because its spread among the masses of the people, wedded to their numerous gods, was regarded as indiscreet and dangerous. They could not at once enjoy the perception of this truth until their minds were freed from many errors, and those who were suffered to become members of the priesthood and sharers of the mysteries were indoctrined into them by degrees. Of this

body Moses was a member. The priests acknowledged one highest cause of all things, the Being of beings identical with the Demiurges of the Greek sages. "Nothing surpasses in sublimity," says the poet Schiller, "the simple greatness with which they spoke of the Creator of the world. In order to distinguish Him in a marked manner, they did not name Him. "Names," they said, "are only intended to enable us to discriminate between different objects. He who is the Only One does not require a name, for there is not anybody with whom He could be confounded." On an old statue of Isis the following inscription was read: "I am what is," and upon a pyramid in Sais the following ancient and most remarkable inscription was found: "I am who is, was and will be. No mortal man has lifted my veil." No one was permitted to enter the temple of Serapis who did not wear upon his breast or forehead the name "Iao," or "Iha-ho," a name that has almost the same sound, and probably the same meaning, as the Hebrew Jehovah, and no name was pronounced with more respect in Egypt than this name "Iao." In the hymn which the hierophant or president of the sanctuary sang to the candidate the following preliminary explanation was given concerning the nature of the Deity: "He is alone and of Himself, and to this Only One all things owe their existence." Before being initiated into the Egyptian mysteries the candidate had to undergo circumcision. In the interior of the temple was a sacred ark, whose lid could only be removed or touched by the hierophant. It is not known how long Moses remained in the school of the priests, but from the fact that he first assumed the political leadership of his nation at the age of eighty, we are at liberty to believe that he devoted twenty years to the study of the mysteries. One thing is certain, that the Jews derived their idea of the unity of the Godhead from Moses. Did he learn it from the Egyptian priests? The Hebrews had one distinction over all other nations, namely, the religion of their sages was not opposed to that of the people. That neither Moses nor the Jews of his day had any definite idea of a future state, as we understand it, is painfully visible from a perusal of the Pentateuch. While it refers with marked

minuteness to all details of their faith and religion, it nowhere reveals the character of the mystic world that lay beyond them. It declares to the Israelites the character of God, it defines their relation to Him, unfolds the principles of His government, indicates His ways, announces His promises and His threatenings, looks forward into coming ages, lays before the people their consolation, holds up the objects of their fear; but on no occasion recognizes an active state of being after death. In a word, it dwells on every topic naturally associated with immortality, but on that subject maintains a silence that indicates they knew little or thought little about it. It gives a long account of the wanderings of the Jews for forty years in the wilderness. It points to the pillar of fire by night, and the cloud by day. It gives the conversations had by God with Moses, but amid all their murmurings, doubts, distrusts, jealousies and rebellions, it nowhere lifts up the curtain that shuts out the vast unknown. Canaan is in front of them, Egypt behind, God above—still it is clear that they recognize an existence after death, but it is one of so imperfect and inert a character that it excited but little interest. The region of the dead they call Sheol, which in our language is sometimes interpreted *grave*, sometimes *pit*, and sometimes *hell*, and this was located in the depths of the earth. Into this subterranean world the soul descended immediately after death. Jacob on being told that Joseph had been devoured by wild beasts, exclaimed: "I will go down into Sheol unto my son mourning." There, too, it was imagined, were the former generations—all the multitudes of the deceased. When one died he was said to be gathered unto his people, whether he was buried with them or in a distant land. "Rewards and punishments," says Froude, speaking of the Jewish belief, "were alike immediate, both to each separate person and to the collective nation." Retribution in a life to come was dropped out of sight—not denied, but not insisted on. Every man was to reap as he had sown here in the immediate world—to live under his own vine and fig tree, and thrive or suffer according to his actual deserts. Religion was not a thing of the past, or future, an account of things that had been, or of things which one day

would be again. God was the actual living ruler of real, every-day life. Nature worship was swept away, and in the warmth of passion and conviction they became the soldiers of the purer creed. From the death of Moses to that of Saul, a space of about four hundred years, the only allusion to the hereafter that we find is in the single occurrence of the significant phrase, "gathered unto their fathers." In the reign of Saul a new feature of the popular faith was developed—that of consulting spirits to ascertain what events were likely to occur in the future. Driven to distraction by the disquietudes of his kingdom, bereft of a prophet, in that Samuel was dead, begirt on all sides by the threatening Philistines, menaced with battle on the morrow, and obtaining no answer as to its issue, neither by dreams nor by prophets, Saul, king of Israel, concluded to consult the spirits. He stole away by night to Endor, about seventy miles north of Jerusalem, to a woman who claimed to have a familiar spirit, and he said unto her: "I pray thee divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring me up whom I shall name unto you." Then said the woman: "Whom shall I bring up unto thee?" And he said: "Bring me up Samuel." Saul evidently supposed the personal existence of the prophet to survive somewhere, and in such place, moreover, as that in order to bring him to the scene of consultation it was necessary to bring him up through the earth. And the language of the woman recognizes this idea, for having cried with a loud voice, as at the sight of an apparition, she said to Saul: "I saw gods ascending out of the earth." And he said unto her, "What form is he of?" And she said: "An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle." And Saul preceived that it was Samuel. And the narrative proceeds: "And Samuel said unto Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" To give force to this story, it must be borne in mind that Samuel was buried at Ramah, seventy miles from the spot where these occurrences took place; and when Samuel did appear, he came not out of his grave, but from the abode of the dead. In the reign of David and in the Psalms we catch still further glimpses of this other world. "Whither shall I go," exclaims the psalmist,

"from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in Sheol thou art there." Here it is evident that heaven is above as Sheol is beneath, and that one is the lowest object conceivable, as the other is the highest. Again, in the lxxi psalm, David says: "Thou which hast showed me great and sore troubles shall quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth." As to the condition of the dead, both David and Solomon seem to have supposed them almost destitute of thought or activity. "In death," says David, "there is no remembrance, in Sheol who shall give Thee thanks? The dead praise not the Lord, nor any that go down in silence." Solomon said: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in Sheol, whither thou goest." Coming down two hundred and fifty years further, we reach Ezekiel and Job, when the idea of the condition of the departed becomes somewhat more definite. Speaking of the king of Egypt and other heathen monarchs, the prophet Ezekiel says: "They are all delivered unto death, to the nether parts of the earth, in the midst of the children of men, with them that go down in the pit. Thus saith the Lord God in the day that he went down into Sheol: I caused a mourning, I covered the deep for him and I restrained the floods thereof; I made the nations to shake at the sound of his fall when I cast him down to Sheol with them that descend into the pit. Son of man wail for the multitude of Egypt, cast them down, even her and the daughters of the famous nations unto the nether parts of the earth, with them that go down in the pit. The strong among the mighty shall speak to him out of the midst of Sheol with them that help him; they are gone down, they lie uncircumcised, slain by the sword. Asher is there with all her company; Elam is also there, Mesheck and Tubal and Eden and Zeclim, with all these perished multitudes."

Job is still more precise: "Cease then and let me alone," he says, "that I may take a little comfort before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and shadow of death; a land of darkness; as darkness itself, and of the shad-

ows of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness, there the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest; there the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master."

Thus we find from Moses down to the time of the captivity the same idea prevailed on this subject, that the abode of the dead was deep down in the bowels of the earth. During the Babylonish captivity the priests and great men were educated in the science of the Chaldeans, and at that time their theology began to assume form. And from this period the dogmas of Satan, the archangel Michael, the rebel angels, the battles in heaven, the immortality of the soul and the resurrection, were introduced and naturalized among the Jews. The emigrants returned to their country with these ideas, and their introduction at first excited disputes between the Pharisees and their opponents, the Sadducees, who maintained the ancient natural worship. But the former, aided by the propensities of the people and their habits already contracted, and supported by the Persians, their deliverers and masters, gained the ascendancy in the battle, and the sons of Moses consecrated the theology of Zoroaster. In the year 330 before Christ, a remarkable event happened in Palestine and Syria. Alexander the Great, with his army of Greeks, passed through and conquered both countries. A colony of Jews was also established at Alexandria. Thus subjected to the influence of Egypt and Greece, the following three hundred years wrought additional changes in their creeds. Between the years 150 and 100 before Christ the Egyptian Jews distinctly avow not only the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, but also the doctrine of future retribution. Thus we have traveled over the period occupied in ecclesiastical history by the law-givers, the judges, the prophets, by David and Solomon, and over all an almost unbroken silence reigns. "Gathered unto their fathers," tells it all from Moses to the Babylonish captivity.

From the Babylonish captivity until the year 400 before Christ, we catch nothing but one isolated flash from Daniel, who

declares: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." From that time onward, down through the succeeding line of prophets to the time of Malachi, when the sacred canon closes, being a period of one hundred and thirty years, we do not hear a whisper on the subject. For this review I am largely indebted to scholars who have given the Bible great study. Is it not strange that a nation claiming to be so highly favored a nation, resting especially under the government of Jehovah, should have notions so obscure on a subject so vital? Did Abraham make no inquiries of the angels who visited his tent? Did the translation of Enoch induce no thought? Did Moses' mysterious disappearance from Nebo's crowning heights lead to no questions? Did Elijah's fiery flight up through the etheral blue, leave them still dreaming of the bowels of the earth and its imprisoned inhabitants? On all these subjects we have nothing but the simple biblical records, and it answers all questions with the significant phrase, "They were gathered unto their fathers." One would have thought that Peter and John, Mary and Martha, who enjoyed in so great a degree, the confidence of Jesus, would have asked Him something about the life to come. Not an inquiry is recorded. One poor mother, who was anxious to have her sons clothed with special power and dignity, asked Him to station one on His right hand, and one on His left, and this petition was answered with a rebuke. "In my Father's house there are many mansions." In the next world there is no marriage, no giving in marriage, sums up the revelations made by Christ. The xxv. chapter of Matthew, is filled by terrible threatenings against the wicked and ungodly; but many of the ablest gospel students apply this to the circumstances accompanying the destruction of Jerusalem. If Lazarus was in the other world long enough to learn anything, his mind must have been washed with lethean waters, for he disclosed nothing when he returned. The legend said he never afterward smiled, knowing that he must die.

There may be one excuse urged for want of inquiry on the part of the apostles—namely, that they never comprehended

Christ. He was a greater enigma to them, who were in constant personal contact with him, than to us who view him through the mist of eighteen centuries. Probably his very presence deterred them from presumptious questions. There is a beautiful legend floating through the air that in some measure explains this silence. In the middle ages, in a small village, living under the shadow of the Apennines, there lived a heavenly tempered woman, who, from earliest childhood had pondered long and tenderly on the mysteries of the faith, and the person of the Saviour. She thought, too, of how, as a child, He had played with other children, and gathered olives from the hills that begirt Nazareth. How He had followed His mother to the well with her urn to get water, and built houses out of blocks found in honest Joseph's shop. Then she followed Him with that strange pilgrimage, when all Israel went up to Jerusalem to attend the holy feast, and looked in upon the scene, where He had held high debate with the grim old rufflers of the sword and pen; and she thought, too, of that strange scene on the mount, when the ineffable light gilded its top, and Moses and Elias appeared to teach the apostles that Shiloh had truly come. Years wore on, and these sweet meditations ripened into deep convictions of the nearness of the Master to each human soul. She longed with an unquenchable yearning to be with Him where He was, and there were other strange movings in her heart that would not be quieted. Could she see the Master, she would ask Him a thousand questions—how the blessed fared? whether the children who had hardly breathed in this world ere they opened their eyes on the other, retained immortal youth, or grew up under heavenly influences to perfect men and women. And she would ask, too, whether we should recognize those who had made the journey before us, and whether the mother who had parted in anguish with her child would be reunited with it? and she would put a thousand other inquiries with which the soul is always freighted, and thus pondering, she fell asleep, and sleeping dreamed that the door of her humble home opened and the Master entered. There He stood, with His long beard and flowing locks, and indescribably colored eyes and sandled

feet, and exquisitely chiseled mouth, and about his head a rainbow of colors more resplendant than those that paint the sky when the storm has receded. The questions she had so sedulously formed had all vanished, and the only act capable of performance was that of silent worship.

"Daughter of earth," said He, "thy questions, although unuttered, have all been heard. Behold the herbs and flowery tribes, though nipped by winter's unrelenting blast, revive and rise when vernal zephyrs call. The star but hides itself away to reappear with greater light. The sun that sinks looms up again. I am the resurrection and the life. Believest thou this?" and disappeared.

There is another thought on this subject that will always impress itself with greater or less force on that mind that gives attention. Humanity is proverbially restless. It is always on the move in search of a better place where its aspirations may be more readily realized and its hopes more surely consummated. Men are constantly changing their abode in the expectation that their burdens will be diminished and their advantages multiplied. If we were as capable of acquiring reliable information as to the character of the future state as we are of acquiring information about a state or kingdom here below; if friends there were permitted to communicate what they know about the comforts afforded by the other life, and that our condition there would be vastly better than it is here, I fear that the world as at present constituted would not be greatly profited by the intelligence. With all the shadows that environ it, with all the terrors that encompass it, it becomes more and more evident each day that men and women, overwhelmed with sorrow, dejected with financial distresses, or stung by the loss of honor, and the fear of detection in some wrong committed, would fly into the face of the next world to escape the real or imaginary miseries of this. And would not these suicides be greatly multiplied if it were absolutely certain that our condition would be vastly improved by abandoning this and taking up our residence in that sphere? God for a wise purpose has dropped the curtain that shuts out the nature of the next world, and it will never be

fully lifted until men and women are so advanced in intelligence and wisdom, in love and charity, as to impose upon themselves a perfect and complete self-control, and until they realize that their highest duty to God and humanity is to remain on this earth in the discharge of the labors assigned them to perform until the Father in His good pleasure calls them hence. The very existence of that curtain is a strong proof that humanity is not yet fit to be trusted with the secrets of the hereafter. The visions of the Christian are generally confined to his death-bed, and the hour of his departure. "Oh, if I could tell you the beauties I behold," said a dying child to its mother in my presence, "you would be overcome by the sight." "Lift up the window," said the dying senator of Vermont, "and let the light stream in, for of a truth I behold the sapphire walls of the New Jerusalem, and the angels upon them." "Tread softly, for I am ankle deep in Jordan, and the angels are beckoning me on," said the saintly McCheyne. It is the element of uncertainty that makes the anguish of this life endurable. Shakespeare caught this idea, and stated it most powerfully in that famous soliloquy of Hamlet.

And now what is the future life? Who shall answer? The acorn dies that the oak may live. A stream disappears here only to reappear at another place, and enrich and beautify another section. What is death, after all, but closing the door behind you in this room and quietly entering the next? Has humanity for six thousand years been making and accumulating a history both vapid and empty? Do the affairs of this world bear no relation to the next? Are the triumphs of philosophy and art, which embody the grandest achievements of the mental and the supremest realizations of the physical, to go for naught? These are questions which the soul puts to itself. Is beauty to die forever? Is genius to measure its pinion by the cloud on the horizon? Look into the eye of your wife and answer this question. Look upon the chisel of Phidias, the products of which this world reverences to-day, after three thousand years have floated on the sea of time, and tell me what you think. Must all that this world has garnished, and cherished and embraced;

all that has filled the eye with rapture and the soul with emotion perish with human life? Did God create this world and decree that the horizon of your vision and mine should be measured by a gulch and a mountain? For untold thousands of years the human eye has been seeking in rock and earth and sky for the footsteps of a God. The weary traveler who makes his bed on the parched sands of the far Orient, and turns his eye to the shining canopy above, asks, "is He there?" The mariner on the weary waste of waters, observing the ebb and flow responding to the motions of the moon, asks, "is He there?" Does the babe that smiles in its sleep, and whose soul has not journeyed far enough inland to forget the murmur of the ocean from whence it came, see Him? Did the poet, Young, sum up all that there is of the philosophy of immortality in the despairing exclamation: "All that I know is that I am, and since I am, conclude something immortal!" He views this world entirely wrong who fails to see the spiritual counterpart that completes it, consummating its meaning, rounding all to justice and perfection, line by line, form by form, nothing single or alone, the Great Below clenched by the Great Above, shade here, authenticating substance there; Elijah saw the chariots on the mountain, although the boy at his side was blind and dumb. Stephen saw the throne and Him who sat thereon, while the Jews, in rage, were casting stones. God has not marshaled the nations through six thousand years, making right forever trample over wrong, and evoking justice out of the ways of man, to brush it all away as a child does the toy of which it has wearied. The planets that circle in a thousand spheres were not made to light but an evening's play. This is but the nursery; the other is the garden of the King, where transplanted flowers forever bloom.

Mr. Ingersoll has said that he could improve the economy of nature if permitted. I deny it. No man can judge of the wisdom of the means employed by the Almighty, until he knows the end to be accomplished. If we look at an unfinished carpet on the loom, with the figure but half marked out, we are apt to say: There is too much black and not enough of orange; too

much crimson and not enough of white. But we must wait until the carpet is completed, and when spread out, and the light of eternity flashes upon it, it will be found that in this grand design the Almighty has been weaving on the loom of time, there is not one thread of black too much, nor one thread of white too little.

It will be found that the sorrows and the joys, the tears and the laughter, the loves and the hates, the benevolences and the meannesses, the riches and the poverty, were all required to keep the human shuttles in motion and perfect the pattern which God has given us to weave.

SPEECH BEFORE THE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION,

JANUARY 20th, 1891.

There is an immense volume of history contained in the statement, "The pen is mightier than the sword." For what is the pen but the chariot in which thought has traveled through all the ages? Its function is to materialize memory, transmit and perpetuate it. Thousands of battles have been fought on the results of which men believed the fate of civilization depended, and all that is left of their names or influences is what the pen has rescued from the ravenous jaws of oblivion. What would the world care for the sulking Achilles, the superb courage of Diomed, or the warlike deeds of Agamemnon, if the setting given their achievements by the pen of Homer were wanting? Men spend their lives now, not in efforts to find out the names of the slaves who morticed the bricks in the pyramids, but in deciphering the inscriptions on them, in the hope of finding some secret long since forgotten—some valuable art long since lost. What would we know of what the world has borne or thought or suffered had not the pen recorded these things? We journey through all the ages without obstruction, because the pen has kept the gateways on the road forever open. It has visited every court and cabin, every palace and hovel, and has been as familiar with the haughty air of all the despots as with the submissive bow of the serf. It has been acquainted with every mode in the realm of thought as in the realm of dress. It has preserved every custom, manner and law that has ever been proclaimed, observed or enacted. It has married in indissoluble bonds the yesterday of the world with the to-day of the world. It has made the great thoughts of the past the common property of the present. It has waited on prophet, priest, politician, poet, philosopher, scientist and dreamer,

and has told us what they saw when rapt in vision. How they ministered at the altar, schemed in the council chamber, warbled to their lady loves, rambled in the academic groves with their pupils, discovered the laws of nature and mechanics and how they appeared when dreaming of the millennial age, when the herb would give its color to the wool of the lamb that nipped it, and all the fruits that grow in any land should grow in each. What Cæsar wrote with the pen is with us; what he did with the sword is obliterated. School children repeat the words, "Veni, Vidi, Vici," while professors fail to recall the names of the exploits they commemorate; truly is the pen mightier than the sword, for it has preserved all the sword has accomplished, and outlived its glitter and its sheen. Have you ever stopped to schedule the comforts it has brought us; the men and women with whom it has acquainted us; the feasts of tongue, garnished with brains, it has spread on our tables; the messages of love and faith and courage it has articulated and filled with life? The old friends it brings to us have their old faces—no resentments, no jealousies, no rivalries. We see David as he labors over a psalm; Cicero over an oration; Socrates as he disputes with a sophist; Dante as he wanders in hell; Milton as he conducts Adam and Eve through England to the garden of Eden; Shakespeare making love with Juliet, or consulting the spirits with Macbeth. We can have at our receptions all the great souls of the past and present, keep them as long as we please and lay them aside at will. What instrument ever invented by man has performed the offices of the pen? Movable types and the press are of comparatively modern origin. The pen is without a date. Nothing is any longer created; the new is new by development. The events of life and civilization seem to be the products of ceaseless evolution. God's fruits are always seasonable—they neither arrive a day too soon or too late. The alphabet, then the word, then the sentence, then the book, then the newspaper. In the earlier ages of the world, when humanity was in its infancy, there was no occasion for the press any more than there was occasion for the steam engine, the telegraph or the telephone. The forces these inventions have utilized were as robust and vigorous then as

now, but the condition of society did not admit of their use. Immortality is a tedious thing, and to enable men to secure it, time anciently was not so valuable as it is now; the occupations and pursuits were fewer. The men who wrote, wrote for all time, and took all the time to write. Grub street was not laid out; literature was not then a profession. Tastes were not then so unstable and fickle. The men who made up the ancient peerage of Immortals felt that time came as fast as it went; they labored in it and with it, and filled its bosom with jewels whose luster and splendor have never faded. Thirty-two thousand men were not then killed and wounded annually simply by traveling on the highways, as they are now. A beacon fire answered every purpose in conveying news from Troy to Argus, or from Athens to Sparta. A fast age requires fast things. At the beginning of this century it took Aaron Burr nine weeks to get from Liverpool to Boston, and thirty days for old John Adams to get from Baltimore to Quincy; we now count on making the one trip in six days, and the other in six hours. We smile at the old ways, but I presume the people were quite as happy in them as we are in ours. Queen Elizabeth doubtless took as much comfort in serving her guests with a slice of boiled beef for breakfast on a table without any cloth on it, as Queen Victoria does in serving up the most exquisite dainties to-day. There are strange laws of compensation in nature. A person who is thoroughly sick—that is, sick all over—is just as comfortable as a person who is thoroughly well; but take one who is only half sick—wants to do something, yet has not the energy to try; strong enough to sit at the table, yet too weak to eat—such a one will nettle a whole family. Well, this generation of ours is pretty much in that condition. What is old is too old, and what is new is not new enough. The cars don't run fast enough; steam is an old fogy. Nothing will suit us but electricity. Why don't somebody harness up a cloud and let us sail through the air? Everywhere we look is discontent. Now this restless, fidgety age requires something novel and marvelous, something that would minister to its palate in the morning when it sipped its coffee, and in the evening when it buttered its biscuit; and lo! that something appeared in the shape of the daily

and weekly press. It is as one vast reservoir, into which flows the rivers and rivulets of thought from every land and clime; it fuses the general with the particulars, and the particulars with the general. It deals with the sum and the detail, the part and the whole, the man and the nation, the living and the dead. Its diplomacy recognizes no national limitations, its geography no boundaries. The drafts and demands upon it are immeasurable. It must be as well versed in the arts of war as in the methods of peace. It must display the same equanimity whether engaged in ordering a mayor to sign an ordinance or a czar to issue a ukase. It aspires to manage a bank with the same confidence that it does a bar; runs a railroad with the same assurance that it manages a mine; tests the orthodoxy of the church with the same freedom that it pronounces on the validity of a judicial decree. It turns up as an habitue at festivals and funerals, fires and floods. It announces our arrival into the world and our exit out of it. In short, it undertakes to act the part of a great public administrator in the field of morals, religion and politics. What do assumptions and powers so vast as this imply? What manner of obligation does this gift impose? There is still extant in rabbinical lore a legend to the effect that David asked the Almighty to endow him with the gift of prophecy, and received the reply that he who received great gifts must endure great trials; that Abraham was tried by fire, Jacob by his children, Joseph by the well and prison, Moses by Pharoah, Job by boils.

It should be understood by all that the mission of the press is a mighty one. Its power for good can be no more limited than its power for evil. It makes and unmakes rulers. It throbs with the pulses of the world's great soul and interprets its heart beats to anxious and listening humanity. Its ear is the receptacle into which all manner of things are poured. Through the darkness of the night comes news into the sanctum which the occupant knows will startle the world. The brain work required to meet, and the energies of imparting every twenty-four hours the mass of news which readers demand are enough to make one dizzy. To accommodate all necessities and all tastes, everything must go through the managerial hopper, good, bad and in-

different. There are wars and rumors of wars to suit the belligerent; there are grave issues of local and national life to suit the politicians; business failures and successes for investors; domestic felicity and gladness, or scenes of marital woe and dishonor; religion and agnosticism, and every other ism is transcribed, so that we may know whether the race is marching for heaven or going to hell. The rainbow performances of the 400, with their glitter and glamor, are sandwiched in with poverty, rags and anarchy. The pugilist and methodist, the sporting man and high church dignitary are treated alike, while the ritualist and salvation army both get a fair hearing. For a moment let me use the pencil of another in portraying a day's doing in an editorial sanctum. To its occupant comes all the weaknesses of the world; all the vanities that want to get puffed; all the revenges that want to get wreaked; all the mistakes that want to be corrected; all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent; all the fellows with cracked reputations who want them to be made whole again; all the moral delinquents who want clear titles to clean bills of health without first paying in repentance and regret the exactions which society demands of them; all the truckling legislators who break their pledges, betray the sacred trust reposed in them, and yet have the effrontery to seek editorial salve for their violated consciences; all the preachers who want a notice of their latest and perhaps dullest sermon; all those who are out of society and want to be in it, and all those who are in it and ought to be out of it; all the leeches that want to get a pull at the public treasury; all the men who want to be set right and who never were right; all the crack-brained philosophers whose stories are as long as their hair and as sombre as their finger nails; all the bores who come to talk five minutes and stay to talk five hours and have nothing to say, and all other classes and peoples, without regard to color, sex or previous condition and not herein particularly mentioned and described, together with all and singular, the follies, the shams, the lies, the intrigues, the schemes, plots and counter-plots that constitute what we call civilized society. Are not the above and foregoing afflictions and trials enough to entitle the man

who suffers them to take rank with the old worthies of the past, who for a little suffering were rewarded with great wealth, vast possessions and extensive power. With such variant means of obtaining information as to the operations of men and society, an editor, if possessed of a broad, discerning and philosophic mind, should be able to treat humanity from almost a scientific standpoint and according to scientific methods. Among his first and highest duties should be to teach his readers that the world is vastly better than it ever has been, and that it is capable of becoming vastly better than it is at present. In this field there is no room for a pessimist. Man's course through history may have followed the principle of the spiral staircase and apparently turned round here and there, but like the spiral stair it ever reaches upward, and moves onward toward the top and the sunlight. The editor can readily see that there is less savagery in our manners, less brutality in our treatment of each other, a greater refinement in taste, a larger love of what is beautiful, which is the soul of all truth. Granted that the age is material, if you please, is it not true that there runs through it a golden thread of spirituality such as has never been witnessed before? Granted that vast fortunes are being rapidly acquired, yet when before have large fortunes been so swiftly applied to the general accommodation of mankind, to the enlargement of its comforts, to the multiplication of its sources of happiness? In what times have Christmas festivals been so redolent of the spirit of unstinted generosity? When and where have the blessed hands of helpfulness been so active as now? If the palaces of the rich have multiplied so have the homes for the poor. It is no longer possible for anyone to live unto himself. The very things of beauty, one's soul goes out to, lose half their charm if sought to be enjoyed alone. You see this in the draperies of the windows, the hanging of the pictures, the cultivation of the flowers, all so arranged that the passer-by may feast his eye upon them. God avenges Himself on the selfish wretch who hides away in the dark the beauties he created for the sunlight. He blights the flower with the darkness when it is concealed, and turns over the garment

to be consumed by the moth. But let us enlarge the diameter of our glass and take in a view of the universal tendency of things. The recent dropping of an old word in a new way into the consciences of men, startled parties and peoples. It seemed to be a new version of the old doctrine that of one blood God created all the nations of the earth. I allude to the word "reciprocity." The mention of it sounds like the mace of time striking on the dial of a new era.

A South American correspondent of the New York *Herald* wrote in a casual manner of the failure of certain speculative plans in the Argentine Republic, and the bad management of English funds by those in charge of important undertakings. Some one in Russia saw this brief notice in the French edition and gave the alarm, whereupon Russia called back from the Barings the loan of £5,000,000, and every nation quivered in view of a coming disaster. A slip of one small cog on the financial wheel struck every money center, every commercial artery throughout the civilized world. Everybody knows that for centuries France and England have been traditional enemies, but in the presence of this approaching calamity France rushed to the relief of England and the world. Without this intervention no one could have measured the extent of the disaster that would have overtaken us all. Does this event teach no lesson, rather does it not teach in letters of fire that no nation is strong enough to live independently of all others. Does it not teach that our interests are so interlaced that the price of a bushel of wheat in India is felt in the market of Chicago, and that the scarcity of money in one country is positively a scarcity of money the world over. It may be the dream of a fanatic that the purpose of the Almighty is the ultimate elevation of all nations instead of the glorification of one, but it is a dream I cherish. Palestine asserted a selfish preëminence once, but it only lasted for a short time, and had a great object in view; the time is past and the object accomplished, and henceforth a broader and wider sweep in the philosophy of politics will have to be recognized by statesmen and editors if they would maintain themselves in power. You can not partition

humanity like you do an estate, nor sectionize it as you do a township. The tongue may be dumb, the eye blind, the complexion variant in color, but there is an electrical chord in every heart whose pulsations can not be localized or scheduled by any legislation of man. What will boundary lines or bastions or forts or entrenchments among nations amount to if aerial navigation becomes an assured fact? And of what avail will tariffs and local interests be when Christian civilization shall realize in its fulness the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, "and when the war drums cease to throb, and the battle flags are furled in the parliament of man in the federation of the world."

This consummation may be afar off, the harvest may be some distance from the season that will ripen it, but it is within the power of the press to greatly accelerate its coming.

Probably there is no agency for good existing among men so weighted down by self-imposed burdens and limitations as that of the press; whether they spring from rivalry in business, jealousies in politics, or are off-shoots of mere plebian envy and malice, their presence can not be denied. Should the world sincerely believe for a moment the gross, brutal, malignant charges flippantly hurled by rival editors at each other, for how long a time would it continue to consider the press as the palladium of our liberties, or how long would it continue to accept its judgment either on standards of tastes or questions of morality. The rules by which we weigh and measure the conduct of a public or official personage in matters affecting the performance of duties, differ, and rightly, too, from those applied to the simple citizen, because the circumstances and obligations surrounding the two may widely differ, but the same law of morality applies, not in differing but in exact degree to each. Moral rules are not, nor can they be changed by the mere shifting of place from parlor to sanctum, or changing the person from citizen to editor. Insults by individuals toward each other in ordinary intercourse when unwarranted are amenable to the dictates of honor and the machinery of justice, and they become no less so because fired from behind the ramparts of a press.

Nothing so clearly illustrates the hazards attending the perverted and abused power of the press as the growing diminution of its influence. Let the impression gain currency that the paper is unreliable, or conducted as an agent for wreaking private revenge, or being run for the purpose of promoting one scheme and ruining another, advocating one man and retarding another, or that its editorial opinions are merchantable, and how quickly people will turn from it. It is immaterial to them how brilliant the editorials may be or how fresh or bountiful the news it contains, or how beautiful its general make-up and appearance, the trail of the serpent, the shade of the upas are about it, and destruction can only be warded off by a change of management. The press is only and truly powerful that is above suspicion, and occupying that attitude no villain or plunderer, be he entrenched as he may, can withstand its destructive power.

We hear much said of a fearless press, meaning, of course, fearless editors, but the expression as it is ordinarily used is quite misleading, the original thought being allied to the enunciation of principles whether conservative or radical, which lean directly to the moral side of every question, whereas the real truth is that a fearless press in its abstract definition is something to be dreaded, something so false and injurious and misleading in its nature as to be absolutely detrimental to the best interests of the community. A fearless editor is one who nowadays believes it to be right to use the organ he publishes, not in the sense of being public property, but as an instrument whereby he may break down his enemies and make war on every measure not in accord with his individual prejudices. This misuse of power is leveled at everyone who crosses his path. It spares neither man nor woman. The sacredness of home is invaded ruthlessly, the private rights of individuals, the good name of a human being are smeared and blackened beyond repair, and the motives of all who fall under his keen displeasure are interpreted falsely. This liberty of the press has the basis of dangerous license and is as corrupting as it is base. It may be the prerogative of an editor to be also an assassin, but I

mistake the ethical tone of the times if there is not a growing spirit which claims such a one as a creature whom decent people would be afraid to meet in the dark, or one who would be willing to murder with a weapon just as readily as any other murderer would upon a pretext or provocation. This license is carried to an extreme, and no one is more slow to realize how wearisome this personal and corrupt warfare is than the editor himself who indulges in it. Abject cowardice marks this manner of conducting a paper, since an editor of this type takes advantage of his enemy or enemies having no similar means of combating his overdrawn mischievous statements. That there is not more manifest and direct retaliation is a robust proof of the public patience. It is a frequent boast that the press has practically displaced the orator in the legislative halls and the preacher in the pulpit; that it has reduced oratory to the level of a commonplace. There is much in this boast which can be readily accepted, and this gives occasion to remark that on an agency that has succeeded to the places of the orator and the preacher, devolves the obligations which their duties respectively impose. Misrepresentation, knowing it to be such; criticism, unjust and vindictive, would not be tolerated in public debate; an orator using them would soon lose caste among honorable men, a preacher in the pulpit who used his position and opportunities to pervert the truth to the advantage of a special creed would soon be unfrocked, and yet it is not an uncommon thing for the press, in the pursuit of a purely partisan object, to exaggerate trifles and to belittle fundamentals, to misrepresent what is said and done by opponents, to censure those to whom censure is not due, and in other instances to bestow praise when it is undeserved. There are some rights whose foundations it is well enough occasionally to reëxamine. Free speech and free press are recognized principles of our country, but it will be well to remember that this liberty of speech and the press was not battled for and won for the sole benefit of the individual who exercises it. Freedom implies obedience to law, respect for the rights of others; license alone is lawless. It has been well said by a great thinker, "that no

assailant of an error can reasonably be hoped to be listened to by its advocates, who has not proved to them that he has seen the disputed subject with the same feelings as themselves; for why should we abandon a course at the persuasions of one who is ignorant of the reasons which have attached us to it." To rail against the evil before we have inquired for the good, and to exasperate the passions of those who think with us, by caricaturing the opinions and blackening the motives of our antagonists is to make the understanding the pander of the passions. We owe duties to others as well as ourselves. Free press means something different than the mere right of the owner of a printing office to publish what he pleases. The abridgement of his personal liberties in this direction in the first instance was not the moving cause that unfettered him. It was the liberty and welfare of the people that was to be conserved as well. You were raised to this high plane of distinction for the purpose of proclaiming the truth without fear or favor, not for the purpose of propagating falsehoods or nourishing scandals. It was given to you that you might contribute according to your ability and opportunity to the advancement and betterment of society and the state. While the highest powers have been exercised to give freedom to the pen of the journalist, still the obligation has been put upon him to wield it for humanity and truth. In the latter part of this century there appears a tendency to defy all unwritten rules of human action, and I fear journalism has not wholly escaped the epidemic. It is regretful, but true, that many newspapers are conducted on the principle that they are not only free, but licensed and privileged to knowingly proclaim venal and vicious falsehoods, to assail private character and personal rights, to assassinate honest and virtuous purposes, and betray every obligation they owe to society. Gentlemen, you are educators, you influence to a great extent the generation that is to come after you. Have you ever quietly and dispassionately contemplated the fearful responsibility that rests upon you. I know from your standpoint humanity is at best but a sorry mess, but still there are many bright spots in it. Through the smoke, confusion and

wrong ring out a prophetic hint of a clearer day and a stronger humanity. Editors, ye who enter our homes, who talk with us in our offices, who bring the world's news to us while we work, point out the higher plane on which society is yet destined to stand. Make larger note of the good men do than of their weakness, tell us more of the day and croak less of the night. The flashings of the coming time are already commencing to paint a new sky with vermillion-tinted fingers. Arm yourselves for the approaching conflict, find out what is the right side of the great questions, get on that side and stay there. Of all forces the passions are the most short-lived. Within the last twenty years we have been informed at least a dozen times that if a question were resolved a certain way the country would be ruined, in many instances the question has been resolved that way, and the country has marched steadily onward without experiencing the slightest jar in its machinery and its destiny. The ultimate goal is the general good, and every problem that has ever been or ever will be launched among men holds in its solution that end. The evolution of history is simply another name for the logic of events. Study that logic. The earth, not the heavens, give birth to the clouds. Discords spring from the passions and not from the highest reason of man; help to subdue these passions, or failing in that, in directing them toward the triumph of the truth and the right. Laudatory obituaries give no color to the pallid lips of the dead, but a seasonable, kindly word, befittingly spoken, will cheer and strengthen the living. Let your example in the use of a great power teach the young who are all about you not to reverence alone the abstract right of the press but to reverence its influence when used to bring this world nearer to the brightness and purity of the next.

THE NEWER PROBLEMS BEFORE THE NATION.

We have reached a period in the history of our country, when more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the people of the North and South stood face to face in hostile array. A generation has sprung into being and grown to manhood since the president of the United States appended his signature to the last act of reconstruction and declared that "all these states constitute one federation never to be dissolved." Many of the great problems, which engaged the attention of the country for the past fifty years have been settled. The romances of pen and of mouth have been recited and passed upon and grown measurably stale, and the supreme question of the hour is, what shall be our action in the present, in order to secure a blessed and happy future to ourselves and our children.

For the last half century we have followed the lead and dictation of New England. It was reasonable that it should be so, for in our youth the powerful influence of Puritanism, which had formed and fashioned this republic, was still in vigor and force. Bunker Hill and Lexington were still monumental events, thrilling us with heroism, and fresh in our historical studies.

The vigorous leadership of New England in the questions which involved the freedom of mankind, charmed our youthful minds, and directed the energies of our manhood. She stood as the advocate of freedom, here and everywhere. She was identified with every missionary enterprise looking to that end. She stood sponsor for the education of all the people. The first defender of liberty and the first apostle of democracy, as illustrated in her town meetings, and the first uncompromising advocate of general and universal education, why should we not have fol-

lowed her leadership? Why should we not have directed our eyes to the banner she held in her hands, and waved over the fields of moral and intellectual conflict?

The problems that inspired our enthusiasm and made her preëminently great have all been solved. From the accoucheur of liberty she has become the accountant in finance. The republic has been saved; and the states, if you please, have been consolidated in all their national aims. To the people viewing us from beyond our limits we are a unit, however diversified may be our opinions on all internal and domestic subjects. When old issues have been settled, new ones are always ready to confront us. The question is no longer, shall we have a nation, but how shall the nation be governed, to the end that the most enlightened civilization may be promoted, and the broadest liberty secured to us and our children?

In a struggle for national salvation, we submerge state interests of every sort and character, and struggle to make preëminent the concern of the nation, as our fathers had formed it. Political considerations, however, like others, are subject to the laws of progress and evolution. The spirit of this age is one of visible and startling progress. The march of events is so imposing as to engage the attention of our children. In every drama that now affects the welfare of mankind the shifting of the scenes is rapid and dazzling. We can not escape these events if we would. This generation, to which has been confided certain political problems, will work out their solution, whether a political party favors it or opposes it.

A cizilization, such as ours, made up of the blended peculiarities of Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Scandinavian, Magyar and Slavonian, is destined to yield a fruitage such as the world has not yet realized, and if agitations exist in the public mind, it must be attributed to the active forces of the diverse influences and agencies which spring from these blended influences, and there can be no rest, no peace, until the end is accomplished to which these forces thus blended are all directed.

The generation in which we live is preëminently practical, and made up of alert, active and energetic men, who should,

above everything else, conspire together to give to this nation the highest importance in commerce, the greatest prominence in diplomacy, and the supremest advantages of true liberty. If they fail in this it is because petty cares and selfish interests divert them from playing the full part they should play in that civilization which is destined to lead and animate the world, whether they participate in its promotion, or whether they refrain from joining in its triumph.

We have reached a time when the people will no longer be satisfied with the declaration that there is no North, no East, no South, no West. What is demanded now, and what will be demanded in the future, is a class of statesmen who will recognize the fact that there is a North, with its teemings millions of population, with its diversified industries, with its marvelous resources, with its fertile prairies, with its swelling rivers and its inland seas. That there is an East, with its vast commerce, its great money centers, its rapacious instincts, its fixed and obstinate habits, its vast money power, with its disposition to direct and to live on the accumulations of the past, and by the toil and labor which others have expended. That there is a South, with its balmy climate, with its flowery fields, and its unvexed and unwearied rivers seeking employment, with its undeveloped mines, with its mighty potentialities and possibilities. That there is a West, vast in its geographical area, with its unmeasured fields of pasturage, with its herds of uncounted cattle, with its mountains of mineral, with its boundless energy, with its acute and sensitive touch of every problem which involves the interest of mankind. This is the class of statesmen for which the country is now asking, and until they appear the problems which perplex and agitate the people will continue to perplex and agitate them for years to come. In view of all these things, what attitude should our section assume with respect to the questions upon which it is to pass?

In submitting the constitution of the United States to the people for their adoption, it was accompanied by a letter signed by the members of the constitutional convention and addressed to the president of the continental congress, in which they de-

clared that "the constitution submitted was the result of a spirit of amity and of deference and concession which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensable. That it will meet the full and entire approbation of every state is not, perhaps, to be expected; but each will doubtless consider that had her interests alone been considered the consequences might have been particularly disagreeable and injurious to others."

From the language of the above it is evident that the constitution was the result of mutual concessions, and that all the powers contained therein were granted by the states to the general government for the benefit of all the people. What was to be regarded as for the benefit of the people was to be ascertained by their expressed wish at the polls, by the expression of the congress, and by the concurrence of the president.

Prior to its adoption each state had the power to raise armies, build navies, levy and collect duties, coin money and regulate commerce—in other words, to exercise all acts of sovereignty belonging to free and independent states. All these powers were vested in one general government, and no one contemplated that any of the powers so granted would remain dormant and unexercised, or ever be used adversely to the general interest of the nation. There was no subject upon which so general a demand existed upon the part of the people as a uniform currency. The value of the dollar prior to the adoption of the constitution was not the same in any two of the states, nor was the money of one state a legal tender in any other state. To secure this unity constituted one of the chief objects of abandoning the confederation and establishing the Union. The power to coin money was given to the general government as a trust power, to be used and not abandoned. No one at that time dreamed of the creation of a single standard in this republic. No one entertained for a moment the idea that that standard would be gold. Indeed, the favorite currency of our statesmen and all our people was the Spanish milled dollar, which Jefferson and Hamilton agreed to make the unit standard, and a measure by which the debts and contracts could be lawfully paid, all judgments satisfied, and all taxes imposed discharged, and no other opinion

on this subject existed for more than eighty years after the adoption of the constitution. When the unit of value or standard, was fixed by Jefferson and Hamilton in silver the ratio of the metals was also fixed by them, after the most careful examination of the business and the exchange value of the products then entering into trade; and yet we must admit that the ratio thus established has not received the approval of the other leading nations of the world, or been regarded by them as a correct ratio between the two metals. They over-valued the one, and under-valued the other.

By the second section of the act of 1792, establishing the mint, it was ordained that our standard shall be of silver, and it provided that as to all coins which shall by law be current as money within the United States, the relative value shall be as 15 to 1, according to the quantity or weight of pure gold and silver. This ratio continued till 1834, when it was changed to 16 of silver to 1 of gold. Both standards have been false under the first ratio—that is, of 15 to 1. Gold flowed out of the country because it commanded a premium—that is, it was worth more abroad as bullion than it was worth as a coin here.

Under the changed ratio silver was undervalued, and it went abroad. It was at a premium in 1873, when demonetized. Of this act of demonetization I shall have nothing to say. The question now is, what should be the attitude of the silver states with respect to the tariff bill which is to be introduced in the forthcoming congress? I answer that our senators and representatives should oppose its passage until they receive definite and reliable assurances of legislation favorable to the coinage of silver from those who will control the incoming administration. You will recall the fact that Sherman introduced his silver purchasing bill to kill the free coinage one in the house and shield Mr. Harrison from the odium that would have attached to the vetoing of a measure, the subject matter of which had been discussed for many years. Both Senator Sherman and Speaker Reed boldly declared months after the passage of the Sherman bill that that was its purpose and object.

Of course the East was smart enough to secure all the tariff legislation needed at this time, and being secure in its plunder, was ready at any time to give the silver cause a mortal thrust. If the silver men have the balance of power in the senate, let them use that power to advance permanently the interests of the whole country, and secondarily the interests of the silver states. Our products are entitled to as much protection as the iron interests of Pennsylvania, the lumber interests of Michigan, the salt interests of New York, or the wool interests of Vermont and Ohio. If we are to have a protective tariff, let all the interests of the respective states be considered. Colorado can get along without a protective tariff much better than any state in the Union. Our distance from the seaboard, the freight rates on the railroads, will protect us. Such being the case, we should say to the Eastern representatives, unless you are willing to do something looking to the restoration of silver to its constutional place, you can expect no assistance from us. But, some one will say, do you intend to embarrass Mr. McKinley's administration? Certainly not, when it is willing to do right; but if its policy is that foreshadowed by Mr. Gage, the incoming secretary of the treasury, namely, the retirement of the greenbacks and all treasury notes and silver certificates and the sale of bullion now in the treasury, then I am most decidedly in favor of embarrassing Mr. McKinley's administration, and also embarrassing the action of those whom he has indicated it is his purpose to call around him. But we must have revenue. Of course; then let us have a revenue bill, plain and simple. No honest man can object to that. What I am opposing is a protective tariff, not a revenue tariff bill. A protective tariff bill can operate in but one of two ways. First, to lower the price of the manufactured product, which at present is so low that factories have been compelled to shut down because no profit could be made. Second, To advance the price of the manufactured article, even at a time when the great body of the people are so impoverished that they can not buy at the present prices, how eager soever their desire may be in that direction.

If New England succeeds in forcing on the people the Dingley tariff, then we can never expect any help from that quarter in the reconstruction of our monetary affairs in a way that will benefit our interests. "No silver, no protective tariff," should be the battle cry of the silver senators. The discussions which have taken place before the committee on coinage within the past few days show conclusively what the sentiment of the East is, and what it will continue to be for some time to come. There is absolutely no hope for an international conference, and the Republicans who addressed the committee a few days ago boldly declared that the Republican party inserted that plank in the St. Louis platform to juggle and mislead the people.

Our dispatches from abroad foreshadow the failure of Senator Wolcott's mission. Therefore, there remains for us nothing but a battle at home, against the organized trusts, syndicates and aggregated money power of the East, and I think that battle should commence when the house sends to the senate a protective tariff bill. If not commenced at that time, the enemy will be placed in possession of the entire field, and the entrenchments, artillery, etc.

BELFORD EPIGRAMS.

It takes a soft heart to feel tenderly towards a soft head.

Wasted opportunities are punished like great crimes—with destruction.

Sin commenced in the garden of Eden, and its shadow is likely to fall in the lap of the millennium.

You will encounter stern opposition from those who profit by wrongs the moment you undertake to right them.

Has not woman, in this country at least, risen above the rim and horizon of servitude, discredit and disgrace?

When the money market is pressed in any part of the world, that pressure is felt in the business center of every nation on the earth.

Every attempt to overthrow the constitution of a free people, commenced either by buying with money or official patronage their representatives.

The "Communism of Capital" has abolished competition, and decides in what quantity certain articles shall be produced and at what price they shall be sold.

God's laws never need any reform; it is only man's stupid enactments that are revised by a bill entitled a bill to amend a bill entitled a bill to steal something for John Jones.

The Mississippi is a magnificent stream. On its bosom can float the commerce of the continent. Let us treat it with generosity and hold its crested waves up as the great ward against the railroad monopolies of America.

The dead of the dead cause may sleep; it is a vandal hand that drags them from the grave to review their dishonor and to reassert it. I care not what they may say, I turn with reverential face to the dead who are living, not to the living who are dead.

The silver dollar is the money of the country. It is the money that stands on the battlements and fortifications when danger is in sight. It is the golden eagle that flutters in the sunshine of heaven; it is the silver moon that rises in the night and lights up the gloom.

The earth asks men to labor on it and in it; the workshops would swing their doors inward to have them enter; the sea and sky stand ready to help them—and yet they remain idle, with no hope ahead to light a path or assuage a sorrow. And why is this? Because the men who govern this country, whether in office or without, are determined they shall not work.

What do you think of a man who is working from sunrise to sunset, who gets only 1 per cent. of the product of his labor? and another man who neither sews nor spins, who makes 99 per cent.? God never brought any child into this world without a loaf of bread for its mouth. The great question of the day is, how to get that loaf of bread and that mouth together.

A prophet is unpopular just in the degree that the truth of his utterances is unwholesome to prevalent tenets. Copernicus was smart enough to bequeath the publication of his astronom-

ical discoveries to his literary executors—he took few chances while living of braving a hostile public opinion. Socrates tried it, but they snuffed him out. Jesus, later on, made the experiment, and the world ever since has been busying itself with the tragedy in which it culminated.

The great policy of ancient Rome was to colonize the people who overcrowded the great city, to fill up the desert places, to establish communities, and, as a shield and a guard against future dangers, it is the preëminent duty of the East as well as of the West, to bring the empty mouths of that country and the empty hands of that section in conjunction with the empty lands of the West; and this is a duty not to be performed by the state but by the government itself.

Let me invoke the spirit that animated the whole nation at the close of the revolutionary war, when Washington journeyed to the great city of New York to receive the homage of the people. In that city assembled the delegates and representatives of all the states. The air was filled with the perfume of roses from the South; the air was shaken with the implements of labor from the North. It was as if a white-winged dove with an olive branch in its bill had dropped out of the heavens into this young and magnificent republic.

There is only one overpowering and stupendous question for our consideration to-day, and that is, "How are God's poor to live on the earth that he has made for all of us?" Every man and woman who comes into this world has a right to live on it. Not as a slave, but as a free man and a free woman. No power under the stars has a right to impose on you the sacrifice of your manhood as a condition of securing your daily food; no human greed has a right to enforce on woman a condition that makes the sale of her virtue an object of discussion.

Do you think it is just that a widowed mother, with two or three little children, should stand on one side of a counter for ten hours a day selling brocaded silks, glossy satins and soft velvets to the more fortunate of the earth, for four dollars a week, while the proprietor of a lordly dry goods store is riding through the streets in an elegant carriage, with exquisite wraps around his knees and the softest of furs over his shoulders, while that mother is agonizing over the means whereby she can furnish bread to the hungry mouths of her little birdlings in their own nest at home?

There is only one condition on which aliens should be permitted to enter this land, and that is, to respect its laws, love its institutions, and add to its development. A republic can not live that accepts a divided allegiance. When our fathers left Europe, the church and the state were in unholy league with each other. The rascals on both sides of the fence were singing the same litany and repeating the same prayers. They had stolen everything of value in the known world, and to quiet existing clamors, had promised to the poor the kingdom of heaven. That marriage has been annulled.

The Ickleheimers, the Hockheimers, and all the other Heimers are to be clothed with power and authority. Men who have made millions by plunder and robbery, and who are marrying their silly daughters to the effete, decayed and worthless Dutch barons, and Italian counts, frog-eating French, and played-out English lords and nobles, have become dissatisfied with our unpretentious ways of getting along, and propose to establish a monied aristocracy, and have this government issue long-time bonds, on the interest of which, they and their children may live in aristocratic ease and comfort, while we poor slaves, misled by fraudulent political and party pretenses, shall toil for their comfort.

The men who built up this republic fully realized that the time had come when humanity was to abandon its old camps and march forward to new ones. They realize that there was a brotherhood between man whereon they exist, and that the time would come when the influence of the people would not only become supreme on the continent, but would break down the system of government and tyranny that prevailed in Europe. They had wearied and grown sick of imbecile families on whose heads blind fortune had placed a crown; who destroyed homes, ravaged fields, or made war as a royal sport, and believed that none should be invested with the power of declaring war who were not willing to endure the suffering entailed.

One of the compromises of the federal constitution included the coinage of money. That right originally belonged to the states; and because the dollar circulated was not equal in value to the dollar circulated in New York and Virginia, our fathers concluded to establish a uniform system of coinage in this country, and to make it uniform they entrusted the exercise of that power to the congress of the United States. That power was a trust power, and when the government fails to execute the trust confided to it by the sovereign voice of the people, then it is direlect in its duty and stands, so far as the responsibility of its people is concerned, as a discharged trustee. And when the government fails to do its duty, the people have the remedy in their own hands. This may be revolutionary doctrine, but it is the legitimate sequence of entrusted power.

The voices that were raised for disunion should be hushed in the councils to-day. There are rents in the old flag which were made by their bullets. There are graves which their treason filled. There are weeds of mourning which their looms wove and their hands put on. It matters nothing what they would say. Let us rather turn to our dead, who are dead but not voiceless. What would Lincoln, that rugged splendor of backwoods honesty, whose tender, melancholy, loyal face was turned to the

stars in the darkest night of our civil strife—what would he say? What would Sumner say—the Roman of our second revolution in which we emancipated our country from ourselves and our century-old cowardice? Has he no tongue? What would Seward say—the diplomat whom patriotism made an Italian, whom the trained tricksters of the continent could not overthrow or make afraid? Are we beyond his counsel, too? No; their lives are their voices; their careers are the protest; their patriotism is the inspiration, and their memories are the reply.

❦

We stand upon the verge of a perilous time in this great republic. There is a spirit of discontent throughout the land. Every man has his ear well down to the ground to catch the rumblings of a coming storm. Problems are not so quickly solved as they once were. There is a sullen desperation upon one side, and a grim determination upon the other. The time has come when the rich and the poor stand opposite to each upon the street. There must be a softening of these feelings; capital and labor should join their shields for the public good. Cardinal Gibbons says the struggle will be no small affair, and if it is permitted to come through lack and indifference of the great body of the people, all the past wars of all past times will be counted as mere pulsations to the gigantic convulsions that will rack this world from center to circumference. This is the repetition of the utterances of Cardinal Manning and other pure men. What we want is better government and purer laws. Politically we must become purer, and in the end we secure peace and prosperity to the whole people.

❦

Given, a man that has devoted his whole life to sensual pursuits, to the gratification of merely animal desires, to the accumulation of merely material objects, who never studies his own soul, nor acquaints himself with its faculties or capacities, who never has an aspiration for a higher life, nor an ambition beyond the possession of more objects of material comfort than his neighbor. Pray, what single spiritual element does that man

possess that can be grafted on to any plant, vegetable or tree in the spiritual kingdom? He is of the earth, earthy, and his soul is as utterly dead to spiritual influences as are the organs of a clam to the warbles of a nightingale. If our souls are to be refreshed by the waters of celestial fountains, or illuminated by the rays of the great spiritual Sun, we must place them where the waters can flow into them, and the sun reach them. This is what Jesus evidently meant when he said: "If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

Man's existence is the result of God's affection, and as that is eternal so must be its product. The desires that animate us, the loves that thrill us, are not born of the earth any more than the love of the plant for the sunlight is born of the soil that covers its roots. These aspirations have their nourishment in unseen fountains, whose waters are fed from far off hillsides, where the celestial dews are shed. It is not that Jesus led a spotless life that alone draws thousands of hearts towards him, but it is the conviction that an aroma of the supernatural was about him as the beauty is about the lily or the fragrance about the rose. There is a penetrating power in his name which reaches the deeps of feeling unplummeted by the name of any other baptized by woman. In all the legends and gospel narratives and traditional lore that filled the first century and half the second, He stands forth as the preëminent healer of the world, healer of the hurts of the body and the sorrows of the soul, and as the connecting and never to be broken link that coupled earth and heaven together. If the doors of the spiritual world for one reason or another had been temporarily closed—He threw them ajar, never again to be shut. Of the means whereby spirits of the unseen world communicate we may be ignorant, but there is an open way by which they reach all the children of earth. There is not a soul to which a message of love and help and hope does not pulse downward from above. Every yearning and hunger for better and higher things but opens wider the spir-

itual gates, through which visions of light and swells of music float out. No soul, however scarred with conflicts, burdened with sorrows or stung with troubles, is disowned in the distribution of the celestial influence which, consciously or unconsciously to the recipient, is extended by the common Father to the children He has made, for His love, like His rain, falls alike on those who seek as on those who forbear.

At all times there exists in this world a class of beings who live entirely in the past, and who ignore the present and the future. Brought up under one form of administration, they regard it as perfect—our fathers lived under it and prospered, why should we not live under it? A reverence for the past is commendable for the lessons of wisdom it has brought, but wise as it has been, it is surcharged with a thousand follies. The future is an unsurveyed and uncultivated field of anticipated joys and roseate predictions, constantly liable to the ungovernable vicissitudes of winds and tides and floods and frosts. No nation ever has, or ever will prosper that has linked itself indissolubly to the traditions of its past policy, I care not how useful that policy may have been in the generation in which it was exercised. Human affairs are constantly changing, and each change embraces new elements to be dealt with by new methods, and new methods involve the repudiation of old ones—Paganism first, Christianity afterwards. Feudalism now, with its lords and serfs and retainers, a constitutional government and a freely enlisted army, an absolute despotism, a limited monarchy, and a free people with a representative government, have been successive steps which mankind has taken in the past, out of the past, and into the present, all denoting a contempt for the self-assumed exclusive wisdom of the past.

At the beginning of the second century of our national existence, scholarly men and patriots are discussing in the magazines and out of them the probable duration of our form of

government. Such a discussion brings no consolation, either to the Christian, the patriot or the statesman. It is a trite saying that mankind is the same at the top, in the middle and at the bottom. Man is neither good nor bad. Society on the whole improves him and elevates him, and if controlled by social influences alone he would ultimately reach a state where he would no longer have the disposition to destroy the freedom or injure the property of his neighbor; but man to-day is far from being socialized, which in the higher sense means but little more than being individualized, rationalized, organized and clothed in his right mind. He is simply the victim of avarice, covetousness and selfishness, from which flow all the evil tendencies that are now flooding the land with distrust. Tendencies which destroy confidence in each other, which arm brother against brother, quicken and stimulate riots and conflicts, precipitate discords and disorders which can only be overcome either by education or by the mailed hand of power or by both. How can there be peace, security or stability when mere material advantages are accorded precedence over spiritual and intellectual gifts and capabilities? How can society reach perfection when men are swift to follow the thief's gospel, which teaches every man for himself and the devil for us all? What stability can attend any form of government whose existence is made to depend on the state of the weather—warm weather, peace; cold weather, riot. Never before in so limited a period has any nation made such astounding strides in the pathway of material progress as has our own. The accumulation of wealth in the last half century is almost fabulous. A vaulting from $16,000,000,000 to $65,000,000,000 in a period of thirty-four years presents such a voluminous fact that men are constrained to inquire whether the spiritual and social advantages on the part of the great mass of the people have kept anywhere in reach of this prodigal unfolding of our material resources. Church edifices are luxurious and magnificent—but is piety vigorous and robust? Commerce enlarges its tide, but has honesty given any added attention to the scales of weights and measures?

In the opening chapter of the second book of the "History of English Literature" M. Taine, the celebrated scholar and writer, uses this language:

"For seventeen centuries a deep and sad thought had weighed upon the spirit of man, first to overwhelm it, then to exalt and to weaken it, never losing its hold throughout the long space of time. It was the idea of the weakness and decay of the human race. Greek corruption, Roman oppression and the dissolution of the ancient world had given rise to it; it in its turn had produced a stoical resignation, an epicurean insufferance. Alexandrian mysticism and the Christian hope in the kingdom of God.

" 'The world is evil and lost; let us escape by insensibility, arrogance and ecstacy.' Thus spoke the philosophers, and religion, coming after, announced that the end was near. 'Prepare for the kingdom of God is at hand.' For one thousand years universal ruin incessantly drove still deeper into their hearts this gloomy thought, and when man in the feudal state raised himself by sheer force of courage and muscle from the depths of final imbecility and general misery, he discovered his thought and his work fettered by the crushing idea which, forbidding a life of native and worldly hopes erected into ideals, the obedience of the monk and the dream of fanatics. It grew even worse and worse. For the natural result of such a conception as of the miseries which engendered it and the discouragement which it gives rise to is to do away with personal action and to replace originality by submission. From the fourth century gradually the dead letter was substituted for the living faith. Christians resigned themselves into the hands of the clergy, they into the hands of the pope. Christian opinions were subordinated to theologians and theologians to the fathers. Christian faith was reduced to the accomplishment of works and works to the accomplishment of ceremonies. Religion, fluid during the first centuries, was now congealed into a hard crystal and the coarse contact of the barbarians had deposited upon its surface a layer of idolatry. Theocracy and the inquisition, the monopoly of the clergy and the prohibition of the scriptures, the worship

of relics and the sale of indulgencies began to appear. In place of Christianity the church; in place of a free creed enforced orthodoxy; in place of moral fervor fixed religious practices; in place of the heart and stirring thought, outward and mechanical deception. Under this constraint thinking society ceased to think; philosophy was turned into a text book and poetry into a dotage, and mankind, slothful and crouching, delivering up their conscience and their conduct into the hands of the priests, seemed but as puppets fit only for reciting a catechism and mumbling over beads."

There can be no valid objection to accumulating proofs in support of immortality of the soul, if such proofs can be found. In such an enterprise no sensible man can afford to juggle with himself; some may play with loaded dice, but no prudent man will load them against himself. The existence of certain phenomena are conceded; by what agency are they produced? Some who have patiently and honestly investigated the subject, and who fully admit the existence of the manifestations produced by mediums, and yet disbelieve in spiritual interventions, account for them on three grounds—first, they assert that the existence of human intelligence depends on the brain proper, as its indispensable instrument of manifestation; secondly, that the human mind is capable of putting in motion an extraneous substance as its agent by a mere decision of the will and which is adapted to physically impress and move a foreign body of matter, without contact by any of the voluntary organs of the system; thirdly, that the mind is endowed with the faculty of conveying an impression to the mind of another without regard to intervening distance, and that the individual receiving it, if possessed of a certain magnetic condition of nerves and brain, is capable of returning and of reading the thoughts and impressions of that mind perfectly independent of outward signs, such as words and motions. It is further asserted that these propositions cover the whole ground of spiritualism, and if successfully vindicated, settles the question against all claims of spir-

itual interference with human affairs. I concede that they will go far toward accounting for some of the phenomena, but I assert that they will fall far short in respect to others, as I will endeavor in these articles to show.

No phenomenon takes place in the physical world except by the relation of some agent to some form of matter. If you would make an iron magnetic you must bring it into relation to attraction, or into relation with the polar magnetism of the earth. The magnetic meridian runs north and south. If you will take a sheet of iron six inches long and half inch broad and holding an end in each hand in the magnetic dip of the earth, and give it a twist you will change the molecular condition of the sheet of iron and bring each molecule in relation to the polar magnetism of the earth and make of the iron a permanent magnet, the north end of the sheet becoming the north pole and the south end the south pole. If instead of holding the iron north and south you hold it east and west, the result will be entirely different, because you have placed it out of relation to the element whose properties and powers you are seeking to impart to the metal—namely, polar magnetism.

Now if certain conditions must exist and certain relations be established to produce phenomena of a purely physical character, so likewise must certain conditions exist and certain relations be formed to produce spiritual phenomena.

The general impression is that what the past can do for us it has done and our blessings are to spring out of the present and the future. Another impression prevails that there is too much of the priest and not enough of the prophet in the pulpit. They repudiate the notion that the first century contained all the truth that man was to know and also the claim that the four canonical gospels contain all the teachings of Jesus, or the most important parts thereof. They don't believe that Christianity was made and finished in the first century; that the treasury was then full and that nothing was to be or could be added to it. They repudiated the pretense that all the centuries are chained to

the first one and that all new light as to our relations with the next world is a false light and to be shunned. They believe that natural knowledge may grow from age to age and give birth to new thoughts respecting God and that these thoughts are entitled to consideration and weight whether they correspond with those of the first century or are opposed to them. They deny that all revelation came into the world during the apostolic period, or that it was then complete or full, and that no additional revelations are to be accepted. They don't believe that all traditions are to be ignored, and that the canonical gospels are to be accepted as the last communication from heaven to earth, or that the conceptions entertained by certain men eighteen hundred years ago are to be accepted as the authoritative and final thoughts to be entertained by succeeding generations. They believe that all religion is the product of the action of the Infinite Mind upon the finite mind, and that as this action is constant so must religion grow and enlarge; that the more man contemplates God and His works the more enlarged becomes his conceptions of both, and that as these conceptions become clearer and fuller, the less is the reverence felt for a creed that does not express them. They believe further that no divine authority is given to any set of men to establish truth for mankind—that that is done by the operation of the Infinite Spirit operating on the universal conscience of mankind; that conscience alone interprets truth, and that a thing false anywhere is false everywhere. They believe that it is not the form of the gospel that is everlasting, but the spirit of it. Entertaining these views and not finding them expressed in the church they refrain from attendance. Another objection is that the church for years past has permitted the rich and powerful to prescribe for it a false measure of success, and to lead it farther and farther away from the poor and helpless, for whose benefit it was originally organized. That it has allowed religion to become cold and metallic, and suffered it to attract to itself every grace except the heart, that what it needs above everything else is a rebaptism into the fervor and enthusiasm of Jesus, and a few heroic souls like Luther on the one hand and Loyola on the other, like

Wesley and Whitfield, to heat up its pulse and impart vigor and warmth to its soul. In the language of the apocalyptic writer applied to the church of Sardis: "I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest and art dead," or those other words addressed to the church of Ephesus: "I have somewhat against thee because thou hast thy first love."

If we regard Sunday as the day on which Jesus rose from the dead, and gave physical proof of the immortality of the soul and an existence beyond the grave, it should be a day characterized by the highest jubilation, not a day of shadow and silence and solemnity, but one of springtime ever aromatic with the joys and roses; a day of victory and gladness, not of discouragement and sorrow; not a day wherein God loves cold victuals and unheated homes as was the puritan conception of it, but one brighter than all others because of the illumination it derives from an event surpassingly distinctive in the list of all other events. A day whereon should be counted the triumphs won by Christianity over bigotry and intolerance—over public venality and individual greed. A day representing the inaugurators of a system that is surely, though slowly, moulding this world to justice and righteousness. It was here, on the surface of this world, that Jesus died, and His kingdom was to be established. It was the crooked ways of this earth that were to be made straight; its sorrows assuaged; its oppressions overcome; its institutions changed and improved. It was here that men and women were to be ennobled, enlightened, exalted; where selfishness was to give way to the larger feeling of brotherhood, and where man, recognizing one God, would learn that the interests of one individual were the interests of all. Christianity represents the triumphs of peace; its mission the spread of "glad tidings of great joy;" its genius represents birth, not burial; life, not death; resurrection, not rest. The life of its founder taught the holiness of beauty as well as the beauty of holiness.

Poetry, music, dancing, mirth and merrymaking were its contemplated fruits. Its burdens were to be light; its yokes

easily borne. The great spirit who fired the brains of Shakespeare and Milton, of Burns and of Toplady, of Mozart and Haydn, of Beethoven, Verdi, Liszt and Mendelssohn with poetry and song, also gave to his children the capacity for their enjoyment, and no day was made too sacred for the rehearsal of their performances. A few centuries ago the church used Sunday for the trial of heretics—for the condemnation of men whose advanced thoughts shook the foundation of existing things—let it be used now in this enlightened age to crown our heretics, to proclaim the triumphs of thought in every field, to discuss every question bearing on the advancement of man, and above all to illustrate that mellowing influence which in speech, in poem and play has marked the onward steps of humanity. Every one is a preacher who possesses a truth and has the power to utter it. Every hall is a consecrated temple, when within it is made a struggle for the right. The field, the forest, the bosom of the lake, the recesses of the mountains are as hallowed places in God's sight when men assemble in them or on them to seek the truth, as are high-arched cathedrals where frozen and crystallized creeds are sought to be animated by processional hymns and ceremonial marchings, elsewhere sought to be prohibited. Let us observe the first day of the week with becoming ceremonies, wherever the first day of the week may find us and seek rest and surcease of sorrows in these healthful enjoyments which poet, musician, philosopher and orator have and are contriving for the benefit of their fellows.

"Shall man confine his Maker's sway,
To gothic domes of mouldering stone,
Thy temple is the face of day,
Earth, ocean, Heaven thy boundless throne."

Modern thought is reviving the distinction that originally existed between priest and prophet. The office of the former has been to bear man's sufferings and sorrows up to God and make intercession for him; the office of the latter to bring God down

to man, to reveal His loving kindness and mercy, and to inform him of what the future has in store for the race of which he is a member. We all know what has been done in the past, how far humanity has marched, what hardships it has endured, and what care it has received; but these things will not meet the exactions that the future will make, and it is but just that we should seek some information as to what our duties are to be and how we are to meet them. The priest by his ceremonies commemorates what has been done in the ages gone by; the prophet tells us what God intends doing hereafter. Man is growing a trifle weary of having anyone stand between him and his Maker; indeed, he is inclined to carry on the communications himself. He desires to hear the whisperings from the throne himself and not have them filtered through the doubtful authority of a reporter. He believes that there was a time, before priests or prophets were known, when God did communicate directly with his children, and that He will do so now when the opportunity is offered. The priest has had his face toward the past quite long enough; let him turn about and take the path that leads into the future and there will be no empty pews in the church. Copernicus was troubled for a long time in his efforts to study the stars. He started out with the theory that the earth was the center of the universe and that the planets revolved round it. He could make nothing out of the bewildering maze. Finally it occurred to him to turn himself round, and when he did so he learned that it was the stars that were stationary, and that it was the earth that was moving. Probably the pulpit might learn a kindred lesson from the pew. Science has given us a new material heaven and earth. Let the pulpit give us a new spiritual one. At the risk of transgressing my allotted space I will quote the following extract from the writings of James Martineau, one of the most brilliant writers of modern times: "It is a law of providence in communities that ideas shall be propagated downwards through several gradations of minds. They have their origin in the suggestions of genius and the meditations of philosophy; they are assimilated by those who can admire what is great and true, but can not

originate, and hence they are slowly infused into the popular mind. The rapidity of the process may vary in different times, with the facilities for the transmission of thought, but its order is constant. Temporary causes may shield the inferior ranks of intelligence from the influence of the superior; fanaticism may impose for a while with success; a part of the time spent of sympathy between the instructors and instructed may check by a moral repulsion the natural radiation of the intellect—but in the end providence will reassert its rule; and the conceptions born in the quiet heights of contemplation will precipitate themselves on the busy multitude below. This principle interprets history and presages futurity. It shows us in the popular feeling and traditions of one age a reflection from the philosophy of a preceding; and from the prevailing style of sentiment and speculation among the cultivated classes now, it enables us to foresee the spirit of the coming age—not only to foresee it, but to exercise a power over it, in the use of which there is a grave responsibility. If we are far-sighted in our views of improvement; if we are ambitious less of immediate and superficial efforts than of the final and deep-seated agency of genuine and holy principles; if our love of opinions is a genuine expression of the disinterested love of truth, we shall remember who are the teachers of futurity; we shall appeal to those within whose closets God is already computing the destinies of remote generations; men at once erudite and free; men who have the materials of knowledge with which to determine the great problems of morals and religion, and the genius to think and imagine and feel, without let or hindrance of hope or fear."

There is an old and beautiful legend that befits this age. Among the ancient Brahmins it was held that at the end of each thousand years God appeared upon the earth incarnated in human form. Sometimes as man, sometimes as woman, sometimes in the person of a great law-giver, at others in that of a warrior, a statesman or poet. These people believed in perpetual existence through the agency of repeated incarnations. On

one occasion, so the legend goes, Jesus was taking His solitary walk on the mountains of Judea when He was accosted by a stranger, who asked Him, "How comes it that you appear now in the form of a man? When I last saw you you wore the appearance of a woman." "That is true," swiftly answered the Master; "but now the world is hard and brutal, the earth shakes with the march of armies and the skies are clouded with the frauds of men. A woman's feet are too tender to walk the stony paths, her hands too small to grasp the monstrous wrongs, her heart too timid to denounce the hypocrisies and lies that are everywhere enthroned. In such an age man alone can conquer man; after a while when My kingdom has won its recognition I will spread over the face of the earth the soft womanly influence of My soul. Then love will supplant hate, charity banish selfishness, mutual help and self-sacrifice will become standard virtues and men will know that she who holds in her keeping the gateway of life here, represents also the love that rules above."

Are not the signs of this influence about us everywhere? What country has given such expression to the power and influence of woman as this one? From what good work is she absent? Who leads in every Christian enterprise? Who sacrifices her life so freely for others? Who so swift to teach the virtue of forgiveness? Who struggles so nobly to uplift society and to make the crooked paths straight? Who so faithfully sustains the church of Christ on earth to-day as woman? Humanity has but one heart, although its pulsations beat in untold millions of bodies. He who seeks not the welfare of his brother, wars on his own.

Let us then rise to the height of our great opportunity and realize that we are here for a purpose, and that purpose is to widen the ways for the crowding footsteps of the people. Our duty is to help make this world better; purer in thought, nobler in feeling and higher in its aspirations. How ephemeral at best are the petty triumphs of one over another in the sordid battles of life. Doubtless the passions are indispensable agents in imparting to the stream of social feeling that healthful degree

of unrest, which wards off stagnation and death, but passions unrestrained lead to destruction, and destruction is death.

The geologist tells us that this planet on which we live, for countless centuries was the scene of catastrophes and cataclysms before it shaped itself into a home for man. The earthquakes and convulsions were the simple order by which creative power reached an era of peace and rest. As in the processes of material formations, so has it been in the evolutionary development of humanity. Wars and successions of wars, tumult and the strife of blind passions on almost every side, and yet emerging from it all is steadily arising a pure image of ultimate and universal harmony. In the moral and religious world we see to-day the blossoms of spring that tell us of the approaching summer. As said recently by a keen observer, the next great war will be the last of wars. Doubtless such a struggle will be needed to free the world of the accumulated abuses which are inseparable incidents to a prolonged camp life. The atmosphere must and otherwise will be clearer after the smoke of the battle has disappeared. What will be left of the contending hosts will be too small to impair or pollute the future growth of humanity. The end of that terrible conflict will be the end of the frontiers and the narrowness and inhumanity they have engendered. The bow of promise is in the very cloud that overhangs the world. The storms of spring are sometimes terrible, but they are generally salutary in the end.

While the fathers indulged in constant denunciations of physical beauty, it is a singular fact that during the middle ages the personal beauty of the bishops was always noticed on their tombs. It must be observed that these fathers being restrained from having wives themselves, they hated every woman who was willing to be the wife of any one else, and constantly labored to degrade and belittle womankind in general. They borrowed their notions from their predecessors, the Jewish priests, who also regarded woman as the origin of evil. The old Jewish law required the mother to undergo a period of purification after the

birth of a child, but it will be noticed that it required just double the time to purify the mother after the birth of a daughter that was prescribed in case of a son. What is to be thought of an old wretch who could write this: "The badness of men is better than the goodness of women." (Ecclesiasticus xlii., 14.) It will be seen by an examination of the writings of those who lived during the middle ages, when ecclesiastical rule was everywhere dominant, and divorces within the exclusive jurisdiction of the church, the morality of the monasteries is spoken of as atrocious. An Italian bishop of the tenth century epigrammatically described the morals of his time when he declared that if he were to enforce the canons against unchaste people administering ecclesiastical rites, no one would be left in the church except boys; and if he were to observe the canons against bastards, these also must be excluded. Who can point to a century within the limits of the Christian era when virtue has been so robust and stalwart as it is in this one? The trouble does not spring from the laxity of divorces, but from the haste and imprudence with which marriages are formed. Unsuitable marriages bring into the world unsuitable children, and when the bad is thus brought in we vainly struggle to make good come out of it. How many thousands of children are ushered into existence each year whose influence on our civilization must be pernicious; and yet this hardly occasions a thought. An artist will spend months in an effort to formulate a figure in his mind that he can place on a canvas and thereby contribute something to the joys of the world; but when threads are to be woven into the web of our civilization we care nothing about the kind of material, or how it is produced. We spend a vast amount of time and money in breeding horses and cattle, and we are careful to search out the pedigree or line of descent; but when it comes to children, everything goes in the general deal. The predisposition to crime on the part of parents is no bar to the performance of the marriage service. It is all right to perpetuate disease of every kind if you only do it through the matrimonial channel. Marriage is to be regarded as a sacrament, and everything that comes through its gate or over its counter is to

be regarded as current coin. It makes no difference how much it disturbs and debases everything else. Children born under such circumstances owe nothing but curses to their parents for saddling them with infirmities and deformities for the fruitage of which they are in no measure responsible. Go over to our criminal court any Monday, when there is a round-up of the culprits, make a survey of the faces of the prisoners, and you will readily perceive what influences have been in operation in moulding their character. They are criminals in many instances because they could be nothing else. Their vocation is stamped on their heads and faces, as our destinies, in the language of Job, are stamped on the palms of our hands.

No sensible view of this question of marriage and divorce can be had that excludes from consideration the exceptional character of our present civilization. Less than a hundred years ago a woman was little else than a household slave. By marriage she lost all rights of person and property; in law she practically lost her identity. She was regarded as both mentally and physically inferior to man, and if she possessed beauty, she rose to the dignity of a piece of bric-a-brac. The wash-tub and the needle measured the field of her occupations—and then her wages was the property of her husband. Thank God! wonderful changes have been effected, and now she is regarded as her husband's equal, and mistress of herself and property. It is not to be expected that she will patiently endure the outrages which a false civilization formerly imposed upon her, and when a system of neglect or oppression or brutality is substituted for one of love and respect, she is entitled to have the bond that unites her to it, dissolved and cancelled. When the law prescribes certain causes for which a divorce may be had, and those causes really exist, and a decree is honorably and legally obtained in open court, no possible exception, either in law or morals, can attach to it. Men, however, who work our divorce courts for the money that is in the business, should be banished from a profession they disgrace, and driven from a court they dishonor.

MILLENNIUM MAKERS.

Millennium makers have existed in all ages of the world. Some one has said that all ages are equal, but that each age has its special predominant genius. Sometimes this genius appears in poetry, sometimes in sculpture and painting, sometimes in the perfection and summit of all arts—music. The substantive fact is that it appears, and that it appears for the welfare of the human race.

In the eye of God mankind is simply an aggregation or community of pupils, always to be taught and always to be educated. Some of these pupils are in the primary department, others farther advanced. Those in the primary school are like the tail of the serpent; they make the head move onward. The instinct of reverence necessarily leads to classifications. The great mass of the people respect genius and would honor it, and, hence, he who writes the finest of poetry or carves the most delicate piece of statuary or furnishes the best history or makes the best laws find themselves, in spite of themselves, members of a class; just as we find the skilled and unskilled laborers classified. For instance, we have the poets, the sculptors, the historians, the painters, the lawyers, the philosophers; the workers in iron and steel, the weavers, and so on. Trades themselves make guilds just as politics makes parties—and parties are nothing but classifications of mankind.

Equality of birth is the surest of humbugs. There is no equality of the cabin and the palace, except in divine brotherliness or sisterhood. The poor reach up—the rich reach down—the mutual flame makes us kindred; all interests are inter-dependent. Poetry and hardship mingle together—the one attunes the other. Sympathy is the one unbroken, invincible link that connects God with humanity—God is good. His true language is vowels. Man

is the author. The barbarians who rolled vowels robbed God of consonants. A harsh tongue is the analysis of one or symbol of a formative or finer notion.

We speak of the renaissance. What is it, after all, but the triumph of the vowels over the consonants?

The blythe mellow over the rough edge of its barbarous sword. Oh, the sweet vision of light that has streamed through the darkest of places to enable man to keep true to the path that leads to ultimate deliverance. When will man forget his fear of God? I use this in a parental sense. My children do not fear me; they love me. I reproach them because they sometimes are wrong, but I always love them. Let us love God as we love beauty in poetry, in art, in philosophy, for in beauty alone has He left His image.

The figure is in the marble as the immortal sentence is in the dictionary. Words are gathered from all the generations; each one has a meaning, but he is the greatest orator who selects from this granary of words a living sentence that rings through all the ages. The dictionary is open to all like a vast quarry, but the triumph is to him who best selects the marble. And, by the way, what a wonderful book that dictionary is.

Have you ever stopped for a moment to think how long it took to form the alphabet? What the letter "A" means? Look at its form. It involves the principles of geometry, and so through a whole line. Then think of the time it took to make this alphabet into words and these words into sentences, and then of the length of time it took to make everybody understand the meaning of the alphabet and the sentence, and then read them all together.

Is it possible that we were first educated in some other world? Did Socrates and Pluto state the truth when they asserted, with imperative force, that "It was impossible to teach one that which he did not know; that all knowledge was simply reminiscence or recollection."

How can you teach music to one who never heard a note? How history to one who never thought of a past transaction?

How teach the art of war to one who never was on the field or marshalled a battle? You say, what of your military schools? I answer, how many students fall by the wayside? Is education here a simple elaboration and improvement of all that has gone before? Is it the abstract of all teachings concreted into something that is visible and tangible to eye and hand? I know not; think of it for yourselves. Defeats of one day will become the victories of the future, or, at least, aid in their achievement. It is the impediment in the stream that adds to its force. The puzzle that makes us think is the key to the solution hereafter. The artist retouches his paintings, the poet his verses; the historian revises his printed sheets. We see things at twelve o'clock in a different light than we saw them at eleven. The appearance and floating of a cloud changes the entire aspect of the Campagna.

To judge history right you must station yourself on the point of advantage. A picture on one wall reveals its subtle beauty through the mirror that is properly adjusted on the other. In the growing of corn the tassle is as important as the root. The absence of one is as ruinous as the absence of both.

With the instinctive, or, if you please, the educated conviction that everything in this world is inter-dependent, let us devote the balance of the evening to a study of the progress of man, his helps and hindrances, which are generally his assistants. A modern philosophy declares that if he were God he would make health instead of disease catching. That is a mere catch-phrase. Let us analyze it. Who can judge of the wisdom of the means employed to accomplish a certain purpose if he is ignorant of the purpose intended to be reached?

Man divided time into hours and days and weeks and months and years to the end that he might annoy his neighbors. He wanted to know when the promissory note came due and when compound interest could legally commence. Time is the creature of man. God has nothing to do with it. A thousand years are in His sight as but a day, or even less. He takes note of it, however, for great men are born, usually, to suit great events. I wonder sometimes if great men are not a part of the element in which they grow. They die; so do flowers and grass and trees,

but the shadow of one tree may influence the brightness of a century. The perfume of one flower may reach through all time. Over three centuries ago Leonardo painted the figure of Jesus. It has been fresh ever since. The wisdom of civilization, if it has any wisdom, consists in incorporating all that is good in the past into what is beneficial in the present. The shaft of a pagan temple makes a good pillar for a Christian church. We can not ignore the past; its liturgies, its rituals, its swinging of censers, its genuflections, its sacraments are all parts of human nature. You can not destroy them unless you destroy the human mind. How can you destroy it? Religion may change; we may move from Olympus to Olivet, but religion is there. As long as there is a baby to be christened, a woman to be married, a death to be celebrated or a tomb to be erected, religion will be present. Of course, it grows with the ages. With the joyous it has a blitheness, an aroma as of flowers, a spur-like feeling that, while a present pain, is a pledge of future.

Amid all His sufferings Jesus was joyful. A few tears here and there were necessary to the completeness of His character. A rainless soil yields nothing; a soul that can not weep can not laugh. Water freshens the carpet, it gives life to the pasture as it gives health to the body.

Man is an organized antagonism to himself. The fact that he is discontented, restless, craving, ambitious proves the statement, and it is in these elements that the seeds of progress are planted. It is a long way from a canoe to a palace ship, but man has walked it. There is a wide difference between a macadamized road and two steel rails placed in proper position; yet it took man thousands of years to learn this difference, but he learned it. It is no credit to mankind that the Syrian sheik of to-day lives as Abraham lived three thousand years ago. England is to be admired for killing off such people. A tree that will bear no fruit should not encumber the ground. This world was made for strong people, not half lungs or dyspeptics or hypochondriacs. Such people on this planet are ticket-of-leave sojourners. The sooner they settle their hotel bills and depart, the better. A man and woman who willingly breed a sickly child should be im-

prisoned. They have no right to impose their progeny on mankind. All nature is struggling toward the perfect. The only disease that nature recognizes is death. The mountains decay and lend their altitude to the lowlands. Everything in nature is in the direction of a general average.

How intimate is our relation to the past! When we recall the fact, for it is a fact, that all that has been achieved in the realm of thought or in the field of labor is present with us and resting upon us, what can man not hope for when the reinforcements of the future shall come? The glory of the meridian is always in the dawn. That "far more exceeding beauty" that St. Paul saw and felt will yet become visible to all eyes. I admit that conditions, social and otherwise, are apparently bad, but they are better than they have ever been before. Man is learning to respect himself. He is becoming conscious that he is a personality. The Manichæan and Puritan element, good and profitable in its own time, is fading out of man's creeds. Matter is no longer the vile thing it used to be. Men are ashamed to stand in the pulpit and tell God that they are worthless and vile and sinful beyond measure. How would they fare if God believed their confessions to be true?

I don't want my wife or children to stand up in a pew in the presence of a congregation and solemnly inform their Creator that they are worthy of eternal damnation. They know that they are lying when they say so. When you hear a soprano-voiced sister warbling through her pink lips and pearly teeth that she "wants to die and be with Jesus," you know that she is lying—so do I. The hurrying physician attests the fact that she don't want to go. This cant of kneeling at the foot of the cross is becoming wearisome. I want to get near the top of the cross. I prefer the glory of the mountain's summit—not the shadow at its base. Marcus Aurelius anticipated Pope when he wrote "Whatever is is right." What conception would Adam and Eve have had of justice had there not been a little discord to be adjusted in their exclusive circle. Think of a rippleless ocean of love! It is like a catarrh in the throat at six in the morning; it makes you sick. Life is not stagnation—it is action, audacity,

self-assertion. Marriage is a divine compromise of vulgar passions, just as is politics. Napoleon used to say: "To govern France I must give the people something that is sentimental." All generations have lived in the clouds, and very largely by the clouds, especially in an arid region. I wish everybody could read the Louis Lambert and Zerapeta of Balzaac. When the philosopher fools have reached their land's end, Balzaac's ship is at the harbor. The voyageur can take passage with Shelly or Keats or some other divine soul, and learn something to his advantage.

Frederick the Great used to say that if he wanted to ruin a province he would send a school of philosophers to govern it. In the language of Mr. Vanderbilt, there are more sorts of a damn fool than you can enumerate or classify.

I don't know who wrote the Bible, and I don't care. It is sufficient unto the day that we have it. Its history may be inaccurate, but its poetry is exquisite. That old book of Genesis is a treasure. For twenty-three hundred and sixty years, of which that old book gives an account, there is no notice of a man, woman or child dying of a disease. Through all this time, except in the single case of Jacob, in his old age, it does not appear that any man was ill. The Jewish genius did not consist in showing sore thumbs. There is no recorded case of scarletina or measles or cutting teeth to frighten mothers and keep them up through the weary watches of the night. No smallpox to scatter communities and call for pest-houses. So extraordinary was it for a son to die before his father that an instance of it is deemed worthy of special mention, and the first reversal of nature's law took place two thousand years after the alleged birth of Adam. There was no list of exempts incapable of performing manly toil; no children born blind or deaf or dumb or idiotic or malformed; no catalogue of the diseases where definitions cover the shelves of physicians, in libraries, and exhaust the copiousness of three languages to supply their nomenclature. They did not eat soup as a preparatory initiative to forty courses of bad cookery.

Jesus came into this world to save us. If He knew anything concerning another world He said very little about it. His theme was not religion, but righteousness. The kingdom he contem-

plated was to be founded on justice, where every man and woman performed to the full the duty which they owed to themselves and their fellows. He knew that evil existed and that ultimately it would burn itself out, when man got thoroughly rationalized. His idea of morality was not a thing of conventionalism—right on one side of a river and wrong on the other. With Jesus the starting point and the objective point was the elevation of man, the conquering of selfishness. That man was an enemy of his kind, who established by law the will-making power, and allowed a dying man to legislate for a world of which he was no longer a member. Dead fingers and coffin lids should both be underground and stay there.

Jesus believed that the generation He was addressing would see His millennium kingdom established. His disciples, true to human nature, were engaged in jobbery whereby they could control the affairs. Our preacher friends rarely allude to these little details. Jesus was mistaken in His calculations as to the time when His kingdom should materialize. No great thing has ever been accomplished in this world except through an enthusiast. An enthusiast is a nerve centre that makes the whole system vibrate. He may be mistaken for a little while about the concrete; he is always right about the abstract or universal.

Saint Simon wrote a book entitled "New Christianity," and told his disciples, when on his death-bed, that within forty-eight hours after its publication the party of laborers would be formed. "The future is ours." Well, the party of laborers has been formed, but not within the forty-eight hours. The kingdom of Jesus casts its shadow before, but only at the end of a frightful and long and weary march. Long before the advent of Jesus, Pluto had written of the "perfect City of the new Republic," a vision, it is to be hoped, that will never be realized in its fullness. Fourier advised his friends not to buy real estate, for his promised millennium would dawn within ten years. His system was brought to America in 1840. New England furnishes the snow that covers its grave. And yet all these millennium workers have vastly helped this weary world on its onward march. They have been the sad, but hopeful, songsters of all the ages. Listen

to this swelling note from the whitest soul that France ever produced. Man has received from nature certain faculties—faculties of loving, of knowing, of acting. But these have by no means been given that he should exercise them solitarily; they are but the supreme indication of that which each one owes to the society of which he is a member, and this indication each one bears written in his organization in letters of fire. If you are twice as strong as your neighbor, it is a proof that nature has destined you to bear a double burden. If your intelligence is superior, it is a sign that your mission is to scatter about you more light. Weakness is a creditor of strength, ignorance of learning. The more a man *can* the more he *ought*, and this is the meaning of those beautiful words of the gospel, "Whosover will be chief among you let him be your servant." Whence the axiom, "From every one according to his faculties; that is one's duty."

Poor fellow; your millennium did not come. Let us hear another note from one who bowed at the altar and prayed to his God and ours: "Oh, God of Liberty! God of Equality! Thou God who has placed in my heart the sentiment of justice, before my reason comprehended it, hear my ardent prayer. Thou hast dictated that which I have written. Thou hast formed my thought. Thou hast directed my studies. Thou hast separated my spirit from curiosity and my heart from attachment in order that I should publish the truth before the master and the slave. I have spoken as Thou hast given me power and talent. It remains for Thee to complete Thy work. Thou knowest whether I have sought my interest or Thy glory. Oh, God of Liberty, may my memory perish if humanity may but be free; if I may but see in my obscurity the people finally instructed; if noble instructors but enlighten it; if disinterested hearts but guide; shorten, if may be, our time of trial. Smother pride and avarice. Confound this idolatry of glory and money which retains us in abjection. Inspire the strong one, the weakly one, with horror on account of his robberies. Then the great and the small, the rich and the poor, will unite in one ineffable fraternity, and all together, chanting a new hymn, will re-erect Thy altar." Unhappy soul, thy prayer has not yet, but it will be answered.

Let us borrow a note from another worker in the vineyard: "All men are not equal in physical force, in intelligence. All have not the same tastes, the same inclinations, the same aptitudes, any more than they have the same visage and the same figure; but it is just, it is in the general interest, it is in conformity with the principle of solidarity, established in accordance with the laws of nature, that each one should be placed in a condition to derive the greatest possible advantage from his faculties insofar as this can be done, with due regard to others, and to satisfy, as completely as possible, without injuring others, the needs which nature has given him. Thus there is no health and vigor in the human body unless each member receives that which is able to preserve it from pain and to enable it to accomplish properly its peculiar functions. Equality, then, is only proportional, and it exists in a true manner only when each one, in accordance with the law written in some shape in his organization by God himself, produces according to his faculties, and consumes according to his wants."

Are not these sentences a reproduction—a modern world of Plato's definition of justice?

And yet he who wrote these things was called an anarchist. When will this world learn to love its lovers as it honors its butchers?

One quotation more from that land where imperialism, divine right of kings, village debauchery and drunkenness seem rampant. This thinker is also dreaming of his millennium. "That philosophy is wrong that deprives the masses of their right to the soil, in the earth—the common heritage of all." Adam Smith, long years before, said: "That the produce of labor constitutes the natural recompense or wages of labor."

Oh, you sweet theorizers, dream on! One of our sweetest American poets has said:

> Dream on! Though Heaven may woo our open eyes
> Through their closed lips, we look on fairer skies;
> Truth is for other worlds, and hope for this;
> The cheating future lends the present's bliss;

Life is a running shade, with fettered hands,
That chases phantoms over shifting sands;
Death a still spectre on a marble seat,
With ever clutching hands and shackled feet;
The airy shapes that mark life's slender chain,
The flying joys, he strives to clasp in vain.
Death only grasps; to live is to pursue.
Dream on! There's nothing but illusion true.

That poet had the dyspepsia. No man, be he poet or philosopher, in the quest of his study, can escape the conviction that this world was not made in vain. There is a Master Builder in charge of its destiny.

I am sick and tired of fakes, of millennium makers, and all other stupid and irrational speculations. God reigns, and will continue to reign until His appointed time.

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